THE BARTERER

BY SCOTT NEARING

The American cried his achievements to the four corners of the earth—

"We have annihilated space," he proclaimed; "we travel ten miles while our fathers traveled one."

"Are you wiser?" asked the philosopher.

"Industry is dispensing with labor," he pursued; "the machine can make a score of things while the hands of man make one."

"Are you happier?" mused the seer.

"We make more goods and cheaper goods than any other country," he boasted; "we are the richest nation on earth."

"Are you nobler?" questioned the sage.

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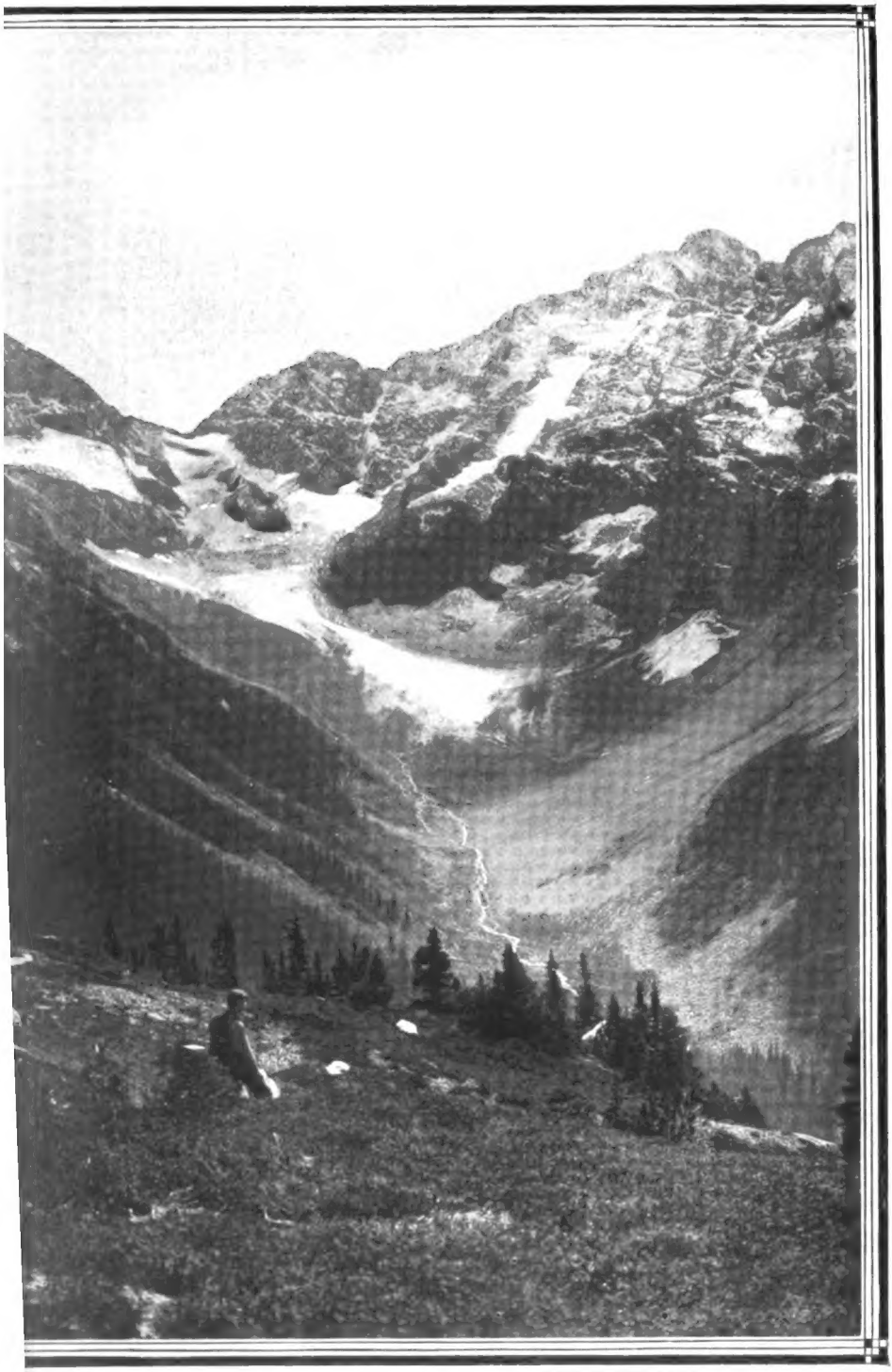

"——THAT MIGHTY CHAIN OF MOUNTAINS, STRETCHING ON FROM EAST TO WEST, SO MASSIVE, YET SO SHADOWY, SO ETHEREAL."—Rogers.

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Everybody's Magazine

VOL. XXVI, NO. 1 JANUARY, 1912

INSPECTION OF CALKED SOLES JUST BEFORE THE MOUNT ADAMS CLIMB.

The AMERICAN MOUNTAINEERS

by

CARLYLE ELLIS

QUITE the oddest feature of mountaineering in America is this: Almost no other sport is an untasted experience to so many people; yet more persons have the means, physique, and temperament to enjoy it than there are motorists, canoeists, cyclists, and aeroplanists combined. This is, of course, not a matter of mere statistics, but it is a confident estimate kept well within bounds.

This account of unpretentious mountaineering experiences in the East and West is written to show how well worth while, safe, and entirely practicable to you such an outing is. You see, I am taking it for granted that you are one of the many who have not yet mountaineered or possessed friends who do. I therefore picture your notion of a mountaineer as a rather vaguely visualized but wealthy madman, with a costly crew of especially imported Swiss guides, and an unnatural taste for the unattainable and dangerous.

It hasn't occurred to you, has it, that the real American mountaineer is nearly always a plain city man or woman of sedentary occupation, and of no physique to speak of, equipped chiefly with stout hunting-boots, a camera, a sleeping-bag, and an insati-

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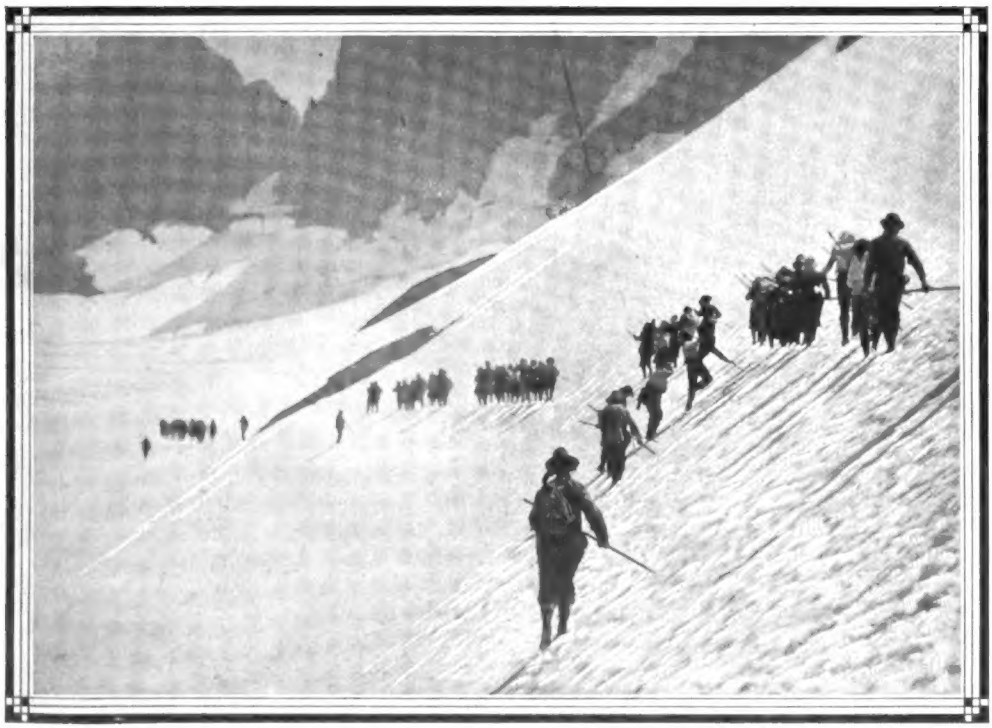
THE GOAT ROCKS, SEEN FROM THE RIDGE ABOVE SHOE LAKE.

able love of outdoors and wide prospects?

No? Then we may proceed with mutual interest.

Most of the mountaineers of the United States are included in the membership of four interesting organizations, three of which have their homes on the Pacific Coast, and the fourth on the Atlantic. The Appalachian Mountain Club has headquarters in Boston and its membership is chiefly in New England. The Sierras are Californian, the Mazamas Oregonian, and the Mountaineers of Seattle cover the Puget Sound region. The combined active membership of these clubs is something more than one thousand, and their activities are a biting comment on the sluggishness of most of the rest of us.

The mountaineer clubs exist primarily for the wise utilization of holidays, a problem that not a few of us have failed to solve for ourselves. No ordinary member of such a club need concern himself with the matter. All his available holiday time is amply provided for, plans matured far ahead, cost shaved to the minimum. He receives his printed notice of outings, takes his choice, and is on time at the appointed place.



MOUNTAINEERS IN COMPANY FORMATION ON THE SNOW SLOPES OF THE GOAT ROCKS.

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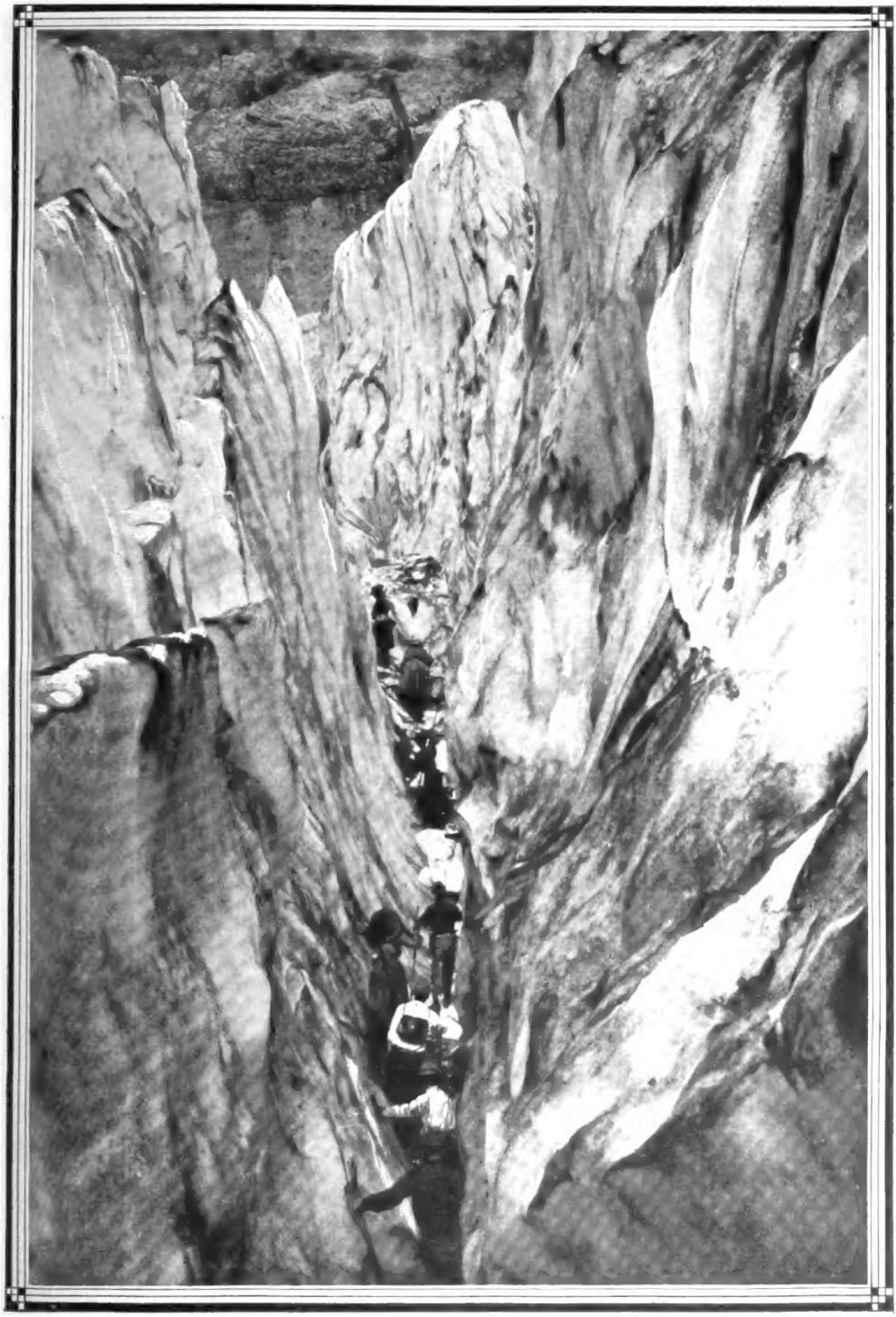

THE SIERRA CLUB CROSSING THE NISQUALLY GLACIER, MOUNT RAINIER, IN A CREVASSE.

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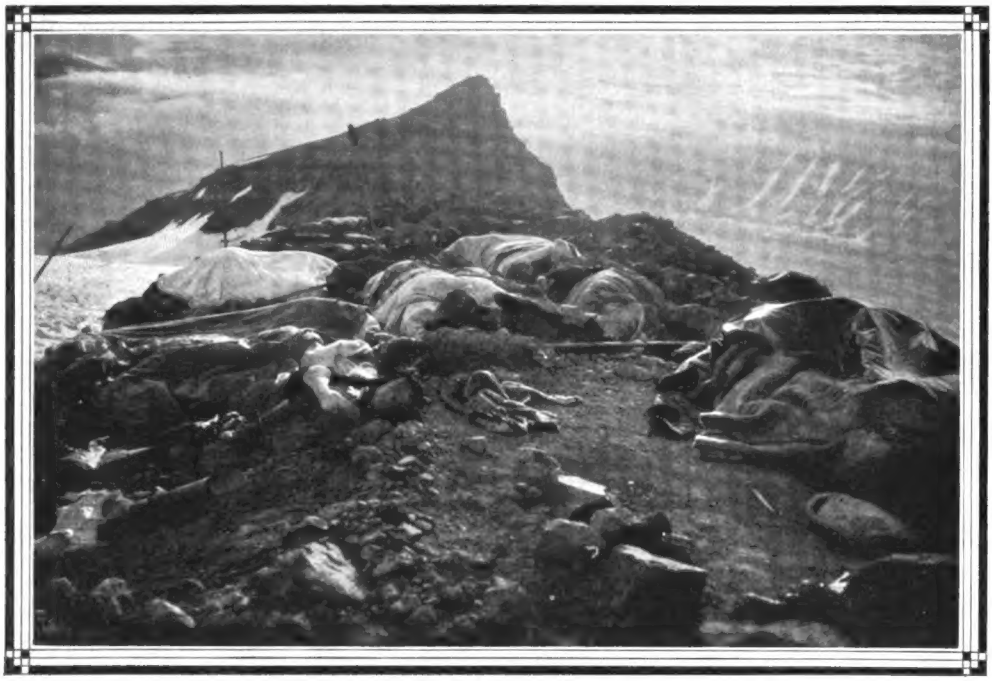

SLEEPING IN A TEMPORARY CAMP ON STEAMBOAT PROW, HIGH UP ON MOUNT RAINIER.

Besides numerous local walks, each of the four clubs has a summer outing—the event of the year—of from two to four weeks, and a winter outing of from three to ten days. The snow-shoe trip of the Appalachians, for example, is a nine days' affair which, once enjoyed, is never missed without regret. Into the White Mountains of New Hampshire when they are whitest, a party of from sixty to eighty men and women from Boston, Springfield, Hartford, Portland, and New York disappears each January. Somewhere among the snow-covered hills they find a snug hotel already chartered, warmed, and stocked for their special use. Each morning, dressed for the snapping northern winter weather, they drive forth in sleighs to prearranged starting places. Thence by selected routes, graded for the strength of the climbers, they are to make an ascent. Here extra coats come off, snow-shoes are adjusted, cameras slung on backs, and the long pull up the powdery slopes begins. There are views to stop for, the tracks of wild creatures on the snow to identify, trails to be broken, a storm wild and thrilling to be faced on the summit, and—luncheon to be eaten. For that they drop into a bit of sheltered timber. The snow is ten feet deep but, covered with green boughs, comfortably bears the weight. The fire is built on green logs to keep it

THE PACK-TRAIN READY TO START ON A MOUNTAIN CLIMB.

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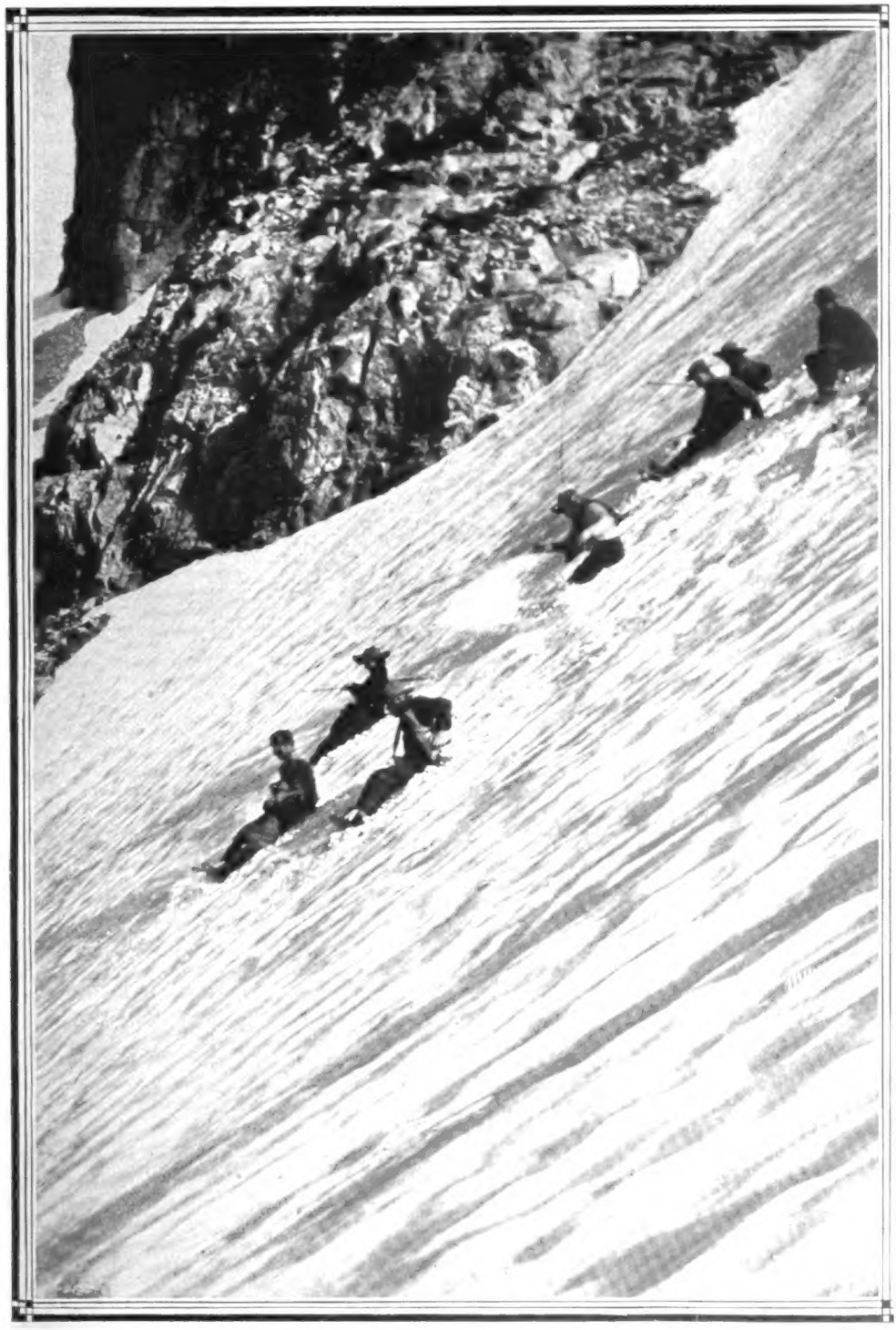

COASTING IS THE BEST FUN OF ALL MOUNTAIN WORK AND HAS UNLIMITED POSSIBILITIES FOR RENEWING YOUTH.

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A GREAT CORNICE WAS A SERIOUS OBSTACLE IN THIS CLIMB UP MOUNT BAKER, BUT IT WAS SUCCESSFULLY CROSSED BY THE ENTIRE PARTY.

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from sinking out of sight. A snow cavern appears below it before the coffee-water is boiling.

The lunches, distributed in canvas bags before the start, are unslung from belts. What if the sandwiches, the doughnut, and the apple are frozen! They are good at that, and quite wonderful toasted on a forked stick. It is an amazing meal—that eaten upon ten feet of snow.

The call for the descent is given and the leaders look for a snow-slope clear of trees or rocks. On the brink some one slips the toe of a snow-shoe under the heel of the other moccasin and, squatting back on the wooden tail, with elbows out for control, rapidly disappears in a white cloud, to reappear, a small black figure against the snow, joyfully waving us forward from far down the mountain. Others eagerly follow, and, the trail wearing smooth, the pace grows faster and faster. It is rare and safe sport, except possibly for the trail-breaker, who must have an experienced eye for hidden snags.

The tired and hungry mountaineers welcome the lights of the hotel that evening; but with a dinner of amazing excellence—it would seem so, even if it were not—fatigue disappears as by witchcraft, and the early bedtime hour is seldom welcome.

The return to physical well-being through this outdoor winter work is amazing. It seems to have many times the efficacy of any sort of summer outing. Colds and like ills disappear the second day; pale cheeks blossom richly; and the city girl, who was "always tired," is soon eager for hours of dancing, after several miles of travel afoot, including two thousand feet of climbing.

The personnel of such parties as these is a matter of interest. Outwardly, they are not different from any mixed gathering of pleasant city people, unless it be at the end of an outing, when the glow of new health is marked. But such work and such play attract those who live wide-eyed in the world, seeing the good there is in simple, hearty things; and one finds in all these groups a diversity of intellectual interests and achievements that is inspiring.

The winter outings of the Western clubs are different chiefly as differences of locale make them so. The Pacific coast lacking a real winter, the excursions are into the higher altitudes of the inner ranges, where snow and bracing days are assured. The Westerners, too, choose some sort of hostelry; but it is often more primitive than the New England resorts, and many of the party, taking extra blankets in their sleeping-bags, prefer to spend the sharp nights under the snapping stars, the very hardiest going in for snow rubs and a dip in the icy creeks in the gray dawn.

The Westerners do not use snow-shoes, but break trail through four or five feet of snow without them. In each case, a crew of sturdy trail-breakers leads, the front man dropping to the rear at short intervals, as the caribou do in the Northland when driving into heavy drifts.

On the long summer outings, real ascents are made; and here the Westerners have the advantage, with their marvelous chain of great peaks. The Eastern club is limited to Mount Washington's six thousand feet, and to lesser heights, but the mountaineers of the Pacific have the monarch Rainier, of 14,526 feet; Baker, about 11,000 feet; Adams, 12,307 feet; Hood, 11,225 feet; St. Helen's and Jefferson, besides the great peaks of California, several of which are more than fourteen thousand feet high.

It is such climbs as these that two hundred or more every-day men and women from town make every year, walking, besides, a hundred miles or more during the outing. These rather remarkable feats, which may possibly seem, at first glance, utterly beyond you and me, are made possible to us by the organization of the clubs. They gather in the mountain enthusiasts and set them to work for our benefit. And work they do, unselfishly and splendidly. To be a member of an outing committee is a thankless task; but it is the work of these committees that has made mountaineering of this sort possible.

It is no small matter to climb Rainier, even in a small party with professional guides; yet the ascent has been made by all three of the clubs in large parties of both men and women. Rainier, though it is no higher than Pike's Peak, is a king among American mountains, for its surrounding foot-hills have but little altitude, and the great cone rises almost its full height in splendid isolation. This is true, of course, of all seven of the coast peaks, while those of the Sierras and Colorado are generally in groups, destroying the effect of individual supremacy. The foot of Mount Rainier is within easy reach of transportation, and

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even to go that far is a pilgrimage of rich rewards. The majesty of natural things has an utterly new significance in the presence of such a towering pile as this, and the climber who wins the height finds himself possessed by literally unutterable sensations. The Indians called Rainier "The Mountain that was God," and they dared not ascend it.

Glacier Peak, in the northern Cascades, though lacking the height of the others, has many strange, wild beauties (as its name suggests) and some real difficulties for the climber. It is in an out-of-the-way and rugged region, and its ascent by the Seattle Mountaineers in 1910 was the first made by a large party, and the sixth in all. In 1911 the Mazamas, following the route that had been scouted the previous year by the Mountaineers, made the same ascent.

Next to this peak, Mount Adams, in the southern part of the state of Washington, is perhaps the least visited. Like Glacier Peak, it is an isolated and rugged region, the wildest mountain of its great size, perhaps, in the United States. Adams was climbed from the south by the Mazamas a few years ago; and it was revisited by the Seattle Mountaineers last summer on an outing so exceptionally ambitious and yet so typical, that it is worth telling about in some detail.

Beginning at Ashford, the nearest railroad point to Mount Rainier, the party of sixty-seven began its journey about noon of a hot July day. The breaking-in march was nine miles along the government's highway into the beautiful Rainier National Park. The help that the excellent road gave was lost a little, however, because of the heat. Hot dust goes ill with new boots, and the first crop of blistered heels—albeit a light one—was reaped thus early, to be duly padded with adhesive tape that night.

In camp the commissary fires were already blazing under big, black pots and the dunnage-bags stacked, when the vanguard wandered in and began staking sleeping quarters. This is accomplished by jabbing your alpenstock into the chosen spot. As assigned, men's and women's quarters were divided by the road, and commissary and a glacial creek ran through both. The sting of icy water is grateful to tired feet and tennis-shoes are a precious luxury afterward. The wash-up and a change from the waiting dunnage-bag sheds half the weariness. The rest of it centers in a certain gnawing vacuum—the first appearance of the trail appetite.

Now we must prepare for the night, however, as it will be dark before dinner is over. So from our chosen location we rake out pine-cones, sticks, and stones with our iron-shod alpenstocks and, there being a natural mattress of pine needles, complete the operation by unrolling our sleeping-bags where we are to lie, placing our bundles of clean clothes in its bandana at the head for a pillow, and the rest of our simplified possessions within reach alongside. The tarpaulin stays on top so that it may be quickly spread over all in case of a sudden shower. Night-clothes, which are pleasanter when not wet with dew, are slipped inside the woolen comforter of the sleeping-bag.

The tenderfeet (who are here called *chechakos*, Alaska style) furtively watch the experienced, to learn without asking questions. Some try building beds of evergreen boughs, after the manner of the more luxury-loving sourdoughs, but find little help in the instructions to "lay them in rows, overlapping, just as you would shingles." Some few even go to the trouble of putting up light tents, but the experienced know better. It might be different in a country of summer rains, but in the Cascades these are rare, and the joy of sleeping in the open is too fine a thing to be sacrificed.

We are lolling luxuriously on our outdoor beds, gazing foolishly at the distant tree-tops over us in a vain effort to forget the hunger pangs, when a wild and ringing yell announces DINNER! A strength, till now unguessed, hurls us into the stampede that ensues.

At commissary the "Bread Line" has already formed and is lengthening each second as the newcomers get into place. First come first served, is the rule—a strict one. At last we reach the end of the "table"—a long strip of kitchen oilcloth laid on the ground or sometimes on a flat-topped log. We help ourselves to necessary utensils: a tin plate, tin bowl for soup, tin cup, fork, and spoons as desired.

Two helpers, the assistant cook and the "deputy assistant," are across the table, a serving ladle in each hand; for they must be ambidextrous. First is soup, probably *erbswurst* (that of beans is itself almost a meal); next is bacon from a vast pan; boiled

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potatoes (a luxury when far from civilization, since they are a dietetic extravagance to pack), stewed corn, a great pot of beans, boiled rice, stewed dried peaches, bread, butter, tea, and cocoa.

There will be many joyful variations on subsequent days. We have, for example, several kinds of beans, of dried fruit and canned vegetables. Ham will alternate with bacon, and dried beef with ham. Hungarian goulash will appear mysteriously in the wilderness. Carr will bake the fluffiest of biscuits and the most delectable and substantial of nut cake; and even pies, when there comes a day without a march. There will never be such hot cakes, such macaroni and cheese, or such puddings as come from his portable sheet-iron stove!

Plate piled high and hands full, we look for a soft place to squat—by choice against a log. Sitting on the log is correct enough, but it denies one table space. The first-comers are in line again before the last have been served the first time. In an astonishingly short time your plate is empty and you are back in line for more.

A surprising thing to you is the instant effect of mere food. Apparently it is a powerful stimulant, compared to which alcohol is a vain and puny thing. Fatigue fades perceptibly as you eat. In the end, utter physical content enwraps you as a garment and, fresh-eyed, you are ready for anything. Your preference, however, is for the lazy warmth of the camp-fire that the fire committee soon has ready.

There is to be no formal camp-fire gathering to-night, as it is late—nearly nine o'clock—and many are ready for bed after their first day's march. The leader's announcements are made at once:

"Rising call at 6.30; breakfast at 7.30; luncheon to be served on the river bank three miles beyond; about two hours to be allowed for visiting Longmire Springs on the way; in the afternoon, a four-mile walk by trail to the second camp."

Wavering candles or steadier lanterns start off through the trees to the respective camps, the fire is raked off to the safety point, and soon there is only the great silence of the woods.

Next morning the deputy assistant's wild yell, answered by the reveille from the doctor's bugle, begins another full day, well after sun-up; and an hour later the leader's shrill whistle summons us to the start. Meanwhile dunnage-bags have been packed, brought in, and stacked ready for transportation; dishes washed and packed, and all the labor of breaking camp done with the speed of experience. We are off on another day's long, easy ramble, with rests *ad libitum* and a visit to the springs in the shadow of Rainier. Beyond, across a boiling mountain river, just now too deep to be forded, is our pack-train of thirty horses. A huge log, hewn flat, crosses the stream, and the dunnage must be portaged over it. The men go to it with a will, and one hears nothing of aching backs, though they are there when the work is done.

We now have the corps of five packers, and, leaving them to the job of loading the train, we take to the trail—a delightful, shady one that winds through deep woods and past frequent cool mountain streams, where we stop to drink deeply, to botanize, and gather berries.

The joys of life on the trail will sound naively simple in print if there is not the spirit of the trail to enrich them. And that spirit is a fine and elusive thing, difficult to enmesh in words.

The trail is both a primary and a finishing school of life. Its laws would be a safe foundation for an ethical system, its revelations of beauty are of the sort to waken our primal nature-worship, and its companionships, warmed by the need of unselfishness and the sharing of hardships, are of a subtly different and honester sort than those of the highroad. We of the town talk lightly and glibly of the "simple life," and do not guess what it means till we take to the trail. There we find it to be fundamentally the life that yields joy in the wonder of simple things. The weather has a new significance and a new beauty when there is no roof within fifty miles; a mountain view is something to have lived for when every foot of altitude has been earned by hard climbing; and a cool stream with its shade becomes the *chef-d'œuvre* of a beneficent Providence when you have crossed ten dusty, sun-scorched miles afoot to reach it. Your very joy in sheer physical existence is never half so keen as on the trail.

At one of the camp-fires a member quoted us briefly the unwritten laws of the trail, in this order:

1. WATER being of first importance, our best care should go to keep it unpolluted for those who follow after.

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2. FIRE, being the great destroyer, should be kept scrupulously under control and guarded. No fire should be left behind.

3. EARTH, being our home, should be kept sightly, as Nature made it. Camp litter should be buried or hidden from sight in the wilds, as in a park or street, that no man coming after may find it less beautiful for our having been there.

4. THE RIGHT OF WAY on the trail is always to the man or beast with a burden. This one is given the upper side because it is the safer; and there is no other distinction.

5. OBEDIENCE to orders (COOPERATION) is essential to safety and comfort on the trail, even more than elsewhere. Remember that your leader, with your life in his hands, does not give commands lightly.

There are other rules of the trail that reach the same plane. The substance of them is that the trail, like life itself, should be left always a little better than we found it. An extra axe-blaze, a newly fallen log cut short, a rock thrown to one side, will make the next comer's journey so much the lighter. On the snow-slopes one walks so as to make each step a little broader and safer than it was before, and at each step broken out by the man in front we cheerfully build a new one for the man behind.

Each man and woman must expect to be self-sufficient in every situation, but must be ready to give all possible help to any who need it. A party's efficiency is no greater than the efficiency of the weakest member.

Even in the wilderness, flowers must not be picked ruthlessly, to be carried a moment and then thrown aside. Though a very small thing among those blazing acres, this would strike a discord in the spirit that gives no room to waste or wilful destruction.

And these are neither written laws nor empty forms, to be obeyed only under compulsion. They are the ripe fruit of the spirit that is born of the trail; and no soul that follows that road is quite barren of fruit. That is why I have called the trail the finishing school of life. It breeds the finer virtues instead of grafting them on as ornaments.

We are to see much of the trail on this journey; for its end is still one hundred and fifty miles to the southward, and in between is almost unbroken wilderness. Our route is along the backbone of the mountain range and high above its chief valleys. We shall pass a forest-ranger's cabin here and there on the way, but otherwise no habitation; and we shall make seventeen camps in twenty-one days—sixty-seven city-bred Americans, of both sexes, some still in their teens, others well past the meridian of life. It seems a gigantic task, but we find that as day follows day, with its hours of pleasant, systematic travel and abundant entertainment, the miles lengthen out behind us as easily as idle hours do at home.

The second day out being Sunday, but a march being necessary, the usual short service is held around the camp-fire in the evening. Our clerical member, pastor of a large city flock, but here in gray flannel shirt and khaki, talks to us for a few minutes of the spiritual lessons of our life outdoors, and leads us in songs that we all know and care for.

Another bedtime comes, and camp settles down for the night. Some of us on the men's side have unrolled our sleeping-bags beside a trail that leads to the grazing field of the hobbled pack-horses. The distant clank of their cow-bells is pleasant music as stillness falls. We are dropping off to sleep when the sound of the bells grows louder; soon there is added the rattle of the short hobble chains: the horses, it is evident, are coming back to camp. A long head looms dimly in the darkness at the foot of my bed, and I automatically take a double reef in my somewhat extended person. The animal stumbles by up the trail, and another is at his heels, and then another. They pass on and there is peace—till the procession comes back. These visitations are recurrent throughout the night, and the repose of those unused to the ways of pack-horses is sadly shattered.

Next morning we mentioned it as casually as possible and were laughed at. A trail-horse, it seemed, took particular pride in avoiding sleeping-bags and dunnage. He would crop to the very edge, but no density of night or thoroughness of hobbling would excuse his stepping where he ought not. After that, when occasion required, we slept among the horses in peace.

By the fifth day we were ready for heavier work, and it awaited us. A four-thirty call and a five o'clock breakfast put us early on the trail for a thirteen-mile pull up-hill; yet

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we were in camp by three o'clock, having added nearly four thousand feet of elevation. Camp was on the shores of a charming little lake surrounded by meadows that were covered with mountain flowers. It was difficult to believe that we were six thousand feet above sea-level, till we awoke next morning with frost rime on our sleeping-bags.

Now we are well into the range and strike southward through heavy timber. An axe-crew is ordered out ahead, for there is little or no trail, and heavy grades, and the strength of the horses must be saved as much as possible. On the sixth day we drop steeply into a narrow wooded gulch, then, after a night's rest, climb out again as steeply, for there is no grazing to speak of here. We then work over to the crest of a steep lava ridge and the whole great range is laid out before us. Across a sheer three-thousand-foot valley are Old Snowy and the Goat Rocks, with their glaciers and broad snow-fields. Looming majestically in the north is Rainier; to the west of us is St. Helen's; and through a gap in the range the distant summit of Mount Adams—our goal. There are many silent minutes on that wild ridge-top.

Far across the gulf below us is the glacier we must cross to reach the pass that will take us through those towering, jagged rocks. Is this the unattainable? It looks so as we think of our laden horses.

Following the ridge, we come to a great, snow-lined basin and are ordered in line for a "tryout," or practise drill, in the technique of mountain climbing. While we work across the snow, step by step, or zigzag up the slopes, the pack-train, scrambling up a soft, sandy slope that tries the strength of the horses to the utmost, appears across the basin and, halting, watches the line of climbers working upward.

A call is sent forward for men, as the tired horses must all be led across the snow and loose rock of the bare slope. Soon we are struggling upward again, the game little animals stumbling and slipping patiently on the wretched trail. But the climb is short. We fairly run up the last fifteen feet and stop on the narrow crest, winded and weary. Below us, in an amphitheater-like basin that may once have been a crater, is a very blue lake surrounded by sloping meadows and clumps of evergreens. Under us is a slope bright green with fresh grass and splashed with the red of Indian paintbrush, and the warm blue of the mountain lupine. Here we are to camp and rest for two whole days, and we gaze at it with critical approval, as the horses, tasting the sweet, fresh grass, drop down the open slope to be unloaded. With two days of such feeding they will be as lively as colts.

The next day is Sunday, with its simple morning service on the hillside and its round of camp duties, including laundry work in the lake. In the evening, the camp-fire is devoted to quotations. Each member is called on in turn to contribute a selection of any length relating to the outdoors and especially to the mountains.

The next day was given over to "tryouts," to prepare the inexperienced for the big climb ahead. Under the leader's direction, we lined up in companies of eight, and an experienced captain and lieutenant were appointed for each company. Every member had a place assigned in the line, and in this place he was required to be throughout the maneuvers.

Back up over the ridge we climbed, to the snow-fields on the other side; and here we marched and countermarched over snow and loose lava boulders; stopping and starting to the whistle, learning the right use of the alpenstock (which must be held at an angle, pointing toward the upper side of the slope), and finally being turned loose for coasting down a snow slope, which is the best fun of all mountain work.

Given a summer snow slope steep enough and not too soft under the afternoon sun, with a level stretch at the bottom to stop on, and the possibilities for renewing your youth are unlimited. You will slide fastest lying flat, somewhat slower sitting up, and slower still standing; but the last takes the most skill and is the only safe way on a sharp drop. With feet a little apart and alpenstock braced at an angle out behind, you form an adaptable tripod that is fairly secure. To slow down you merely lean more weight backward on the alpenstock and the extra drag of its steel point does the trick. After a little practise at this you will take the easy slopes with alpenstock held above your head, and keep your footing unaided as you scud downward.

Sometimes a slide is taken involuntarily. A step breaks under a woman's unpractised tread and she starts downward. Her alpenstock slips from her hand and goes flying

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down to the rocks that edge the snow patch. Helpless, the woman is following it swiftly. Instantly two other figures shoot down toward her. Fast as she is going, they go faster. In a second or two one is alongside. Throwing himself a little forward, he is almost in her path, so that as he begins to brake, her arm slips around his alpenstock. The pace grows slower, but the single stock is hardly enough to stop the double weight. The second man ranges himself on the other side and adds his stock's drag to the other. The three figures come to a stop half-way down the incline.

We are joined to-day by a sheep-man, McCall, with fresh mutton from his flock, and we taste fresh meat for the first time in a week. He saves us a three day's journey by a cut-off, himself breaking trail for us all the way. In return we name the camping-place he leads us to, McCall Basin. It is a spot of extraordinary beauty. The snow has but recently gone and the meadow is carpeted with violets.

The day on the Goat Rocks, themselves almost unvisited, is a memorable one. There is to be real climbing, and the order is for snow-glasses, grease-paint, and no skirts. The pack-train, with McCall leading, goes in advance, and as we emerge upon the top of the last intervening ridge, the train, a slender line of little toy horses, is seen crossing the foot of the glacier two miles away, and then zigzagging its way up the treacherous talus slopes toward the high pass among the spires of lava. The bugle of a scout out ahead sounds, and below, within a few hundred yards, a startled bear lopes across the snow, stopping at intervals for further information, then slowly disappears in a clump of evergreens. Half an hour later we eat luncheon and grease our faces to prevent the violent snow sunburn. The paint-sticks vary from black to brilliant carmine, and the result of our decorative endeavors is distinctly startling. The professor is in black face, the parson has become a curly-mustached villain, and our fairest sisters, acquiring blue beards and bright crimson noses, would not be recognized by their own parents.

Follow days of steady work along the timbered ridges, with a new camp every night. Mount Adams is now often in full sight and we get glorious views of it. From the north the big peak stands out in splendid isolation.

On the fifteenth day we reach a twelve-hundred-pound cache of supplies and a delightful camp, on the shoulder of the big mountain. We are six thousand feet above sea-level, so that the big climb will be only about six thousand feet more. The level meadows are fairly ablaze with flowers, a clear mountain torrent dashes under a snow bridge a few yards from commissary, and there are separate streams and lakes in the men's and women's quarters.

There had been some talk of an amateur circus, and when we saw this meadow, tired as we were, there was an instant decision, and the event was announced for two hours later. Here was an emergency that called for resourcefulness. There was a wild scurrying to quarters immediately after the meal. At six-thirty, a herald in bandanas made the circle of the camp with a bugle announcing "THE GREAT SELL CIRCUS—Positively the Most Extraordinary Show in the Universe."

At seven the small but select audience of non-combatants (most of the party had been drafted as performers) gathered at the camp-fire and the Grand March began at once from behind a screen of trees. It was led by an orchestra of twelve pieces, equipped chiefly with combs, and included half a dozen freaks, a well-filled menagerie, a troop of horse (requisitioned from the pack-train and gaudily caparisoned with bandanas), and ended with two very active and mischievous clowns. The procession was quite two city blocks long. And the show itself, though chiefly travesty, was a most ingenious and successful entertainment.

The day of the big climb begins with a three-thirty rising call. Breakfast is over by four-thirty, and fifteen minutes later the fifty-two mountaineers who have passed the tests of fitness are under way. Twenty-five of them are women. The rest, a few of them disappointed, but most of them willing enough to forego the severe trial, are to go around the mountain by trail with the pack-train and will prepare camp for us on the other side.

We are now in strict company formation, places having been assigned by the Outing Committee the night before. Extra sweaters are tied around the waists and there are warm gloves in pockets, for the chance of a bitter mountain blizzard, while remote, must not be overlooked. Canteens are filled with tea, and a supply of lemons is car-

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ried in addition to the luncheons, as snow water but adds to the thirst and is not always to be found at that. The pace is easy but steady. There is much snow till the mountain itself is reached. Then we take to a long, rugged lava ridge that runs at a fair grade from base to summit. The rest is largely an endurance test. Hour after hour we pull upward, sometimes over ice where steps must be cut; but generally over the rough rock or loose lava, where no stone must be loosened for fear of danger to those below. An occasional cry of "Rock!" makes us glance up quickly to see if it is coming our way and to stop it if we can.

There are short rests every few minutes, and we can lift our eyes from the ground and watch the great sea of cloud billows that fills the valley far below, and greet Rainier, which lifts its blue-white head above the light pall of purple smoke into a cloudless sky, a hundred miles to the north of us.

We lunch at the ten-thousand-foot level and are glad to stretch out among the lava rocks for every bit of rest we can get. The altitude is discernible in a slightly increased pulse and respiration that will make the next two thousand feet harder than the last four. It is delightfully warm, but soon we shall be on the great snow-and-ice cap of the upper mountain, and as a few thin cotton clouds are forming, may expect a change.

The easy snow-traveling of the cap is a welcome change of work, though it is roughened by high wind. We reach the false summit very short of breath, with heart pounding and knees strangely shaky, to see another height half a mile beyond. This, though, is the true summit, for our scout has reached it and planted there a tiny flag. It is only another three hundred feet, but it is the hardest of all. Now we put on extra steam and make a neat little drive to the wind-swept top. Some one shakes out the Stars and Stripes, and there are cheers as we are halted by companies. The camera enthusiasts have an inning, and a few of us, with all extra clothing on, take five minutes to lie full length on the snow.

But that is all we can have. It is three o'clock, and the descent must be started at once if we are to reach camp before dark. We swing around to the rocky point where the record-box left by the Mazamas is deposited, and add our signatures to the little book. A few minutes to look out to the sister peaks to the north, west, and south; to note the coating of sulphur on the great snowfield at our feet (token of fires still smoldering in the ancient volcano); to watch strange cloud-shapes forming and reforming in quick succession around us, and the whistle calls us back into line. We are off down the southern side, at first over wet snow, then on the lava again, the scouts prospecting the way from the outer points. We had hoped for coasting, but the snow is very steep and the leader's wise caution holds him to the rocks. Now we are on the loose boulders and talus that give under our step. It is slow, hard work for a descent, but the sun is sinking faster than we are. By six o'clock we are on the lower levels and straining our eyes over a broad valley for signs of the camp-smoke. No sight or sound of the pack-train, and we drop into the valley and follow down a stream.

The trail at last, well worn and distinct! And here the marks of many hoofs and of hobnailed shoes recently passed by. Camp is farther on. We follow the tracks, hoping each minute for the sound of the cow-bells, but the miles stretch out and the dusk is deep before a shout from far ahead tells us camp is near. Suddenly two great campfires blaze up among the trees before us. We are welcomed with cheers and the news that dinner is waiting. All grimy with grease-paint and dust and sweat as we are, we march in line to the commissary, where there are a dozen hands instead of four to pile our plates with the best Carr can produce and to fill our tin cups with chocolate or strong tea. We drop on the first empty spot of ground and empty our plates ravenously, then stiffly shamble back for more. There isn't much talking done, though the good food revives us. Hunger satisfied, sleeping-bags are unrolled about where we find them, and with little ceremony we crawl into their grateful comfort—and sleep.

The journey continues interesting even though the big event is past. Now that we are seasoned mountaineers, the final forty-five miles is made with ease in three days.

So this is, briefly, the story of one mountain outing. Others might be told. The Mazamas of Portland have climbed to the top

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of twenty important peaks in their seventeen years of existence, and in 1910 sent an expedition to ascend Mount McKinley, in Alaska. The Sierras have had many excellent outings in the Yosemite and other parts of the great southern ranges.

The prospectuses of the various clubs for the annual outings make interesting reading and should be obtained by any who are planning a mountain trip; for they contain very full instructions as to outfits, besides the regulations and details of organization. It is, of course, essential that some one used to camping and with some knowledge of woodcraft be in any outing party that goes off the beaten track, which is precisely where such a party should go. But it is, as I have said, not at all necessary that one go to the Western ranges for such an outing. The Appalachian Club has most delightful camps in the White Mountains and the Adirondacks each summer, and the possibilities of the Catskills or any part of the Appalachian range from Canada to Tennessee are almost equally good. A most excellent camping and mountaineering trip could be made in the hill-country of northwestern New Jersey, say, from Lake Hopatcong to the Delaware River, and back by way of Greenwood Lake; while a trip in the Pocono Mountains of Pennsylvania would be ideal.

A word as to personal outfit, for which I shall draw on the Sierra's announcement for its last summer's outing:

The sleeping outfit should consist of a sleeping-bag made by doubling an eiderdown or wool comforter so as to give the bag the greatest length, and sewing together the bottom and the lower two-thirds of the side. This bag should be lined with gingham or sateen, and covered with denim or some other light-weight, strong material, which should project a foot or two beyond the top as a loose flap.

A water-proof sheet about six by six feet should be taken. Water-proof silk is the best material, as the ordinary rubber blanket is too heavy.

One tramping suit of a stout material, such as denim, khaki, or corduroy, should suffice. Men should carry an extra pair of overalls and women an extra light-weight skirt for camp. The skirt for tramping should be short, and worn over bloomers.

Footwear is an all-important question. One pair at least of stout, well-fitting, easy-wearing boots, with extra heavy soles, hobnailed, is essential. They should be thoroughly broken in before starting on a long tramp.

Several pairs of woolen socks or stockings of various weights should be taken. It is well to wear a fine pair next the skin and heavier ones over them to fill the shoes snugly. A roll of adhesive tape is necessary for chafes, as the care of the feet is the basis of easy traveling.

The dunnage-bag of canvas should be three feet long and eighteen inches in diameter, with canvas handles on end and side. Among the other things to be remembered are toilet articles, soap and towels, gloves, and a mosquito-net, a luncheon-bag with shoulder-straps, drinking-cup, loggers' calks to screw into the shoe-soles for heavy climbing, canteen, candles, and matches.

The problem of outfitting the commissary is somewhat more complicated, especially where a large party is to travel beyond reach of supplies, and will require the advice of some one of experience. The order lists of the Mountaineers were estimated on the basis of about two pounds of food for each person a day. To be on the safe side this should be slightly exceeded.

The Westerners have the advantage of being able to secure, without difficulty, horses trained for trail-work, and packers used to this method of transportation; but in the East, where wagon roads are frequent, it will generally be possible, when packhorses can not be secured, to transport the outfit in wagons from camp to camp, laying out the route accordingly, and taking your walkers around by trails or across country. In any case, the entire trip should be scouted out in advance and definite plans made for each camp, especially if the supplies and the camp outfit are to travel separately.

This, then, is mountaineering in America. It has not been possible to tell the half of its delights and benefits—of the songs we write for the camp-fires or the worthwhile things we learn there from experts in many fields; of the jokes we play or the little comedies that are part of every day's travel, or of the friendships that grow and blossom on the trail. But I have tried to show you how easily within your reach is this splendid pastime, and to stir you not merely to a reader's interest, but to the determination to go yourself and do this joyous thing.

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The ETERNAL CHALLENGE

by

INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

AUTHOR OF "PHOEBE AND ERNEST," "JANEY," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANTON O. FISCHER

THIS story has nothing whatever to do with the shipwreck that began it.

Picture to yourself a pair of islands lying side by side, long, narrow, as like as the two halves of a split peanut. About them stretches the ocean—a great, flat plane, moving as heavily as a flood of molten metal, cut into a clean circle by the incisive horizon line. Above them lifts the sky—a great, deep bowl, as vividly colored as the richest old stained glass, eternally dropping cloud-shadows to flutter across the islands and melt into the sea. Between them runs a channel, shaped like a funnel, the broad end north, the narrow end south—a channel not of waves but of white-maned sea-horses leaping over jags of rock, to claw with tooth and nail at the cliff-sides of the islands.

Sometime, eons ago, the twin islands must have been one island. For the rocky hill-height of the south side of the one is on a level with the rocky hill-height of the south side of the other, and each drops abruptly to a perilous, rocky coast. Similarly, the green tropical tangle of the north side of the other is perfectly matched by the green tropical tangle of the north side of the one, and each is banded with a broad ribbon of silvery sand. On the rocky south coast the water churns into eddies and whirlpools. On the sandy north coast it breaks in huge combers. Without ceasing they come in, these combers—for the shift from east to west, and from west to east, of the currents back of them is the only indication of a change in tide. A dozen waves are always in the process of formation, unbroken line on unbroken line, mountains of jade with crests of crystal that lift and rear, until suddenly they leap too high and topple to a creamy and thunderous destruction.

Centuries ago, a seismic disturbance cut the island in two as neatly as a knife halves an apple. The sea, tearing into the broad opening of the funnel, found its way impeded by broken-off boulders and splinters of rock. Most of these it never dislodged. But some its first tumultuous rush carried through the narrow neck of the funnel a short distance out to sea. So to this day the channel waters rip a boiling white course half a mile due south, straight through the purple ocean.

The curious thing about this chasm was that its narrowest point, the very mouth of the funnel, had reft the greatest eminence of the old island. So each of the new islands ran up to a hill which ended abruptly in a cliff. So close were these cliffs, and yet so high above the boiling, churning waves, that a whisper would carry from one to the other. You would have said that a strong man could leap across.

It was a spot made up of two parts of beauty and one of menace. John Lawford and Molly Ernst took the beauty and let

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THEY ALWAYS WALKED CLOSE—HIS HAND ON HER SHOULDER. THEY WERE PERFECTLY HAPPY.

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the menace go. When they crawled back to life after the disaster which cast them insensible on to the sands, it looked a paradise to them. It fairly dripped with beauty, and, as the days went by, the story of their love and wooing wrote itself all over the landscape. Indeed, their nomenclature of the place marked, as by a series of poetic notches, the progress of their love-affair.

They named the island on which they lived Molly Isle and its hill Mount Ernst. They named its twin John Isle, and its hill Mount Lawford. The channel between they named the Funnel.

A certain little arroyo on Molly Isle, by day emerald-green shot with sunlight bars of pure gold, became, under the moon, a thing of magic, shadow-dark, dusk-soft, laced with cobwebs of silver. One night, Molly and John, standing there, recited to each other from the Book of Common Prayer:

"I, Molly, take thee, John——"

"I, John, take thee, Molly——"

Thereafter, they referred to that arroyo as Honeymoon Hollow. Other names grew out of their association, but it is not necessary to set them down here.

Only one fear haunted Molly and John in the long two months before they married, and in the long three months subsequent—it was that they might be rescued.

"Of course, we want to go back to civilization some day, John," Molly would say, "but not before two years, do you think?"

"Not before ten," John would respond fervently.

He never told her that he saw no chance of rescue. He did not want to mar her certainty of a present happiness by any sense of insecurity. But after the accident to its machinery which set the ship helplessly adrift with an iron demon pounding its entrails out, they had floated far out of the beaten paths of the Pacific. They would be discovered only by chance.

In the meantime they were happy as perhaps no two have ever been happy since that innocent period before the primal pair plucked disaster from the Tree of Knowledge.

Everything made for happiness.

In the first place, neither of them had any ties to harass them. In the second place, the excitements of the new life were of the tensest. In the third place, under the most extraordinary circumstances, they were running through all the pleasures of acquaintanceship, friendship, love.

An orphan from childhood, Molly had come out on a government appointment to teach in the Philippines. John had been drifting about the world since his fifteenth year. He had never had a home, and had never thought he wanted one. Molly had never had a home and had always thought she wanted one. The home which they made on Molly Isle suited them perfectly because they never stayed in it.

At first the necessity of keeping alive blocked out every other problem. Later, as the possibilities of the island developed, their responsibilities dwindled into one—merely that of keeping their fire.

Every morning they made a tour of the beach, seeking what the tide had brought them in the night. It was weeks before the dead ship at the bottom of the sea ceased to be generous. Gruesome gifts came—the first ten days, John and Molly had recourse often to an improvised burial service, and a graveyard was the first public institution on Molly Isle. But, in the main, the ship gave them real treasure—wood, coal, furniture, canned goods, tools, canvas, kitchen clutter, trunks—all the paraphernalia of a floating hotel. Everything was fish to their net—the more useless the catch, the greater the risks they took to secure it. One day they found the shore strewn with a set of "The World's Best Literature," sifted into a hundred-odd volumes, bloated, bulging out of their covers.

"Oh!" exclaimed Molly, examining these finds after they had dried; "I'm so glad that we're both short on general culture! We're going to read these aloud to each other."

Three months later she laughed when she recalled that they had not yet opened one of them—except for that important occasion with the Book of Common Prayer. The canned adventure of books seems flat, stale, and tame when Fate lays a fresh kill of romance daily at your feet. And they, remember, were living in a world as virgin as Mars. It called to them with a hundred voices.

After their labor with the day's flotsam and jetsam, with the house and with the garden, there were the hunting and fishing; the daily examination of the traps which John had set; the exploring walks across the island; the bathing-hour—one long fight in the rush of the broken combers; the late

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THE MORNING BROKE—SHE WAS STILL THERE, A VOICELESS FIGURE OF WOE.

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afternoon walk up Mount Ernst into the color-riot of the sunset; the swift twilight; the evenings on the beach, where they lay in a ripple of the sand, warmly secure from the tide but shaken by its thunders; the nights under a sky of murky velvet, sagging almost to their touch with its weight of stars; the awakenings into dawn and dew and bird-calls.

John had floated about the world for twenty years, but Molly was, in his own phrase, "a new one on him."

"Everything's always been wrong with me from my birth," was the way Molly put it. And she always added that pathetic "bromidion" of the modern woman, "I ought to have been born a man."

Everything had been wrong with Molly partly because of circumstance, partly because of Molly herself. She was disqualified by taste for the domestic life; yet nothing in her except an inherent restlessness justified any other existence. A woman of indefinite capacity but with no specific gift, she was lashed by sporadic ambitions; yet she lacked both the perseverance and the concentration which bring ability to fruition. A college education had rolled off her mind, leaving no trace; but it had served to take her away from the little town in the Middle West where she had lived, eating her heart out.

It is another way to say it that, in the absence of one absorbing ambition, it was necessary for her happiness that both brain and hand be busy. As yet, neither had been busy enough.

The island life agreed with her physically. It brought out every mental power.

"If I'd stayed at home one year longer, I'd have killed myself," she said over and over to John. "I'm a born buccaneer, come to my own through accident."

The island life brought out something else in her—something pagan, and yet deeper than pagan—a something of primeval woman.

"Do you know why I love you so much, John?" she said more than once. "It's because I own you absolutely. Other women might tire of you for that reason, but it brings out all that's best in me. It's not only because you're my all—it's because I'm your all that I'm crazy about you. If there were another woman on this island to take your attention—or a man even—I couldn't love you so much."

John laughed. What man was ever offended by such a declaration! It did not hurt her selfish cause in his eyes that he watched her grow beautiful.

When the ship went down, she was just a girl, big and chunky, red-headed and pasty-skinned, her face beginning to fall into the lines which mean a thwarted personality. Now she was no longer chunky, nor was she yellow or creased. Cast in the beginning in heroic lines, she had fulfilled all her promises. Bare-armed, bare-legged, she did not walk—she strode. Under the great, golden-brown freckles which dappled it, her skin was as white as a pond-lily petal. Her crisp red hair, nailed flat to her head by long, curving hairpins of John's amateur make, sparkled like a helmet of carved copper. Her gray eyes were wide-open, clear, joyous, triumphant.

In John, all the lovable qualities of the professional drifter disguised the selfishness of the irresponsible. He had never known any duty but that of his own pleasure. Until he met Molly, women had been unconsidered trifles in his life, important only as they allied themselves with that pleasure. He was a perfect specimen of a certain New England type—the long, lean, clean-cut, dusky type which looks Hindu until you've been to India; Arabian until you've been to Arabia; Egyptian until you've been to Egypt. He had grown long-haired. His white teeth flashed milky in a face in which a hint of red glowed through the bronze. Not an ounce of unnecessary flesh impeded the roll of his wire-strong muscles.

In a month they knew the island as a man knows his pocket. John had already drawn a tentative map. He had come to many conclusions about it. It was near enough to the tropics to offer an equable climate; not quite near enough for the debilitating tropic heat. It was far enough away to escape the monotonous rainy season.

Birds sang epithalamium on twigs level with their hands. Fish of a delicate deliciousness leaped from the water into their laps. A baby mountain, a toy river, cataracts of needle fineness, ponds the size of hand-mirrors, valleys that were mere dimples—it was a world in miniature, with everything that threatened or offended left out. John knew, before Molly began to realize, that just its calm, dead, even perfection would pall long before a land offering greater hardships of heat or cold.

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But in the meantime no shadow had fallen across their happiness. They ruled over their island kingdom—a god-king and a goddess-queen. They talked constantly; for each had the gift of articulateness. They always walked close—his hand on her shoulder. They were perfectly happy.

And yet——

Environment has made man the radical force in the human current—woman the conservative. He is centrifugal, she centripetal. Perhaps woman's first adventure with the serpent in the Garden of Eden taught her her lesson. Certain it is that she is willing to let well enough alone. It is the male who wants to know. Because these male creatures have wanted to know, the dark places of the earth, the abysses of the sea, the heights of the air, lie bare to the world's gaze. Because these female creatures are willing to stay put, homes have multiplied until they made cities. But between that instinct on the part of the male to explore the unknown lands, and that desire of the female to stay at home, lies a chasm which is filled with women's tears.

"By Jove! I'd like to take John Isle apart and see what makes it work," John said one afternoon. He was busy driving stakes. With nothing left to do, John had decided that another room should be added to their home. "It makes me sick to think that I can't get over there."

"It's too bad that we can't," Molly answered placidly, "but of course it's out of the question." Molly was thinking of something which she had just said to John—a discovery which she had made—a wonderful discovery, too.

"Do you know, John," she had said, "this is a real Lotus Land. It will be impossible for us ever to be unhappy here. It will be almost impossible for us ever to do wrong. It's an expurgated world like the one Helen Keller lives in. There can be no evil here. There can be no jealousies or misunderstandings or estrangements, for there's nothing to be jealous or misunderstood or estranged about."

"It's the only problem that stumps me—how I'm going to get over there," John went on.

"Oh, we'll find a way sometime, I suppose," Molly answered, still placid.

That was all there was to the first discussion. Molly did not even notice that twice her "we" had corrected his "I."

Two days later, they sat on the top of Mount Ernst, studying the sunset.

"The north and east coasts must be thick with ship-truck—the Lord Himself only knows how much floated there," John said.

"North—east coasts of what?" Molly asked.

"John Isle. Everything we didn't get went there."

"There are some things it's welcome to," Molly said with a shudder.

John burst out laughing. "Ridiculous how these two little picayune islands are cut off from each other! Impossible to launch a boat on the north coast because of the surf. I don't believe even those Kanaka beggars could get a boat through combers like that. Besides, we haven't any boat. Impossible to make it from the south coast because of that fierce current from the Funnel. Say, Moll, do you suppose a North American Indian could shoot the Funnel?"

"I don't believe any one could," said Molly.

John squinted across the Funnel. Just in front of him, ridiculously near, inaccessibly far, Mount Lawford presented a height, the twin of Mount Ernst. "Just think how easy if we only had the goods—if there were a sizable tree on the island, I could make as good a little bridge as anybody would want."

"I suppose there are swimmers that could get through the Funnel," he continued, "but if you will excuse me, I'd just as soon leave it to them as thinks they can."

"Oh, I'll excuse you," Molly laughed. "If you think that in order to please me you've got to swim the Funnel, it shows how little you understand the nature of your child-wife."

And again she blithely turned the subject without in the least realizing that she was sailing away from a dangerous topic.

"I believe," said John the next day, "that a raft's the thing we want." They were busy wattling withes, and this remark came out of an interval of concentration which Molly believed had to do entirely with his work. "I think I can beat those rapids. Yes, my love, I'm going to make John Isle *via* the Funnel. I'll start at the northern corner of Molly Isle, and if I haven't landed on John Isle by the time

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THE MAN GAZED HIS LIPS MADE MOTIONS ONLY; NO SOUND CAME.

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we reach the southwestern corner, it's only because—oh, but I'm sure I can do it!"

Molly stopped work to look at him. And for the first time she realized that the Sword of Damocles quivered over her head. "Do you mean to tell me, John Lawford, that you are really thinking of sailing over to John Isle?"

"Certainly," John said. "Why not? Not a-sailing, though. My yacht's out of commission. Poling a raft."

"Why not!" Molly repeated in a gasp. "It will be the death of you—that's why not."

"Not while I know it," John responded flippantly. "No, a curious thing about me is that I never get killed—I can't at this moment recall a single time. Violent deaths don't seem to run in the family."

"John," said Molly, clasping her hands, "it would kill me if you left me alone in this place for an hour; and as for thinking of crossing the Funnel on a raft—promise that you will never mention the subject again."

"Of course I won't," John answered lightly; "you're missis here. You know that, little girl. Whatever you say goes—see?"

Molly was gay that night with the gaiety of the woman who is acknowledged queen. True to his promise, John never mentioned the subject again; but the next day, Molly noted, with a sinking of the heart, that he began work on a raft. He said that he wanted to have it ready in case of an emergency.

It is unnecessary to trace the steps by which this expedition became a bone of contention between them. But what at first was only a whim became at last an obsession with John because Molly made it one. Discussion grew into argument. Argument became first covert, then open, quarrel. It did not help that John had all the obstinacy of the male, and Molly all the perversity of the female. There came days when their conversation was one long wrangle. There came evenings when they sat apart, grimly silent. It may be that if Molly had once volunteered to let John go, he would have given up his project without a pang. It may be that if John had once begged Molly's permission, she would have helped him with might and main. Be that as it may, at the end all Molly's wiles, smiles, tears, and sulks were equally ineffective against John's smiling obstinacy. At the end, none of John's good-humored sallies could draw Molly from a defiant dumbness. The day came when Molly stood on the beach and watched John put off into the raging current of the Funnel. She saw plainly all that happened; but mercifully it did not last long.

John went smoothly in the beginning, not quite beating the current, as his slanting progress proved. At first he called all kinds of cheerful remarks back to her; they stopped suddenly, the last cut off in the middle. It was getting a little harder—he was putting every inch of his strength into an effort to keep away from something—she could not make out which rock—she saw his figure relax as with relief, but he did not speak or turn again. Another current took him—he swung with it—swung out of it. A third caught him, jammed the raft against a high sliver of rock—neatly overturned it—it seemed a long time before John's head appeared. But he was quite master of himself, swimming expertly, floating a bit, then swimming again—he was going to make it—the current took him again—once it threw him up—twice it dashed him down—once for a long time she did not see him at all—rocks kept coming in between—he came up finally in a stretch of clear water, swam—dropped out of sight—bobbed up—floated in a dizzy circle—was sucked under—shot up and fell sideways—drifted like a log—sank——

Molly ran back and forth along the beach, screaming to her Creator for help. She stopped that after a long time and stood still, watching fixedly the spot where she had seen him go down. She called his name until she was hoarse. Night came and found her there. The morning broke—she was still there, a voiceless, formless figure of woe.

Afterward she realized that it was only because her reason was a blank that she waited there—she was not conscious of expecting anything. But an hour after sunrise something pulled itself up to man-height on the opposite shore and waved a hand to her. Conversation was impossible over the beating of the surf at that point in the Funnel. Perhaps she thought he could feel her screams of encouragement. But even as she screamed the figure fell. And

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that was the last she saw of him that day.

Their first conversation was held many days later, after John had recovered sufficient strength to hobble to the top of Mount Lawford. Two rods away, on the top of Mount Ernst, Molly stretched her arms to him, her eyes streaming.

"I look as if I'd been run through a meat-chopper," he said, when he became articulate, "and I've got one sprained foot and a pretty bad shoulder. Nothing serious, though." His white teeth flashed an encouraging smile to her.

The long night-vigil had done spiritual wonders to Molly. She said none of the things which, for three weeks, had been constantly on her lips. Instead, she murmured brokenly the other words which had been long absent from them. John drank them down.

"How long before—" she concluded.

John understood and his brow furrowed. "Well, of course I've got to get into condition again. And then—you were right, Molly, I should never have attempted it. But sometimes—I don't know if a woman ever could understand this—the very devil gets into a man, especially when he's opposed. Oh, I guess it's the eternal challenge of the universe. You have to keep proving yourself to yourself, that you're no older than you were and that you have all your courage with you still. It was the only thing in sight to do. I had to do it. I felt that it was my job."

"I understand," Molly said. "But, oh, don't ever do it again!" It is to be questioned if John understood the logic of the following statement coming after the previous one; but every woman will. "I'm never going to set myself in the way of anything you want to do as long as I live."

"I'll never put it up to you again, Molly," John said. "I'm going to begin on a raft in a day or two. I don't believe it will take more than a week at most."

"Only a week?" Molly gleamed.

Twice a day, thereafter, in the morning after sunrise, in the evening after sunset, they had long talks. Starting together with a wave of the hand, they could follow each the progress of the other as they ascended the twin heights. As their paths neared, they sang out joyous greetings. Molly always finished her end of the walk on a dead run, throwing herself down on the top with a quick, panted: "Oh, talk to me, John—I'm hungry for the sound of your voice."

John's talk, always entertaining, was now actually full of news. "John Isle is simply covered with ship-truck," he proclaimed at the second *tête-à-tête*. "Everything you can think of: trunks with all kinds of female clothes in them; hard and soft drinks—we can have a wine cellar now; olive-oil—we'll have a salad course after this; the ship doctor's kit, and enough miscellaneous clutter to stock Mars." He stopped to stare down into the boiling neck of the Funnel. "Know what I'm going to do? I'm going to start all these things across the Funnel from the northern end of John Isle. They'll have to land somewhere on Molly Isle. It will be your job to collect them—see?"

So, for a week or more they worked together, though separated. And the work on the new raft went on. Occasionally, in the midst of it, an impulse to talk would seize one or the other. A signal, and they dropped everything to fly to the hilltops. It seemed always as if something new and wonderful grew out of these talks—the fruit of their love-in-loneliness. All that was most charming in Molly came to the surface. She even indulged in much long-distance coquetry and John wooed her all over again.

One morning, Molly was late at the starting-place. John waited an unconscionable time; then, alarmed at the delay, tried to beat the noise of the rapids with a series of shrill whistles.

At length he saw her emerge from the path which led to their home. Evidently she had not heard his calls, for it seemed a long time before she remembered his existence. Finally, there came a languid flutter of her hand. But she walked up the hill with an averted head and she walked as if she carried a mental burden. It was John who, nearing the top, ran as hard as his stiff leg would permit to the edge of Mount Lawford. "What is it, Molly?" he asked.

Molly's eyes had sunk and her cheek had paled. She did not speak. Her gaze fixed on him, she came straight toward the edge of the cliff. John had a sudden feeling that she was going to walk over the brink.

"Be careful, Molly!" he warned sharply. "What is it?" he repeated.

She did not speak, but her eyes still clung to his.

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"What is—" he began again. But, suddenly, he knew. He, too, stood stock-still, staring. "Poor child!" he said after a long time.

Molly's face melted in the quiver that ran across it. "Come as soon as you can. I can't stand it alone any longer."

John worked like a madman. Every night Molly asked him a hundred questions about the raft. Sometimes the news of his progress made her spirits rise to giddy heights. Sometimes she seemed to sink under it. Whatever her mood, it seemed to lash John to harder, closer work.

When he awoke one morning, no Molly came to greet him from the opposite shore. For fifteen minutes he paced back and forth, his imagination rioting. Casually, in the midst of it, he glanced toward Mount Ernst. A figure, whose draperies fluttered in the wind, crouched on its summit. He ran to the top of Mount Lawford.

"I didn't sleep all night," she said somberly. "Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer. I came up here—hours ago—it seemed a little nearer to you, somehow."

"You poor little girl!"

"You do love me, John?"

John's answer was inarticulate.

"Would you do anything for me?"

"I'd—I'd——"

"Will you promise to do one thing if I never ask anything else of you?"

"Oh, Molly—of course I promise."

Molly's lips made words before her voice came. "Don't come back here until—until—until—" Both lips and voice refused to go on.

He caught it. "Until after?"

An expression came into her eyes which said, "Yes."

"Oh, Molly," he said, "I can't! Molly, how could I?"

"It's terrible, I know." And on a sudden she had words in plenty. "But I'm afraid to let you try it again until after—you were nearly drowned the first time. You may be drowned the second. And if you are drowned, there is nothing for me—and it—but death. For, before God, if you drown, I will kill myself. But if you'll stay on John Isle so that I can see you and know you're alive and—well, I can go through anything—alone, too. Something in my heart tells me to do this. All night long for a week now, I've lain awake thinking. I keep seeing you struggling in the Funnel again. That picture of you sinking. Those hours after you went down—" She broke off with a fit of shuddering. "I could not go through that again. I will not. I'll kill myself if you start across. But when it's over and I have the courage to live—for it—even if you die, then you may come. Promise! Promise me! Promise me now!"

They talked the matter through that whole livelong day. John raged and stormed, pleaded and argued, but Molly was always immovable. To the end of his days, John regretted that he gave and kept his promise; but ultimately Molly had her way.

Followed the strangest months that ever a man passed. He had moments when he told himself that he was justified in breaking his word. Twenty times he made up his mind to swim the Funnel without letting her know. But for a time she kept so steady a watch on him that it would have been impossible to make the attempt by daylight without being discovered. It was out of the question by night. Later, he did not dare because of the effect on her.

In the meantime, they almost lived on the hilltops. John made a camp so that he could spend the night on Mount Lawford; and often Molly went back to their home only to sleep. Physically she was at her best. Mentally and spiritually, she was a broken thing.

And John—his hard labor collecting every shred of wreckage, of procuring and preparing fish and game to toss over to Molly, could not give him an instant's mental respite. For the first time in his life, Grief was his playmate and Worry his bedfellow. Depression dogged his footsteps and Despair sat on his pillow. For Molly's sake, he must not disperse these phantoms by confiding them to her, since one quiver of adverse emotion in him precipitated a cataclysm in her. He had to learn how to control, as with a grip of steel, a situation which he could not even touch. In spite of his care, Molly was harried by all kinds of strange moods: moods of utter panic and blind terror; moods of hope and perfect serenity; moods of feverish wild glee, and of stark, dead despair; moods of calm certainty of a happy outcome, and of perverse belief in inevitable tragedy. At her worst she threatened to throw herself into the Funnel before his eyes. At her best, she indulged in long rhapsodies over their future.

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John came to know many strange things—strangest of all how a man can love the creature which tortures while it clings.

"Do you love me?" she always asked on first sight of him and, "Do you love me?" always when she left.

John invented strange litanies in answer to this recurrent question. Often he soothed her to sleep, chanting them.

Even in her unlovely moods, it was not difficult to answer in the affirmative. But toward the end, all her wildness left her—she became gentle and serene. A something which he described vaguely to himself as "holy"—it was really only the outer expression of an inner confidence—came into her air. Because of it, his love grew to adoration; and yet he half hated it. It seemed to raise a barrier between them. He wondered jealously if this strange being had ever been his wife, if he would ever dare to touch her hand again! Curiously enough, this new aspect almost broke his nerve; it began to twist itself into his psychology with a vague foreboding of disaster. It weakened him. Toward the end, the lump which means tears always rose in John's throat as he followed her slow climb up Mount Ernst. Often he ground his teeth. Often he clenched his hands. The gray began to appear over his temples.

There came the time when Molly climbed the hill only every other day. There came the time when she could walk only part way up the hill. There came the time when she appeared for a few moments, morning and evening, at the end of the path. There came the day when she did not appear at all.

On the morning of the second day, John started for Molly Isle. For months he had been experimenting with the currents on the north end of John Isle. For months he had been hardening himself for the conflict. Nevertheless he had not been in the water a quarter of an hour before he realized that it was going to be much harder crossing from John Isle to Molly Isle than from Molly to John. A third of the way over, the raft broke under him on a submerged rock; and thereafter it was his fight.

Never afterward could he give any consecutive account of the struggle. At first, details came back to him—of the dizzying din and surge of the waters; of eddies that boiled and currents that whirled; of a wave that seized him, passed him on with a strangling fumble, recovered him, shoved him back, thrust him forward again; of a succession of great waves which seemed, in collusion, to play a game with him even more cruel. But soon the thought of these things left him. They melted in his memory to a mere sense of noise and conflict and fatigue and trouble and pain.

In his first crossing of the Funnel, it had been an incitement to bravado that Molly was corporeally present. In his second struggle, it added to his strength that she seemed spiritually present. He did not see her. He could not hear her. He might not touch her. Yet she was there—that was it—just *there*, but with a curious, intermittent thereness. She left him at times. His sense of her nearness died. He understood dimly why she went, though. Somewhere another responsibility called to her. In her absence, death became a temptation. Again and again, he decided to let himself go. But, always, just as he was sinking into the rosy, soft cloud which wonld ease everything, Molly would come again.

It was quiet in the little clearing where the hut stood—quiet with the dead, dry stillness of the tropic noon. Above, hung a purple sky shot by one huge eye of heat. About, creeping close, lay the jungle, already putting forth hundreds of tentacles to choke the innocent garden growths. A path, just beginning to sink back into the besieging bush, offered, through a tube of emerald, a distant view of rumpled peacock sea.

Suddenly a figure leaped into the opening and came running down the path. Branches tripped and pulled it. Thorns and brambles tore it, but it came speeding on. Sinister it seemed; and yet it was human—it was a man. A few rags hung from him. A multitude of cuts and bruises traced a network on his flesh. Blood poured from a gash in his forehead.

At the edge of the clearing the man stopped a moment. Fearfully he paused, peered, listened. Not a sound pricked the stillness. He leaped to the open door.

A thing lay in the farther corner of the room—a thing that seemed a heap of spent human flesh. The man gazed. His lips made motions only; no sound came. But as he stared, the thing moved. Its arms went weakly to its breast. They drew back a covering, and revealed a bundle of something tiny, something faintly stirring, to his gaze.

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BY THOMAS P. BYRON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

"THE TOP O' THE MORNIN' TO YE, MISS EILEEN."

NOW it was a couple of months after Billy O'Mara had come back from the wars wherein he and the Juke of Wellington so soundly larruped Bonyparty, that Mistress Eileen d'Arcy met him on the cliff by Saint Senanus Abbey. Sure, man might live a thousand years and never know *fully* what an Irish beauty was unless he had seen Eileen that spring morning, with her long-lashed, black-lashed violet eyes, and the wind from the sea blowing down little wisps of her fair hair and bringing a soft flush to her pale cheek. Nor would he rightly know why Ireland was called the "Emerald" until he had trod the green of the springy shamrock turf that led from the vale up to the abbey which stood on the edge of the cliff that dropped straight down hundreds of feet to the sea, moaning and breaking on the rocks.

There it was by the abbey that Billy sat, resting a spy-glass over the stump of his arm and staring out to sea.

"Good morning, Billy," said Miss Eileen.

"The top o' the mornin' to ye, Miss Eileen," said Billy, jumping up from his seat and doffing his cap.

"'Tis you who love the abbey, Billy," said she. "You spend half your time here."

"Ay, miss, I love it. 'Twas here I played when I was a wee lad no bigger nor a 'leprechawn;' 'twas here I tuk my joys an' sorrows, an' 'tis here I take thim now that I'm a man grown. An' 'tis here, miss," added Billy mysteriously, "that I watch for my *ship*."

"Your *ship*, Billy? You will wait long, I fear. Ships come to Clare only to be wrecked."

'Twas a true word she spoke, for a cruel bitter coast it is, with naught but iron rocks and iron cliffs and never a safe harbor all the way from Loop Head to Galway. And save for a storm-driven fishing-boat now and then, and (in the old days) a French lugger come to drop a few pipes of claret or brandy, or a bit of tobacco, or maybe an envoy from the Directorate to the United Irishmen, divil a sail has sailed that same coast of Clare since the Armada went ashore on the point forninst Milltown-malbay, which is called Spanish Point to this day.

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But Billy, nevertheless, had hopes.

"Ay, Miss Eileen," he said; "but *my* ship will come—and soon."

"You're a queer lad, Billy. Every one was surprised to see you come home—a hero, too—after your mysterious disappearance."

"And I," answered the bold Billy, "wor sorprised to come home an' foind *you*, Misthress Eileen, who are the toast and boast of the county, shtill unmarried."

"You are a flatterer, Billy," she said softly. "Perhaps I, too, wait for—a ship."

"If ye wait, 'twill come, miss," burst out Billy; "I'll stake my head on that."

"You are indeed a strange lad," she said, looking at him with heaving breast. "No wonder they tell strange tales about you and the abbey."

"Miss Eileen," said Billy darkly, "'tis stranger stories shtill, an' *thrue wans*, that *I* can tell about the abbey—and about the wars. An' the day my ship comes I'll tell ye thim, though the tongue wither in my jaws an' a thunderbolt blast me as I spake the words."

"I think there is something you should have told me long since, Billy," she said. "I'll hold you to your word—when your ship comes." And then she left him to his watching of the sea.

Now the abbey was an eery place. Begun by Saint Senanus himself it was, and there was a round tower there like the one on the holy island of Scattery, and ruins that you might be lost in and wander forever; and in the center of the whole maze there was a great yew-tree, where 'twas said those that dared penetrate might see the ghosts of the monks praying. But few had dared it save Billy O'Mara, who was an eery mortal himself.

He was the oddest lad—always by himself and rambling all over the barony. Now you would see him prowling in the depths of Vandeleur's Woods, and again at the foot of a cliff, where a goat—let alone a man—could scarcely climb, singing to himself, or talking to the sea. But mostly he was about the old abbey, starting out unexpected, like a ghost, from dark corners. Sure, people who went there were as afraid of being startled by *him* as they were of seeing the spirits of the dead saints.

A thin, pale creature he was, with quiet, stealthy movements and a weird sort of look in his eye.

Moreover, 'twas well-known that the "banshee" followed the O'Maras, and Billy himself—it was whispered—had dealings with the fairies. And, worst of all, people had seen him, with their two eyes, a-digging and puttering around the abbey and making a pile of the dead men's bones.

And he could fiddle tunes that would set a dead man's feet to itching—from the "little people" he must have learned them, for sure no mortal man ever invented such sweet, unearthly music.

Now it happened one night, in the Three Cows shebeen-shop on the Kilkee Road, they were talking of the strange doings at Saint Senanus, for unholy noises were heard there of nights, and a bright light had been seen flashing from the windows at times, which some said was a ghost-light and the one that Saint Brendan and his monks had seen from far out at sea when they sought the mouth of the Shannon, returning from the Flying Island.

And that night the bold Billy, full of good "potheen," after playing his eery music and telling tales that made the flesh of his listeners crawl, set off with his fiddle, from the Three Cows, to spend the night at the abbey on a wager of six pots of porter with Big Jawn Shanahan.

And the next morning, gone was Billy, bag and baggage—except his fiddle, that was found in pieces just outside the fairy-ring at the foot of Saint Senanus Hill.

Now, there were those who said that Billy had fallen asleep with his two feet in the fairy-ring and that he had been carried off by the "little people" to France or to the moon, to fiddle at their "shindigs." And there were others who said that a superfluity of whisky-punch had caused him to miss his foot on the edge of the cliff and that he had fallen into the sea. And there were still others who claimed he had been whisked off underground a thousand feet beneath the abbey, there to sort and arrange the dead men's bones, that all might be snug and shipshape for Judgment Day, and that no holy saint might arise at the sound of Gabriel's trumpet with some heathen bogtrotter's head under his cowl, or some thief of an invader's itching fist and arm fast to his holy shoulder.

But these were mere rumors, and sorrow a word was *known* about Billy until he tramps back years later, grown half a foot or so, with one arm gone, and a faded uni-

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form and a medal, and stories about Salamanca and Ciudad Rodrigo, and how he and the Iron Juke had booted the "mounseers" about until eating off the mantelpiece became the hall-mark of the Gauls who had served in Spain.

And the strange Billy never said a word as to the whys and wherefores of his absence. Only one day, Colonel Quinn, who was a friend of Wellington himself and who was stopping for a few days at Carowe Hall, met Billy and took him by the hand and asked him about his lost arm, and turned to Sir Patrick Carowe and told him that Billy was the divil and all of a soldier, and that he had lost his arm at the retaking of La Haie Sainte.

So Billy was a more redoubtable citizen than ever, and more mysterious—especially when he took to watching for *his ship*.

Sure enough, one day a ship came!

The first that was known about it was when young Jawn Shanahan came on the run down to Larch Hill to tell Misthress Eileen d'Arcy that Billy O'Mara's ship wor come, and would she be good enough to step up to Saint Senanus Abbey to see about it?

And *she came*—and ten minutes later half the parish after her, when they had learned the news from young Jawn; for sure enough, far out at sea was a white-sailed ship.

But before any had got there Miss Eileen and Billy had disappeared in the ruins. Through the maze of long corridors and damp, black rooms he led her, twisting and turning through the rubbish and bushes until they came to a great open place like a courtyard; only once it had been a room, and the roof had fallen in and the wall had broken down until you could look straight out to sea. And over the series of broken walls the other way, they could see the great yew-tree.

"Look, Miss Eileen," said Billy, his voice trembling. "Sit ye here on this piece o' broken wall and look at the ship. Can ye see a big cross in the mainsail?"

"Why, yes, Billy," she said breathlessly, "I can."

"'Tis *my ship*," said Billy earnestly. "An' look within here, miss. D'ye see where we are? Sure we're in th' owld abbey church, right on the edge of the cliff. There in the center is where th' altar used to be, an' there is the tumble-down remains of the choir. An' this very wall fell into the say the very night I lift to be a soljer. 'Tis of that night I'm goin' to tell ye, Miss Eileen.

"There's not a nook or turn of this owld abbey that I don't know an' haven't known from a lad. Here I used to play night an' day, an' never a fear had I of the dead an' buried monks, who wor men who had lived in peace an' died happy, an' who would harm no one. Sure, when folks heard shrieks an' groans o' nights from the abbey, 'twas me that had no fear, for I knew 'twas the wind howlin' through the holes in the walls or in the branches o' th' owld yew-tree. 'Tis a great place for the wind here, miss, an' we get it straight all the way from Amerikay. And even if it *wor* sinners doin' penances an' lamentin', sure I was niver afraid, for that was my nature. And mind ye, I niver doubted but that there *was* sperrits here, an' I used to talk to thim, an' sometimes I thought I could see an' hear thim too.

"But for all that, *I feared Saint Senanus Abbey more than any, for betther than any I knew there was hijeous things goin' on.*

"All the world had seen lights flashin' from the windows, an' I myself have crep' up nights, not darin' to enter, an' heard noises that sounded like shouts an' curses an' laughter an' ribald songs. 'Twas no dead saints did *that*, Miss Eileen.

"An' *worse*—time an' again I've cleaned the dirt an' weeds off the graves (they buried hundherds right here undher the church), an' I've picked up the bones lyin' about, an' put thim in a pile right there before th' altar, an' prayed over thim.

"An' in the mornin' I've found thim same bones *scatthered*, an' wan or two *bruk*, maybe.

"So 'twas for that, Miss Eileen, that, long before that night I set forth from the Three Cows an' niver come back, I'd made up my mind to watch here in the church some night.

"I was a bit heady with the potheen that night, for just as I reached the fut o' the hill I fell an' bruk my fiddle, an' there I lift it. An' in the darkness I crep' in here the way we've come, for I knew it as I knew the 'boreen' that leads to my own cabin. I found the bones just as I'd piled thim that afternoon, an' right there in that corner o' the broken-down choir I stowed myself snug as a bug in a rug. I could hear the rooks cawin' up in th' ivy o' the

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THE FIRST THAT WAS KNOWN ABOUT IT WAS WHEN YOUNG JAWN SHANAHAN CAME ON THE RUN DOWN TO LARCH HILL TO TELL MISTHRESS EILEEN D'ARCY.

belfry, an' the bats wor flittin' about, an' out at say the wind an' storm wor risin', an' presently they bruk. It come with crashes o' thunder an' sheets o' lightnin' that well-nigh blinded me by the light that poured in through the windows, an' the gusts roared and rattled the walls till I feared th' owld abbey would be blown off the cliff. An' there I sat, snug an' dry, though 'twas rainin' sheets outside, an' waited, not a bit afeard, for the lonesomeness an' ghosts that might be about, but fearful o' the storm an' more fearful shtill o' what I was waitin' for.

"It got lonesomer an' lonesomer, an' afther a long time I heard somethin' that worn't the storm, an' a gust o' wind swept down the church—cold an' clammy on my face it was, like the touch o' dead flesh—an' then a flash swept through the church that I thought at first was lightnin'. But it wasn't. 'Twas a blue light—like brim-

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stone—an' it burnt steady. An' then, Miss Eileen, I gathered up my courage an' I looked down an' *saw*."

"What did you see, Billy?" she asked breathlessly.

"'Twas six figgers in the shape o' men I saw, Miss Eileen, each wan in a monk's gray gown an' cowl, an' they wor gathered about a light on th' altar. An' they chattered an' grinned like monkeys at each other, an' the blood fair froze in my veins when wan o' thim scatthered the dead saints' bones with a kick, while the thunder crashed outside an' th' owld walls shook like paper in the blasts.

"An' right where I'd laid the bones an' prayed over thim, wan emptied a great bag o' gowlden guineas, an' he threw down a pack o' cards an' cried out with a curse:

"'To-night is the night I win or leave Ireland forever. Ho! ho! ho! for France!'

"An' the others roared afther him: 'Ho! ho! ho! for France!' An' then they rattled their dice an' dealt their cards an' played.

"At first they cursed an' made awful jests o' the holy place an' the holy men's bones they had desecrated, but little by little the passion o' the game crep' over thim an' they become that quiet an' absorbed they wouldn't have heeded the crack o' doom, though the storm outside had gathered into a hurricane an' raved an' thundered an' flashed until it threatened to demolish th' owld abbey an' the rock it stood upon.

"I, shakin' with fear o' my sowl, watched thim. I looked at their faces, an' they worn't dead faces at all, but the faces o' livin' min. An' I knew thim all, ivery face! An' when wan would win an' cry: 'Ho! ho! hoho!' above the clatther o' the storm, I knew the voices, too.

"Wance two o' thim quarreled an' the lie was passed, an' they would have fought, but a bitther jest set thim laughin' again, an' thin they played on an' on while the hours passed, an' storm followed on storm until it seemed all the storm-furies o' land an' say wor shoutin' about the walls o' Saint Senanus Abbey.

"Finally the game wor finished an' they rose an' lift—four o' thim. An' the two that stayed wor the twain that had quarreled. Their names wor the same, for 'tis cousins they wor, though little enough alike; for wan was a red-haired fierce Rapparee who was known as the devil's disciple throughout the county, while the other was a lad, who was wild enough, too, yet I had niver dhreamed that he had the black dhrop in him.

"The Rapparee flung the dice-box on th' altar with a curse.

"'Divil take thim,' he said, 'they have all the luck! They have plucked us clean!'

"'Thin it's you for France,' said the other. 'Well, I have three hundherd guineas lift, an' they're yours.'

"'That's fair generous when ye owe me three thousand!'

"'I do, but ye knew when ye gave me thim that I could not pay ye now. I don't undherstand your tone. D'ye mane——'

"'I mane that you an' I have yet a game to play. An' these are the tools with which we'll play it.' And from a case on the ground beside him he tuk out two pishtols.

"'What d'ye mane, Desmond?'

"'I mane, Desmond, that Ireland is too small for us both. Mark ye well! We are cousins, an', though somewhat different in characther, our tastes are too much alike. We both want the same estate—an' the same girl.'

"'Ay, but suppose we lave the estate to our uncle who owns it and who can lave it to ayther of us that he likes. An' the other question we had betther lave to the girl, who can marry ayther of us or nayther of us—as *she* likes.'

"'Thrue, but nayther of us like to wait. An' there's another rayson, an' 'tis for that I've talked to-night of lavin' for France. 'Twas six thousand pounds our uncle gave ye yesterday to take to Colonel Walton at Ennis.'

"'Which I in turn enthrusted to you.'

"'Exactly, an' 'tis the same six thousand that the four rogues just left have stripped us of. An' yourself lost half of it.'

"'But ye told me the money was yours. I niver would have touched it. I niver dhreamed——'

"'Ay, Desmond, I lied. 'Tis for that that disgrace waits on wan of us.'

"'Not on me! Yours was the crime—yours the disgrace.'

"'Perhaps. But the money was enthrusted to *you*. An' the four who won it saw me borrow it from ye.'

"'What! Would ye dare accuse *me?* I only carried it for ye. Ye had other things——'

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"'Ay, I'd accuse ye. I *was* of the mind to go to France, but I find that I can not lave *her* so easily. Look ye, Desmond. If I accuse ye, the four will bear me witness. Now, th' owld fellow, our uncle, respects ye more, but he loves me the betther——'

"'Tis the way with the whole counthryside,' said Desmond bitterly.

"'Ay, an' I think—with *her*, too.'

"'Ye lie in your throat when ye say that. Ye fool all others, I admit, but *she* would niver have none of ye. She knows ye too well.'

"'Let the lie rest a while. Look ye, there's disgrace for wan, the girl an' the inheritance for the other. Let the pishtols decide it! I am guilty, the evidence is against *you*. Disgrace for the dead, the girl an' the estates for the living. For I swear I will accuse ye. If we *both* stay, I can win. I am givin' ye a chance. Ye *must* fight for it. Ye have no choice.'

"'Desmond, ye're my own cousin, but 'tis too foul a cur ye are that I should fight ye——'

"'Slowly,' said the Rapparee, cocking a pishtol. 'Wan word more an' I'll shoot ye like the dog ye just called me. Ye shall kill me if ye can, but ye must not blackguard me. Choose your weapon.'

"'Then ye'll force me to it. But—when the body is found?'

"'There must be no body found, my cousin. The winner must tumble the loser over the cliff. If ye win, ye're safe, I tell ye. Sure they'll niver look for *me* nor suspect *you*. A dozen times to-night I've swore to go to France. An' if I win, I'll make *myself* safe enough, niver fear!'

"'That plan I will niver agree to. Stay an' accuse me—or shoot now if ye will. If we fight, it must be openly an' before witnesses.'

"The Rapparee hesitated. 'I do not know,' he said, 'what keeps me from shootin' ye now an' tossin' ye into the say, but I can not do it. A blackguard I am, but no murderer. Come, then, if ye will not fight, lave it to the dice! The loser must lave Ireland to-night, the winner has a free field for the girl an' the estates. Come! We're all gamblers in our family. An' the loser's fate won't be so bad. Fighting Irishmen can find work to their hand under Bonyparty. Ye're not afraid to trust it to the dice? I've heard ye say ye'd dice with the devil for your immortal sowl. An' ye *must* do something.'

"'Ye are right. Honor or a lady's favor are things that can not be gambled for. But I'll dice with ye to see which of us laves Ireland this night. An' the devil take a foul winner or a regretful loser! D'ye cast?'

"'No. You first, Desmond.'

"The lad rattled the dice-box.

"'Two wans!' roared the Rapparee. 'Desmond, my cousin, ye have lost!'

"'Perhaps,' said the other. 'But, Desmond, my cousin, cast ye yourself.'

"The Rapparee rowled the dice.

"'Very curious!' said his cousin.

"'Two wans again,' said the Rapparee. 'Ye have luck of a kind, Desmond. Cast ye again.'

"'A six an' a five,' said Desmond coolly.

"Now the Rapparee's face paled, an' he cast the dice so hard that they rowled off on to the pave. 'No cast,' they said together as he stooped to pick thim up.

"A fearful sheet o' lightnin' swept through the windows an' filled the church with so fierce a light that I could see the hand of the Rapparee—even the red hairs on it—as it reached toward the ground afther the dice.

"It was concealed from his cousin by the stone they had been dicing on, *an' it niver went near the flure where the dice wor fallen at all*, an' yet there he was, rattlin' the box an' rowlin' thim out.

"They both stared at thim.

"'Two sixes!' said the Rapparee.

"'Two sixes,' said the other calmly. 'Ye have won, Cousin Desmond. I lave to-night.'

"'So ye have passed your word,' said the Rapparee in a trembling voice.

"'I will keep it,' answered Desmond. He picked up the dice an' looked at thim, the Rapparee watching him like a hawk.

"Suddenly he hurled thim across the church.

"'Tools o' perdition,' he said, 'ye are the curse o' my race!'

"Miss Eileen, when he threw the dice they struck me fair—one in the face, the other on the breast, an' thin they dropped down before me, an' I fumbled a little an' picked thim up an' put thim in my pocket.

"An' without another word the two lift. When their light had flickered away around the turn of a corridor, I crep' out to th' altar, bethinkin' me o' *the dice he had rowled on the flure, an' had not picked up.*

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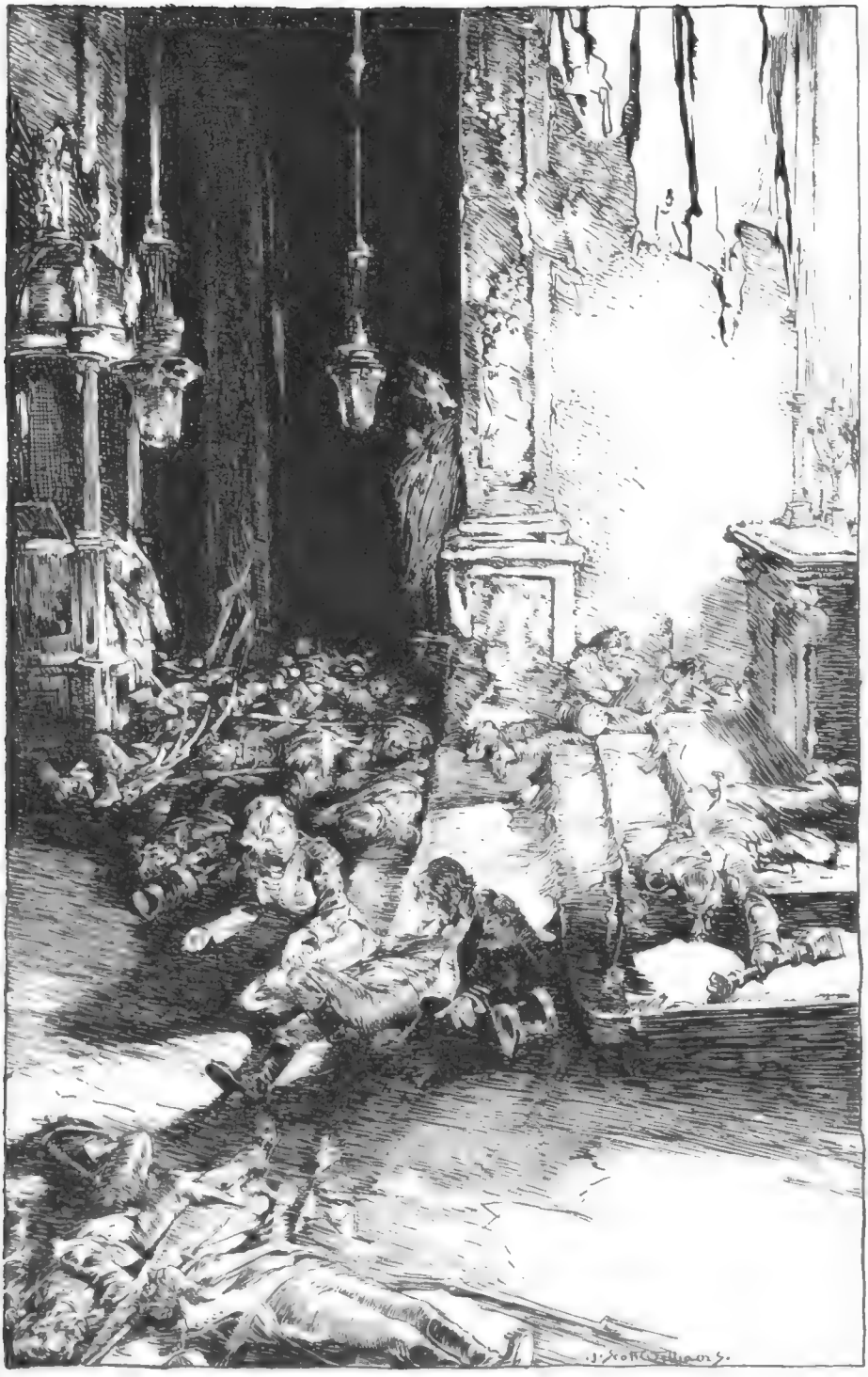

"MAY I NIVER SEE A CHURCH LIKE THAT AGAIN! ALL ABOUT WYBE THE MEN WE HAD KILLED."

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"While I was lookin', the hurricane howled so shrill, the lightnin' flashed so continuous, an' I was so eager that I niver heard the step nor saw the light that come until a hand gripped me by the shoulder, an' I started up in terror to look into the Rapparee's face an' feel his pishtol clapped to my head.

"'Ah, bowld Billy O'Mara,' said he with a scowl, 'what in Satan's name do ye here? Spake, or I'll splatther your brains on th' altar.'

"'God forgive me, Masther Desmond,' I begged, 'I only kem to see what disturbed the saints' bones I piled up.'

"'An' ye watched an' ye saw an' heard,' said he. 'Billy, ye know too much. 'Tis in the say ye'll sleep to-night.'

"He drew back the hammer of his pishtol, an' I fell at his knees an' begged. Sure, my sowl is blisthered in torment now for my cow'rdice, but I was only a lad at the time.

"I begged so hard an' swore I niver would tell, until at last he belayved me. An' there he put me to my knees an' made me swear silence by all I held holy, by the bones o' the saints an' my faith in Christ, by the salvation o' my immortal sowl, an' by the peace o' my dead mother's.

"An' as I tuk that awful oath, the lightnin' struck the abbey an' I thought we wor doomed. The crash nigh deafened us, an' its light nigh blinded us, an' the roof began to tumble in, an' as we stumbled out the wall groaned an' toppled outward an', takin' half the roof with it, fell over the cliff into the say, an' we heard it strike with a dismal crash far down below.

"The storm began to abate thin, an' with the Rapparee's fist on my collar we stumbled down the hill an' along the Kilkee Road. An' before I could cry a whisper for help, he turned an' struck me over the head with his pishtol.

"The next thing I knew, I was in a boat full of soljers, an' my achin' head in a woman's lap. We were on the Shannon. I could see Kilrush an' Scatthery Island, an' whin I begged to be put ashore, a sergeant towld me to put my fist in my pocket; an' there I found the dice—an' a bran'-new shillin' which was not there the night afore, for naught but tenpenny bits did we have in thim days.

"So havin' the king's shillin', willy-nilly, when we got to Limerick they 'listed me for a soljer, an' off I went to the wars.

"For four years I niver dhreamed of breakin' the cow'rdly oath I tuk, but it worrited me, miss, each time I thought of owld Saint Senanus.

"An' thin come the day we crossed the Douro in Portugal, a thousand miles beyant.

"We were on wan side of the river, which lay in the bottom of a ravine as far beneath us as the say is below us here, Miss Eileen, an' the Frinch wor on the other.

"We crossed in the mornin' an' fought our way up the hill beyant, dhrivin' thim out o' Porto, which was scatthered along the steep hillside.

"There wor bitther fightin' in the streets.

"Half-way up an' against the hill at the end of a little '*praça*' wor a big church, an' in this a handful of Frinch throops hild out long afther we had taken all that quarther. They fought us off till their ammunition wor gone, an' thin we tuk it with a charge. They battled to the last, miss, an' died on our bayonets like min—not askin' quarther an' we not givin' it. I wor among the first to enter, an' the Frinch officer slashed at me with his sword—there's the wound, miss; he ripped this cheek open to the teeth, an' thin I pinned *him* to th' altar-steps with my bayonet.

"Thin we lift the church an' pressed on like bloodhounds for more battle. But all that day o' blood that officer's face haunted me. I could see the look in his eyes as he fell, while the cannon roared outside.

"That night we bivouacked in a big, open square, an' his look shtill came back before me like a ghost, an' as I lay there tossin' from the pain o' my wound and from fatigue *I seemed to see it in another church where God Almighty's artillery wor thunderin' outside*, instead o' that o' Sir Arthur. Sorrow to my sowl, Miss, I *remembered!*

"He was changed, but *I knew him* at the lasht.

"An' I rose in agony o' sowl an' crep' down through the tangle o' Porto's deserted streets until I found the church again.

"It wor dark inside, but the light was shtill burnin' afore th' altar, although the glass had been smashed by a musket-ball; an' I went up quiet an' lit ivery blissid candle on th' altar an' tuk a look about. Faith of Christ, miss, may I niver see a church like that again!

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"All about were the men we had killed, their bodies twishted, their faces pallid an' awful in the candle-light. An' blood was gathered in puddles on the flags, an' it shone like pieces o' broken mirror. An' right at the feet o' th' image o' the crucified Christ lay a man ripped open, an' his vitals wor strung behint him from where he had crawled to raise himself an' kiss with his dyin' breath the feet o' the Saviour, who hung there on the Cross, lookin' out sorrowful over His house turned into a shambles. An' His feet were all smeared with the dead man's blood.

"An' there at the foot o' the steps lay the officer I had bayoneted. I rowled him over and found that he was breathin'. I cut his clothes away from his wound an' tore a great piece of white linen from the dress o' th' image of the Blissid Vargin, an' this I soaked in the font of howly wather, an' washed an' dressed his wound with it. And from another piece I squeezed wather into his mouth, an' I made him aisy, with his head reshtin' on the lower step; an' presently he raised his head an' sighed a bit an' looked about the church. An' then he crossed himself an' fell back again with his lips movin'. 'Tis prayin' he was.

"An' afther a while he groaned.

"I sat down beside him, an' when he looked about again I spoke:

"'"'Tis a sorrowful sight, sorr,' says I, but he did not answer.

"'"But we've seen some as bad, sorr,' says I again, 'not so bloody, but more *sacrilegious*.'

"He tried to look at me thin, but his eyes wor dim and rowled in the sockets.

"'"Where?' says he in a whishper at lasht.

"'"In th' owld abbey of Saint Senanus, sorr,' says I, 'four years agone.' He crossed himself feebly.

"'"Are ye the devil,' says he, 'come for my sowl?'

"'"'Tis Billy O'Mara I am,' says I, 'from the parish of Saint Senanus, County of Clare.'

"He didn't seem to undherstand, so I kem closer.

"'"Sure 'tis I, Billy,' I says; 'an' you, sorr? What are ye come to Portugal for?'

"'"To foind a grave,' he whishpered.

"'"Nay, ye must live, sorr,' said I. 'Listen to my story, for 'tis that will give ye life.'

"He looked at me hard.

"'"'Tis Billy O'Mara sure enough,' he says. 'Spake, Billy! For I listen with all my ears and heart an' sowl!'

"'"On my bended knees I swore to forever hold my peace, sorr,' said I, 'but if ye die o' my bayonet, 'tis a man cursed I am. Wirra, wirra, the curse o' Cromwell on my cow'rdice! I'll break th' oath I tuk, though I be damned eternally for it!'

"An' thin, miss, while he looked at me with his big eyes like fire in his bloodless face, I towld him how I visited Saint Senanus Abbey just as I have towld *you* up to where I looked down at the light an' *saw*.

"An' just like you, miss, with his sowl shinin' out o' the two eyes of him, he whishpers: 'An' what did ye see, Billy?'

"So I towld him the tale, though he knew it betther nor I; an' when I had finished, I asked him:

"'"Can ye bear witness that it's a thrue story, sorr?'

"'"'Tis thrue,' said the Frinch officer. 'Ye have bruk your oath—why, I know not. An' ye were not to blame for the takin' of it. Sure ye wor only a lad an' he had a pishtol to your head. The wan that left was a greater coward than you. But he was in despair, for that very day *she* had refused him.'

"'"Sorr,' says I, 'there's wan thing yet untowld.'

"'"An' what is that?' says he.

"'"The *dice*, sorr. 'Tis for *thim* I've bruk my oath.'

"'"What of thim?' says he.

"'"Raise up, sorr,' says I, an' I props him up with a knapsack, an' thin from th' altar I gets a candle an' teks the dice an' rowls thim on the flure.

"'"These are the dice,' says I. 'Look! Two sixes! An' look again! Two more sixes! An' again two sixes, an' two more! Sorr, they're loaded dice, an' not wance in twinty times will they rowl aught except two sixes. Ye had him beaten when ye shook the six an' the five, an' he changed the dice. He cheated.'

"The officer fell back an' lay still.

"'"Ah, sorr,' says I, 'when ye get well, 'tis back to Ireland ye must go.'

"'"I can not,' he answered. 'He has accused me an' I could not prove my innocence. Besides, I could not howld my inheritance without renouncing my religion. 'Tis little I cared for *that* wance, but *now* 'tis different.'

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"LOOK, MISS EILEEN. D'YE SEE THE CROSS IN THE MAINSAIL OUT YONDER? 'TIS THERE THAT COLONEL DESMOND CAROWE IS WAITIN' FOR YE."

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"'Sorr, said I, 'not a word have I heard from Clare since that same night. But I'll wager my sowl that *she* waits for ye yet. Sure all Clare but yourself knew that she loved ye. An' for the sake o' that love *she* should know the truth.'

"He lay still for a long, long time an' thin he spoke:

"'Billy,' he said, 'we're both soldiers an' may be killed. But if ye ever go back, 'tis yourself must tell her. If I be dead, tell her that I loved her; just say that—that I loved her. An' if I live till the wars are over, I'll come back to her again an' ask her again. An' give her this cross for a token.'

"This is the cross, Miss Eileen. 'Tis the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

"In the mornin', miss, they tuk *him* to the hospital, an' I went on with th' army. It wor years before I kem back, an' thin no sooner wor we landed in Ireland than ho! it was for the Low Countries, this time afther Bonyparty himself. An' there I was wounded sore an' lost my arm, but when I did get back to owld Clare I wrote a letther to an address that the Frinch officer had given me.

"'They're all dead, sorr,' said I in the letther; 'of the six that gambled in Saint Senanus Abbey that night, they're all dead of vi'lent deaths, unless you, sorr, maybe, are alive. Wan bruk his neck fox-huntin'; another blew out his own brains; another started across the bog, an' all they iver found o' him wor his hat an' his impty potheen-flask; an' wan was shot by Fergus Rafferty; an' 'twas Colonel O'Grady who shot your scoundhrel of a cousin on account of a dispute over the compar'tive merits o' claret an' whisky-punch, *him* who cheated you an' 'listed me for a soljer. But sorrow the day, sorr, he blackguarded your characther, an' all the world thinks you stole six thousand pound. But when you come back, sorr, 'tis Billy O'Mara that can clear you.'

"'As for Misthress Eileen d'Arcy, she is not married, though all Clare has been at her feet ten years past, an' 'tis the same swate girl she is, an' more beautiful, though 'tis said she is wearin' her heart out for a hell-rake who was last heard of fightin' undher Bonyparty.'

"That was my letther; so take the cross from your lips, Miss Eileen, an' check your tears a bit to listen to what *he* said in answer.

"'Tell her all, Billy,' he wrote. 'Tell her all, an' watch for my ship from the cliffs of Saint Senanus. I can not return to Ireland, but, please God, I'll sail to the coast of Clare an' ye'll know my ship by a cross I'll put in the bight o' the mainsail for a token. An' tell her when the ship comes that the next break o' day a boat will put in the fut of Saint Senanus cliff. 'Tis yourself, Billy, knows the place an' the path that leads down to it. An' tell her if she loves me, I'll carry her away with me to Amerikay.'

"Look, Miss Eileen," said Billy O'Mara. "D'ye see the cross in the mainsail out yonder? 'Tis there that Colonel Desmond Carowe is waitin' for ye."

The next morning Billy O'Mara's ship was gone and so was beautiful Eileen d'Arcy, and the same Billy sat on the cliff by the abbey and stared at something far out at sea that might have been the white flash of a gull's wing, or even a sail with a cross upon it for a token. And there Billy sat for long years after (when he was not praying before the dead saints' bones within the abbey), and there he watched the sea. But 'twas not for ships he looked, for the tears that stood in his eyes were magic glasses that carried his gaze beyond—even to Amerikay where Colonel Desmond Carowe had taken his Eileen.

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The A·B·C of the SHERMAN ACT

ABOUT 1856 a building was erected at 111 Broadway, New York, know as the "Trinity Building." It cost $250,000—an enormous sum in those days, for corporations were little known, and there was no individual of sufficient wealth to embark so much money in one enterprise. The land for this building was actually purchased and the building erected under an agreement of thirty men. The money was collected with great difficulty because of the uncertainty of the investment.

To-day that building has been torn down, and in its place stands a building erected by a corporation at a cost of several millions.

This example of economic expansion is typical of the great combinations of the present day, whether of business or of labor, and the law has had to keep pace, in a measure, with this great industrial expansion. Recognizing the vast potential power of large aggregations of capital, it has sought to protect the public interest from any abuse inherent in the possession of such power.

The most remarkable statute ever passed by the national government, with this point in mind, is the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. Although enacted twenty-two years ago, it is to-day the most important bit of legislation we have. And very recently the Supreme Court of the United States has given a new interpretation to it, in passing upon the conduct and status of two of our largest trusts.

In all this time, the business man has been at a loss as to its exact meaning and scope. The Department at Washington says to him: "You shall not;" certain lawyers say: "You may;" and now the Supreme Court says: "You may, if——"

The purpose of the act is to guard the public interest in interstate and foreign commerce from unlawful invasion. It does not deal with commerce within the states. It does not directly control the citizens, as such, of the various states. It is addressed solely to the protection of the public interest in preventing the direct, necessary, or immediate, and, in the light of reason, undue, restraint of interstate trade.

Previous to the decisions in the Standard Oil and Tobacco cases, it had been contended by the Department of Justice that the language of the statute embraced every contract or combination in any restraint of trade, and even in restraint of competition; that it left no room for the exercise of judgment by the courts, but simply imposed the plain duty of applying its prohibitions to every case within its literal language.

The Supreme Court has now declared that the purpose of any contract or combination, and the acts done in pursuance thereof, must be fully examined in order to ascertain whether they involve an injury to the public interest. If they do, such a contract violates the act. In other words, a contract or combination might be within the exact letter of the statute and yet not violate it, because all the facts and circumstances might show that an injury to the public interest was not involved. On the other hand, the facts and circumstances might show that while the contract or combination, upon the face of it, was not within the letter of the statute, nevertheless the acts done in furtherance of the contract or combination might injure the public interest, and thus come within the condemnation of the act.

The act, then, does not prevent magnitude of business, nor effort at magnitude. It is directed solely to the protection of the public interest.

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What is the public interest? This is the most perplexing and difficult question involved.

Historically, it has been held that where, by contract or combination, prices have been unduly enhanced, the public interest has been injured; that a combination which causes deterioration in the quality of the article controlled; which, by reason of its control, artificially limits production; which, by coercive or fraudulent methods, shuts out competition and obtains a monopoly of the trade—such a combination, guilty of such practises, injures public interest.

But it has never been held that the normal growth of business, no matter how great, involves any injury to the public interest.

Bigness, resulting from fraudulent, coercive, and unfair methods, is unlawful not because it is big, but because the public has been harmed by the means and methods pursued.

Power to do harm, coming from position, great riches, or fortunate situation, may be present in abundance: if it is not used against the public interest, no injury is done. And this is fair. Each man possesses within himself the power to commit murder or arson, to suborn and bribe the weak; but if he holds his hand, no harm is done.

The Act does not destroy the individual right to contract. The right of freedom to contract, rightly understood, is as precious a heritage as the right to liberty, life, and property. Who shall say that the great advance and growth of this country are not directly due to the freedom with which men have dealt with each other in commerce; with which labor, by its extensive combination, has improved the conditions under which men work, and the character of their work? The great advance in our material prosperity would have been out of the question if earnings and savings could not have been combined to push forward great business enterprises, to inaugurate great manufacturing industries, and to compete in the world's market for the world's trade.

Without such combining, whether in corporate or other form, modern business enterprises would have been impossible. Therefore, it is with great wisdom that the Supreme Court has pointed out that the mere form of the combination does not involve an injury to the public interest.

Form of itself, and size of itself, amount to nothing. One must look to the dominating purpose of the parties and the effect of the performance of their contract. Where the *sole* purpose of the combination is to fix prices and stifle competition, such a combination is unlawful. *But the courts will ascertain whether that was the sole purpose of the parties or whether that was an incidental result.* Restraint of competition and restraint of trade are not interchangeable terms. A combination might restrain competition, yet enhance and increase trade.

If the object of the combination is to defend or extend the interstate business of the parties to the combination, and the combination is effected for that purpose and without unfair, coercive, or other unlawful methods, *even though it does result in a control or fixing of prices and a suppression of competition,* the courts will examine all the facts to ascertain what was the dominating purpose of the parties. And if it be found that the wise development of their business, or, if it be labor organizations, the improvement of the conditions of labor and the character of work done, was the dominating purpose, then the controlling or fixing of prices, or the suppression of competition, will become an incident to the main purpose and will not come within the condemnation of the Act.

The Supreme Court has held that the statute is merely a generic enumeration of the acts to which it refers; that you must go to the law, as it is generally understood, for definitions of restraint of trade, to ascertain by the light of reason, guided by the general principles of law, whether any particular case was within the contemplation of the statute.

The courts will accordingly go to the law, which is common throughout the country, for the purpose of getting definitions. They will finally determine that a contract does not violate the Sherman Act when it results in the development of trade, the improvement of labor conditions and the character of labor rendered, the extension of sale of the article, the improvement in the quality of the article, the lowering in the price of the article—whether actually or on account of its better quality, the employment of a greater number of persons in its manufacture and transportation so long as such advantages are brought about by methods that are honest and just.

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MAGAZINE MAKERS

BY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY

IT IS significant of publishing successes, as of all great successes, that they have been built on original lines. Each is highly individual. No man can build a success on maxims, nor can he win out on imitation. He must have ideas, initiative, and force to put things through. He must be mobile and ready with new methods for new conditions.

Publishers are constantly shifting established magazines and experimenting with new ones; if not to suit new conditions, then to suit themselves. Success does not seem to satisfy. It is the game. They appear quickly to tire of a sure winner, and to take all manner of chances and invite all kinds of trouble; partly, of course, to build bigger, but sometimes, I fancy, for the very game's sake. They believe in themselves—back themselves to the limit. Are gluttons for work. Have iron endurance and nerves of steel. Sweep away the business of any one of them, give him health—and in less than ten years he will show you a bigger business.

Rarely is it possible to say of a step forward in any great industry, that it is due to some one man's unaided initiative. The credit is nearly always complicated when "we killed a bear."

Following the custom of giving generals the credit for victories, I shall not mention the army behind each successful publisher, and only casually the staffs. No publisher could succeed largely without his army and his staff. The great house of Curtis could never have been so great without Edward W. Bok and P. S. Collins and Eugene W. Spaulding and George H. Lorimer, or men of equal capacities. Likewise in the Munsey house, Richard H. Titherington, William T. Dewart, Arthur E. Bowers, and Robert H. Davis are entitled to honorable mention. In the McClure house, Albert Brady and, later, Cameron Mackenzie were indispensable—while Dr. Albert Shaw has his Charles D. Lanier, and George W. Wilder his James F. Birmingham.

When there is any distinction between a publisher and an editor, it lies in this: An editor is unusually gifted with the editorial sense. He knows what the subscribers want to read—or ought to read—and where to get it. The publisher has the same gift in high degree, and along with it a keen business sense. The publisher links, fuses, harmonizes the editorial and business departments, directing both and making the policy of the publication.

He may be more editor or more business man, but he must be both to succeed largely. Frank A. Munsey, Cyrus H. K. Curtis, George W. Wilder would be great editors if they were not greater business men, while S. S. McClure, Dr. Albert Shaw, and John S. Phillips are greater on their editorial side.

An interesting book could be written about each of these men. Some of their experiences have been intensely dramatic. I shall be able to give you here only the mer-

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CYRUS H. K. CURTIS

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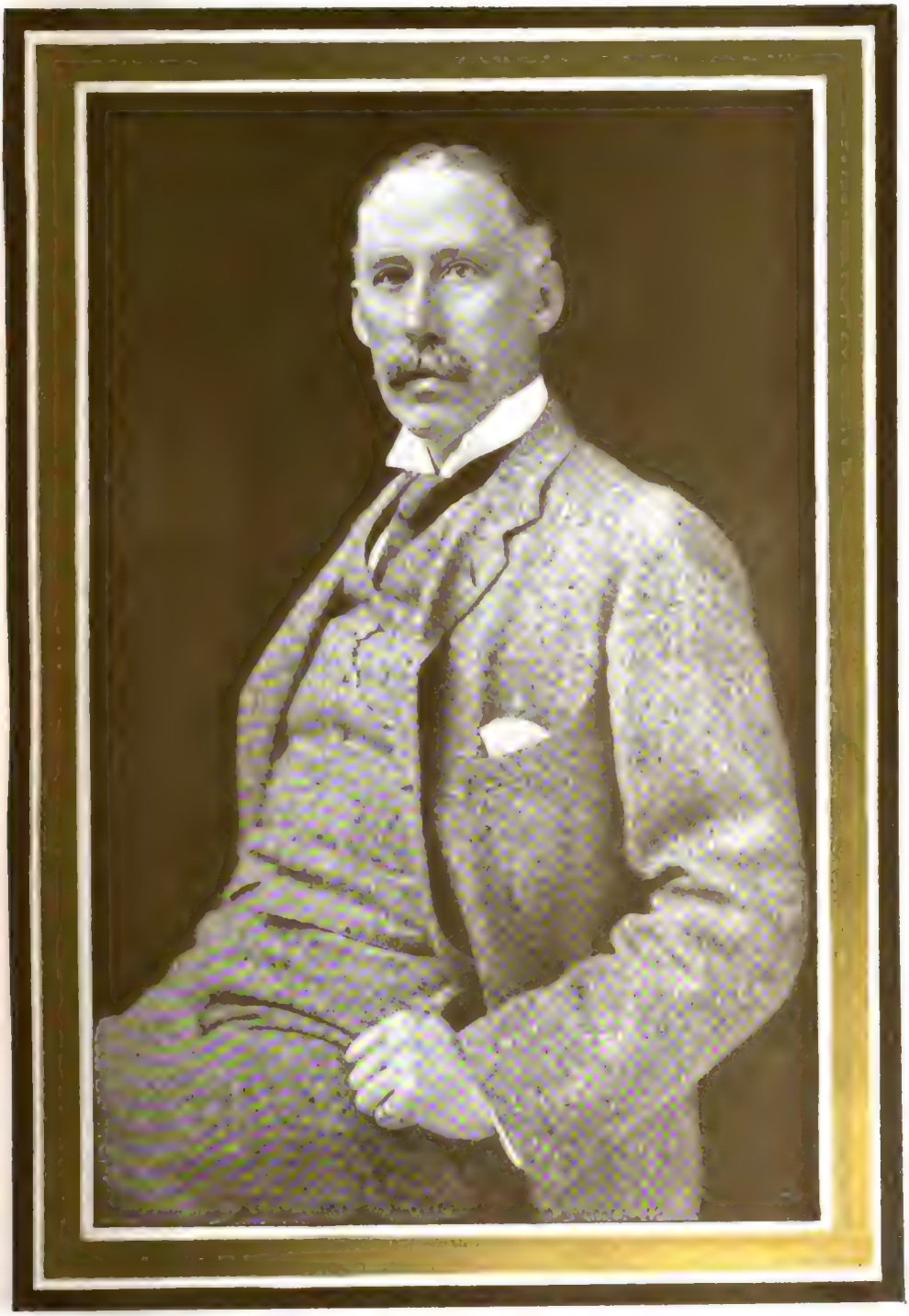

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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est "business life" outlines. I should like to see them written up in character, believing, as I do, that they typify the true American ideal of success—a success wrought honestly by hard work and daring in a spirit of healthy idealism.

These men started at the very bottom and worked every step of the way to the top, arriving there without stain on business or personal honor, sound of mind and of wholesome spirit, alert for larger opportunities. That, I like to think, is American. At any rate, Americans approve, patronize, enrich, and honor such men.

Frank A. Munsey

In September, 1882, there arrived in New York a tall, sandy, fine-eyed young man from Augusta, Maine, with a grip full of manuscripts, forty dollars in cash, the determination to start something, and the promise of a friend to back him. The promise promptly faded, likewise the forty cash; but the determination made Frank A. Munsey.

Mr. Munsey was born in Mercer, Maine, August 21, 1854. His first real job was telegraph operator at Augusta, which was headquarters in those days for mail-order periodicals. There the publishing lure got hold of him.

In 1882 he started *The Argosy*, holding all the offices and doing all the work. He wrote serials at night—good ones! By 1886 he had kept himself and *The Argosy* alive and owed five thousand dollars. Then he took plunge Number One. He spent ten thousand dollars advertising one of his own serials by sample copies containing the first instalment. The circulation jumped. The next spring he plunged ninety-five thousand dollars, covering America with sample copies, and the circulation responded. In the fall of 1887 he plunged again; but something was wrong—the circulation did not respond. He changed the size, and then the price, and then the price, and then the size. No use! The circulation began to fade away. He decided the trouble was with juvenile publications. Children will grow up; so in 1889 he started *Munsey's Weekly*, hoping to get it well started before *The Argosy* stopped paying altogether.

That happened in 1891, by which time the *Weekly* had cost him a hundred thousand dollars. So he changed it to *Munsey's Magazine*, at twenty-five cents the copy. It did not go. By 1893 he had *The Argosy* losing money and *Munsey's* losing money, and he was more than a hundred thousand in debt. A long way from shore, wasn't it? A friend of his once said to me, "Back there in the early days, I have seen Frank sit and look at a blank wall for an hour." I suspect 1893 was one of those blank walls.

As a result of his wall-reading, he changed his magazine throughout, made it light, bright, timely, filled with beautiful half-tones and human interest. *And he changed the price to ten cents the copy.* The News Company said the price did not leave margin to pay them for handling, unless he sold to them lower than he could afford to and live.

Do you get a picture of him sitting there staring at the blank wall? Nearly forty years old now. The last eleven years—one long, hard drag, relieved only by a brief success with *The Argosy*, and now that has faded and he owes a hundred thousand, and the News Company says his last hope is only folly.

Save your sympathy. That wasn't what Frank A. Munsey was looking at. He was looking at a crack in the wall, and presently he walked up and pushed the wall apart—nothing less. He knew his ideas were sound, and he was already tingling with the sensation of his next and supreme plunge.

And what a plunge! Let him describe it:

"Then it was that I decided on a move so dangerous, so impossible, that any other risks I had ever taken in life were infantile beside it. I decided to go over the heads of The American News Company, and deal direct with the newsdealers of the country! But how could it be done—was it possible?

"As in the campaign of 1887, I had no money. I had an indebtedness of well-nigh a hundred thousand dollars. But it wasn't money that was to win this fight, if won at all. *It was the magazine and the price—the theory of giving the people what they wanted, and giving it to them at the right price.* Though I had no money, I still had credit, and this credit had to serve in the place of cash.

"How did I get through, how did I meet my pay-roll, how did I pay for anything? I don't know. God only knows. It was a crisis, an awful span of intensity. I had sent out eight or ten thousand circulars to

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newsdealers, telling them of the change to ten cents, and telling them that they could not get the magazine through the news company. I asked them to send their orders directly to me. I hoped there would be orders. I expected there would be orders. *None came.*

"Had my reasoning all been wrong? At this juncture one of the chief officers of The American News Company came up to see me. He brought the olive branch with him. He wanted to make terms. When the break came between the company and myself, I advised them that they could have *Munsey's Magazine* at six and a half cents, if they had an occasion to use any. Two or three weeks later, I advanced the price to them to seven cents. The new magazine had not yet come out. It was this new price, and the big orders the company had received from newsdealers, that caused their representative to call on me. He didn't tell me about these orders. He wouldn't have played his part well if he had. I didn't suspect that they had any orders. The deadly silence of the newsdealers—the whole ten thousand of them—made me believe that my announcement had fallen flat.

"I had printed an edition of twenty thousand copies, and there was no visible way on earth to get them out. And still I felt I had the situation well in hand. I had no thought of dying passively. The News Company's representative wanted to fix upon a price on which we could agree—a higher price than they had at first offered. I turned the proposal down. I never knew what figure he had in mind. I had been forced to go it alone or abandon an idea that I knew to be right. My plan was so thoroughly worked out that, notwithstanding the seeming indifference of newsdealers, I wanted to see what there was in it. I had written my newspaper advertising—a whole series of advertisements—and had had them set up. They were brief. They said little, but said it big. I was relying on these as well as on the magazine and the price. They were plain talks to the people. I had something to talk about.

"I am running over this fearfully dramatic scene with just a scratch of the pen. It is a story in itself.

"The day of issue swept in on me. It was a crucial day—a day of awful scope and import. Everything hung in the balance, and the edition hung with me. It didn't move. I didn't expect it would, on the instant. The advertisements had not yet got in their work. Suspense and expectancy matched each other. Tension was at the breaking-point. Broadside after broadside of advertisements was hurled out to batter down the solid front of opposition. Ten days, and the edition of twenty thousand was exhausted! Then another of ten, and another of five, and then still another of five, making forty thousand for the month. Sixty thousand the following month, then a hundred, hundred and fifty, two hundred, and so on at a magic pace to seven hundred thousand."

Frank A. Munsey now owns six magazines; newspapers in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington; a hotel in New London; markets in thirty-five cities, stocks, bonds, buildings, and goodness knows what else! The money that comes in is promptly set to work. He has no idle capital.

He has no partner—business or domestic.

He made himself, and if it was bitterly hard work, he has the satisfaction of knowing that he made a fine job of it.

The Argosy he finally changed to an all-fiction magazine—the pioneer in that field as was *Munsey's Magazine* in its field.

S. S. McClure

Samuel S. McClure has set the impress of his personality on the magazine business to a marked degree. In the early years of his magazine he brought into low-priced periodical literature the strong work of the remarkable group of British and American authors with whom he had come into close relation in his syndicate.

He also brought into the magazine field the idea of a corps of trained staff writers. The work of Miss Ida Tarbell, with her "Life of Lincoln" and "History of the Standard Oil Company," and that of Lincoln Steffens, with his "Shame of the Cities," opened a new era, in which the power of a really national journalism has been assumed in the United States by the popular magazine, with a low selling price, and a great and continent-wide circulation. In the establishing of this function of the monthly periodical, Mr. McClure has probably been the most influential single personality, and it is for the great special articles and series of articles, prepared under his immediate

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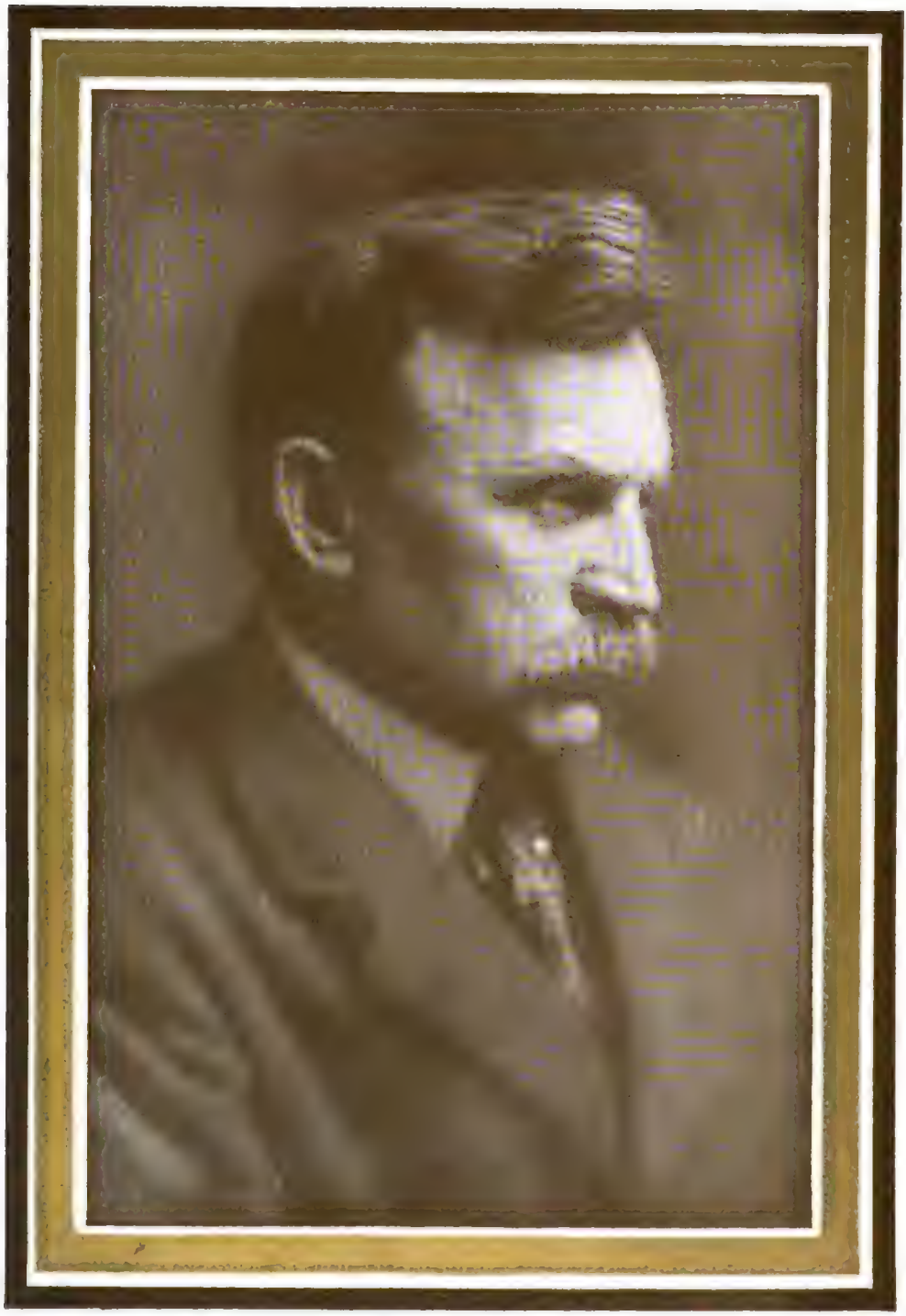

S. S. McCLURE

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FRANK N. DOUBLEDAY

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supervision, that his magazine is most famous.

Mr. McClure, born in County Antrim, Ireland, February 17, 1857, came when a young boy with his widowed mother to America, and settled in Indiana. He was early thrown upon his own resources; decided to secure a college education, and worked his way through Knox College at Galesburg, Illinois, graduating in 1882.

Upon leaving college, Mr. McClure obtained work from Colonel Albert A. Pope, the bicycle manufacturer, at his Boston office. Partly because of his experience on his college paper, he secured from Colonel Pope the editorship of *The Wheelman*, the bicycle publication which Colonel Pope was then starting.

Mr. McClure ran this publication for a year and a half, then worked for a few months for *The Century Magazine;* and in 1884 started in New York his syndicate, which bought literary matter and sold it chiefly to newspapers. In this way Mr. McMcClure became intimately acquainted with many of the most noted authors of the time, including Stevenson, Kipling, Conan Doyle, and Henry Drummond, and in many notable instances introduced to the reading public writers who later became famous.

In 1893 Mr. McClure started the magazine which bears his name. He brought an extraordinary equipment of mind and temperament into the new popular magazine field, in which he became one of the chief pioneers.

Mr. McClure's marked characteristics are his extraordinary nervous energy, his alert and adaptable mind, and his unbounded enthusiasm. He carried into a profession whose great danger is the academic, critical, and negative point of view—too often characterized as literary—a positive personality, an ability to reduce literary products to their elements, the broad, genuine terms of human life; and also a temperament which realizes social and political movements not as dogmas, but as matters of active, personal concern.

Cyrus H. K. Curtis

On the wall of the library in the home of Cyrus H. K. Curtis, just outside of Philadelphia, is a framed copy of a little four-page paper measuring about 4 x 6 inches, bearing the title *The Young America*, and the date line, "Portland, Maine, April 5, 1865." From this modest sheet, with "a guaranteed circulation of over one hundred copies," to *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, with their enormous circulations, seems a far cry; yet the fifteen-year-old boy who served a newspaper route from four o'clock to seven in the morning, and then attended school, and then set the type, printed, and sold *The Young America*, is now the president and guiding hand of The Curtis Publishing Company.

Mr. Curtis was born in 1850. He remained in Portland until 1869; only long enough to grow up. After working for a time as an advertising solicitor for *The Boston Times*, the desire for a paper of his own took possession of him, and he established a weekly, *The Independent.* The public resolutely refused to recognize the merits of the new publication, however, and after a brief career it went to swell the heavy mortality rate characteristic of the publishing business.

The failure of *The Independent* left the young publisher with debts that he could not meet. Years later, some of the first profits of *The Ladies' Home Journal* went to liquidate this indebtedness, each creditor being paid the full principal with back interest, Mr. Curtis traveling as far as St. Paul to find the old printer of *The Independent.* Next he tried Philadelphia. Some one has said that a man who has once been a publisher is like a tiger that has tasted human blood. This seemed to be true of Mr. Curtis, and after a short experience in the Philadelphia newspaper advertising field, he again embarked in the publishing business, and with a partner launched *The Tribune and Farmer.* This paper was more of a success than his previous ventures, yet it can hardly be said that the farming public clamored for the new publication.

One day he started in the paper a "Woman and Home" department, composed of two or three columns of clipped matter relating to domestic interests. It struck a popular note, and in a short time the department had grown to be the strongest feature of the paper. With the intuition and foresight which have been such a potent factor in his success, Mr. Curtis saw in this idea the Opportunity which is said to knock once at the door of every man. If two or three columns of this sort of clipped matter were eagerly sought, he reasoned, why would not

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a periodical of original material, devoted to those interests, be even more so? He developed the thought into reality. In the fall of 1883 he had an artist draw a heading for a home paper, to be called *The Ladies' Journal*.

The artist, in order to express the character of the proposed monthly, at Mr. Curtis's suggestion inserted a domestic scene between the second and third words of the title, and labeled it "Home," in rather large letters. The first subscription received was for "The Ladies' Home Journal," the second similarly incorporated the artist's label in the title, and so it went on, the public really naming the publication.

Mr. Curtis and his partner eventually agreed to divide the business, the latter taking *The Tribune and Farmer*, which had now become a moderately paying property, and Mr. Curtis *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which was really little more than an idea.

Mr. Curtis went to an advertising agency and asked for four hundred dollars' credit, that he might tell the American public about his periodical. The money was spent in one advertisement in one periodical, and it offered a year's subscription to the new publication for twenty-five cents. Several thousand subscriptions resulted. The career of *The Ladies' Home Journal* was fairly begun. Other advertisements followed as fast as money and credit could be obtained, and at the end of the year nearly twenty-five thousand subscriptions were on the list—which, in those days, was going some.

Like George Ade's friend, the *Journal* was keeping about two leaps ahead of the collector; but, believing that his theories were correct, and *having the courage to pursue them until success or utter failure proved or disproved them*, Mr. Curtis continued not only to put back into the magazine almost every dollar as it was received, but to spend upon it every other dollar which could be obtained in the form of credit.

In the few years of its existence, the magazine had reached the stage when most men would have rested and taken an average success. He had his choice between a snug certainty and a great possibility. New obligations and new hardships must be assumed if the magazine was to be pushed farther ahead. He turned his back on the certainty, and resolutely tackled the possibility. First he secured a credit for advertising, and a similar credit for paper. Then he doubled the subscription price, raising it from fifty cents to one dollar, and sat back to see what would happen. Something did happen—the subscriptions stopped coming. Then a reserve guard appeared in the form of a series of striking newspaper advertisements, and the subscriptions came in with a rush. More credit was obtained and more advertisements were sent out, and again, and again. In one year more than three hundred thousand dollars were spent for circulation, and he got it. The result amply proved the wisdom of his course.

Finally, by these methods, the million mark was passed. Mr. Curtis had to his credit an achievement with which most men would have been content; but the yearning for a weekly publication was still in his blood, and when, in 1897, opportunity came to buy the old *Saturday Evening Post*, founded by Benjamin Franklin, that paper was bought; or, rather, the name was bought, for that was about all that was left of it.

There is no finer example of courage and grit in the annals of the publishing business than the fight to establish *The Saturday Evening Post*. The weekly was regarded by the public and by advertisers as having had its day, and it was found that not only did a new publication have to be introduced, but that the public had to be educated up to buying any weekly at all. Mr. Curtis's closest friends could see nothing but disaster ahead, and *Printer's Ink* voiced the general sentiment when it said: "Cyrus Curtis, who has made a pot of money out of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, is now engaged in blowing it in on *The Saturday Evening Post*."

But the man who had made a success of the *Journal* obstinately refused to see failure ahead of him. To the editor he said, "Give them the best;" to the circulation manager, "Keep it before the public everywhere, and make it easy for them to get it;" and later, to the advertising manager, "We are giving the advertisers their money's worth, and you must prove it." The old publicity methods were again employed, and at times it was hard to open a newspaper without reading a message from *The Saturday Evening Post*. Finally, when considerably more than a million dollars had been spent in the fight, the tide turned. New methods of selling and distribution outside of the usual channels of the news trade were devised, and the figures climbed higher and higher, until recently the high-water mark, a two-

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GEORGE W. WILDER

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DR. ALBERT SHAW

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million, fully-paid circulation, was struck. During this same period the *Journal* continued to climb, until it has now gone well over the million and a half mark. When the world dubs anything "impossible," it ought always to except Providence and the Curtises.

The company has just completed and moved into a magnificent new building, almost within a stone's throw of the room in which the first copy of *The Ladies' Home Journal* was mailed.

Because *The Ladies' Home Journal* was the outgrowth of a chance department, the popularity of which was unforeseen when it was introduced, it has been assumed that Mr. Curtis's success was a chance success; that if it had not been for a lucky opening, he would not have been the success he is. Opportunity never has to knock twice at the door of the man who is awake. If Mr. Curtis's opportunity had not come to him in the guise of a woman's department, it would have found him at the front door when it called in some other garb. And if it had delayed too long, Mr. Curtis would have waived formality and called first.

Mr. Curtis has always held that the economy which in business is a virtue may be a vice in making a magazine, and that the conservatism which is business prudence in introducing some goods, may be a crime in pushing a periodical. Of an employee he once said, "He is the most expensive man connected with the company; he won't spend anything."

Frank Nelson Doubleday

Mr. Doubleday's start in business illustrates vividly some salient qualities of his make-up. There are rules for starting a publishing business. First, you get an idea, or an ambition, or just a mental itch; then you procure a little real money—out of your bank account, or that of optimistic friends; and by various well-established formulas you proceed to "invest" this money (plus all the credit you can cajole) in rent, and clerk hire, and manuscripts, and illustrations, typesetting, and advertising, and a hydra-headed monster termed "general expense."

Those are the rules. But when, after twenty years' experience with Charles Scribner's Sons (from office-boy to manager of *Scribner's Magazine*, and originator of the subscription book business), Mr. Doubleday decided to strike out for himself, he exhibited a profound disregard for these conventions. Instead, he formed a partnership with *McClure's Magazine*—so that he was at one move next to an artery of live literary possibilities and enormous exploitation. He found a man at the head of one of the great conservative banks who believed in him, and supplied him with the sinews of war. And then he unearthed an acquaintance high in the fire insurance world who had a conviction that it would be good business for his company to distribute fifty thousand copies of an admirable little book on building a house, a book which strongly emphasized the why and how of fireproof construction and simple fire protections. That one coup put the new little business on a basis of profit from the start.

Actually, this iconoclast didn't sow any seed at all until he had reaped a harvest. That has been largely Mr. Doubleday's plan ever since: make some brain-sweat do most of the work which the lazy-minded man admits can only be achieved with money—generally other people's money.

Some years before this, Mr. Doubleday acquired a conviction that a beautiful uniform set of Kipling would be a fine thing. Since the firm he was with had not a single volume by Mr. Kipling, and the books were split up among several publishers, each quite alert as to his rights, the plan seemed a trifle audacious. "Go ahead, if you must," said his superior, "but you're wasting your time." Yet lo! when the distinguished author was approached, he developed a violent enthusiasm for the idea; and in the face of this influence, the troubles faded away, and the "Outward Bound" edition speedily became a fact—and a success from every point of view.

Along straight business lines one might cite another episode connected with the same author. Just after Mr. Kipling was so seriously ill in New York, Mr. Doubleday again developed the plan of a Kipling set, for his own firm this time—a cheaper, popular edition. The result presently was a sale to one book-jobber of three hundred and thirty thousand volumes, probably the largest single sale to one person ever recorded in this somewhat picayune industry. Simply to round out this story, it may be added that the jobber grew alarmed, after a year or so, when he found

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himself with some thousands of sets still on hand; whereupon Mr. Doubleday bought them all back, and resold them to the public within eighteen months at a still further profit!

In 1900, Doubleday and McClure Company was changed to Doubleday, Page and Company (by the addition of four partners, and separation from *McClure's*); magazines were launched, *The World's Work*, *Country Life in America*, and *The Garden Magazine;* and last year the building of the unique Country Life Press at Garden City was completed, where the firm now manufactures and publishes its books and magazines "in a forty-acre garden."

In every one of these developments the personality of Mr. Doubleday has had a large directing share, so that to an unusual degree the man himself is expressed through the various activities of his business—though this now takes six or seven hundred people to carry it on, instead of the half-dozen who occupied two rooms of the McClure offices in 1897.

If you call upon this successful publisher in his big, sunny office, overlooking the firm's cherished garden court and fountains in their country home, you will probably be surprised, first of all, that a man who has done so much could have kept so young in mind, so full of the zest of life, from the very ancient game of golf to the very new sport of flying.

With a delightful sense of humor; with that best diplomacy, which comes from a natural instinct to "put all the cards on the table," and from an ability to look the truth in the face and to see the other fellow's point of view; with a real joy in playing the game of business, and with an extraordinary faculty for building an organization and inspiring it with ambition—with these attributes, and a record both of doing "impossible" things and of having his word a little better than any contract the lawyers can draw—the head of Doubleday, Page and Company is a sufficiently interesting figure in the publishing world. He works as hard, or a little harder, to-day than when he was an office-boy thirty-five years ago; yet it would be difficult to find a man who gets more fun out of a complicated and exacting occupation.

Utterly without pose or pompousness, Frank N. Doubleday is an abiding influence in upholding the best traditions and in advancing cooperation and good-fellowship among the craft.

Dr. Albert Shaw

The editor of *The American Review of Reviews* has now completed twenty years of the successful career of that magazine. During this period *The Review of Reviews* has achieved a substantial and world-wide reputation for its able and impartial presentation of current events and problems, both in this country and abroad. Born in the Ohio Valley, Dr. Shaw has also lived farther West as well as in the East, acquiring an extensive knowledge of American life and conditions in the various sections of the country. He thus possesses a rare equipment for the discussion and interpretation of all phases of our national life.

Albert Shaw was born at Shandon, Ohio, July 23, 1857. He is a graduate of Iowa College, Grinnell, Iowa, and has his Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins. He edited the Minneapolis *Tribune* from 1883 to 1890, declined the professorship of Political Institutions and International Law at Cornell in 1890, the next year establishing *The Review of Reviews*.

Dr. Shaw is an optimist as regards America, and, for that matter, regarding the rest of the world also, and, while not unmindful of the dark spots in our social and political conditions, he believes that substantial progress is steadily being achieved for the general betterment of mankind. Dr. Shaw has contributed to many periodicals and delivered numerous lectures, and is constantly in receipt of invitations to make addresses in various parts of the country. He has traveled much, and has a wide acquaintance with men and affairs in all parts of the world. At home Dr. Shaw has enjoyed the confidence and esteem of successive administrations at Washington, and his discussion and interpretation of political events and tendencies have always been found of deep interest by his readers, regardless of their party affiliations. Dr. Shaw keeps in touch with all the great movements of the time, and his advice and cooperation are constantly sought by various organized efforts for the amelioration and improvement of our economic and political conditions.

A writer in *The Outlook* credits Dr. Shaw with "a catholicity of feeling and knowledge which very few Americans possess," and

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calls attention to the lucidity and directness of his writings. "He is," adds this biographer, "one of the very few journalists in this country who treat their work from the professional standpoint, who are thoroughly equipped for it, and who regard themselves as standing in a responsible relation to a great and intelligent public. Dr. Shaw's presentation of news is preeminently full, candid, and unpartisan; his discussion of principles broad-minded, rational, and persuasive; he is entirely free from the shortsighted partisanship of the great majority of newspaper editors; he appreciates to the full the power of intelligent, judicial statement; his opinions, for this reason, carry great weight; and it is not too much to say that he has not his superior in the field of American journalism."

George W. Wilder

Crossing the Hudson at night from New Jersey to New York City, only the blind will fail to see the enormous "BUTTERICK" sign, as long as a city block is wide, in electric letters sixty feet high. That sign, set there by the president of The Butterick Company when he was thirty-seven years old, always suggests to me his flaming spirit. George W. Wilder is a short, shock-haired stub of a man, built like a quarter-back, equipped to run things, and willing.

He was born in Sterling, Massachusetts, March 29, 1866, so he has just fairly started in his life-work. At Amherst the fellows called him "Stubby" Wilder, and I gather he left traces, not necessarily of the kind from which to predict a big future, howbeit a lively and interesting one. He was admitted to the bar, state of New York, in 1891, but did not continue at the law, entering the publishing business instead.

At that time Mr. Wilder's father, Jones W. Wilder, was managing partner of E. Butterick & Company, and he saw to it that his son had adequate opportunity and vigorous discipline. The young man learned the business on the road and in the house. His animal spirits those days went mostly into hard work.

When the father died, the family's interest represented about one-third of the business; but it was a large family, and George's share had a market value of twenty-one thousand eight hundred and fifty dollars—too small an interest to secure him a voice in the management. Also it was a very small nest-egg for a fortune.

Does Fate always rig up a hard game to try out the men she means to make successes? Or do all men have their try-out and only the successes win out? When the Wilder family's interest was split up among a large group, the other interests completely controlled the business.

But Mr. Wilder held his family's interests together solidly, and, with the aid of a few friends and backers, bought the stock of The Butterick Publishing Company, and in a few years made it one of the giants of the publishing world.

When Mr. Wilder took charge of the business, it was being carried on in several inferior buildings in New York and Brooklyn. He built the Butterick Building, at a cost of a million and a half, and concentrated the business there; but it quickly outgrew the great building and scattered again, so that another building of equal size is contemplated.

When he took charge, the manufacturing machinery was worth $75,000. It is now worth $1,161,000. The annual pay-roll was $686,000. It is now $1,209,000. The circulation of *The Delineator* was 463,000. It is now 968,000. *The Delineator* weighed twelve ounces. It now weighs nineteen ounces. The advertising revenue was $129,000. It is now $901,000. These are *Delineator* figures.

The publishing and pattern businesses over which Mr. Wilder presides employ twenty-five hundred people, and publish thirty-two different periodicals. *The Delineator* is published in England, France, and Germany. There is also a Spanish edition. The French *Delineator* has a larger circulation than any of the French publications in its field, carrying fashion to Paris.

Mr. Wilder's connection with Everybody's Magazine is known to our readers. He supplied the capital for its purchase. He suggested the Lawson campaign, and agreed to raise fifty thousand dollars to exploit it. He suggested the "Great Yellow Car" series, which led naturally into the "Soldiers of the Common Good" series. He knows business and finance as few men know them, and he is forty-five years young.

His hope for Everybody's Magazine is twin to my own to keep it honest and free and helpful.

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MOGUL

BY

Captain

H·G·BISHOP

·U·S·A·

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. N. MARCHAND

THE slanting rays of the afternoon sun had attained sufficient obliquity to throw the brilliant spot from the tin roof of the west building in the K Battery stable-yard squarely into the blinking eyes of old Mogul, tethered with his mates to the long picket-line; and obviously it was up to him to shift his position if he cared for his further comfort. Like all geldings, he was lazy, particularly so on this hot afternoon, and it was a question with him whether the game was worth the candle.

Quite slowly he turned his gaze to the right and then equally slowly to the left. By rights, being the near leader of the First Section piece, he should have been tied at the head end of the line. But the "rooky" member of the stable gang, who had led the First Section horses out of their stalls an hour before so that the bedding might be spread for the night, had mixed them up; and there he was—the proud and mighty leader of the First Section, sandwiched in between two low-down caisson horses—wheelers at that!

For a brief second he gazed at the knot at the end of his halter-shank. He could untie that in about two minutes—thanks to this same "rooky's" knot-tying ability—back out of the line, and wander where he listed; but that struck him as too easy and peaceable. He would cross over under the picket-line and turn his back to the afternoon glare.

With a quick lunge of his body to the left, he rudely jostled the dozing caisson wheeler on that side, at the same time slipping the halter-knot along the picket-line in the same direction by a swipe of his head, made a quick quarter-turn to the right on his forehand, let go with one of his hind hoofs, cracking the animal on his right a blow just above the stifle, made another quarter-turn to the right, kicked again, this time with both hoofs, and in the ensuing commotion backed under the picket-rope, and the thing was done. Of course, this maneuver was followed by some squealing and biting among the near-by horses, and a few of the young animals "pulled back" on their halters, snorting violently.

The sentinel, who had been leaning comfortably against some bales of hay, came out of his day-dreaming long enough to yell out: "Hey, there, Mogul! Damn you, anyway!" And quiet again fell over the yard. The heavy heads sank lower and lower, hindquarters sagged, some to the right and some to the left, tails hung limp, and the afternoon nap was resumed.

But sleep came not to the big bay gelding, although the sun no longer shone in his eyes and though he was quite satisfied with himself over the way in which he had showed off before those low-down caisson animals.

The exertion of turning around on the crowded picket-line had stirred his blood just enough to drive sleep away; and furthermore, as it was only an hour to feeding time, he was beginning to get hungry. Ah, yes! Hungry! When was he not hungry? Had he ever gotten enough to eat? No, not even on the night when he had broken loose and, wandering into the gangway of the stables, had dined at the forage cart, thereby nearly ending his valuable life in the convulsions of flatulent colic.

So, standing stupidly with head bowed

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and eyes lazily blinking, his mind roamed back through his twelve years of life to the days when he was a pop-eyed, loose-jointed, lean, long-legged, ever-hungry colt; to the days when, with his bay mother, he had roamed that clover-carpeted pasture down by the creek in old Missouri.

Ah, that was a glorious spot! The creek, with its sparkling clear water where he used to splash about and drink great mouthfuls of the cold spring nectar; the "bottom," with its carpet of short green turf, so juicy and succulent; the uplands, with their clover and timothy, tall, rich, and green; the maple and oak grove where he and his mother would stand hour after hour in the shade on hot days, along with old Sam, the worn-out plow-horse, and the herd of sad-eyed Jerseys—all dreaming and listening to the hum of bird and insect, and the noisy music of their master's reaper in the distant fields. He recalled the many times when, in the exuberance of his coltish spirits, he would suddenly cease grazing, snort furiously, with uplifted head and bulging eyes, and then, arching his fuzzy tail, go galloping wildly up the path along the creek.

Always he would keep to the path along the brook and go as far as the grove; but one day, just before he came to the clump of willows on the river bank, he had spied something half-hidden therein. The "something" was a small boy wearing a torn straw hat, and a shirt and knee-breeches, with very dirty sun-kissed legs and feet; and he was fishing in the stream. The instant Mogul saw this boy he had leaped violently to one side, and at the same instant the apparition had spoken, calling out: "Ah, g'wan, you fool colt!" And then he had circled the bushes with short, quick side-steps, with much arching of his neck, lifting of his tail, and a great deal of snorting and blowing. So ever after, though age and a more mature horse-sense had somewhat dampened the ardor of his cavortings, he could not pass a clump of bushes without this manifestation; for he was always looking for, always expecting to see, the boy with the torn hat and the fishing-rod.

Thus his mind roamed on through his colthood and the later days. He dimly remembered the time when he first trotted along a dusty road, nuzzling the flanks of his mother, who was in harness, because he was eternally hungry; the early days of bit and saddle and harness; the proud day when he was first teamed up with Dan, and learned to work at the plow, the cultivator, and the wagon; and later when he went out to make the acquaintance of trolley-cars, road-rollers, and automobiles. He recalled the day when they took him away from old Dan, whom he was never to see again. They had led him aboard the train and taken him down to St. Louis. There he had gone into a paddock with many other horses, and there he had first seen a uniform. Three men in khaki coats and baggy trousers (the Horse Board, as he afterward found out)—these men had looked and felt him all over, ridden him, trotted and galloped him, and finally had burned his left shoulder with a big "U. S." Then had come another car-ride and the stable-yard of K Battery of the Seventh Regiment of Field Artillery of his good Uncle Sam's army.

They had led him in and tied him on the "spare line," where he had stood in all the splendor of his young horsehood, a magnificent bay without blemish or defect, fifteen and a quarter hands high, chest full and deep, back short and straight, with deep loins, medium high withers, and a neck built for a collar—an ideal artillery draft-horse. After drill, nearly half the battery had come over to view him and appraise his points in varied and picturesque profanity. And that day he had first met Kelly, the short, sandy-haired Irishman who swore much, drank more, but withal was the best driver in the regiment.

"Ah, me beauty! ah, me darlint!" Kelly had cried. "We'll match yez with Hobbs, an' it's th' lead of th' First Section piece where yez will wurruk, me b'y." And after the many days of lunging and bending and running in the "bull-ring," to the lead of the First Section he had gone, paired with Hobbs, the place of honor in the battery, and with the sandy-haired Kelly as the permanent driver.

Then had come seven years of ideal life: plenty of food, plenty of water, just enough work to keep in the pink of condition, and a ceaseless daily grooming that brought to Mogul a coat as fine as silk and as resplendent as a mirror. From Oklahoma the battery had been moved to Vermont, and then to Texas, and it was now in the wind-swept artillery post in Wyoming. How they loved this life, he and Hobbs and the man Kelly—the drills, the marches, the car-

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"OI'LL STAY WITH ME OWN HORSES, IF TH' CAPTAIN DON'T MOIND," SAID KELLY, THE HOT TEARS FILLING HIS EYES.

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rides, the camps, the maneuvers, the sham battles! Now he—But ah! What was that?

Somewhere down the line a horse moved uneasily, awoke, and nickered, and then, like a little wave breaking on a pebbly beach, the nickerings ran along the line and grew in frequency and volume, interspersed with squeals, the stamping and pawing of hoofs, and little kicking affrays. Over in the stable gangway a loutish soldier in a dirty stable frock was trundling the forage cart along, while a compatriot, with much banging of the tin measure, was ladling out the oats. It was feeding time, and the line of horses was becoming impatient. Came the grinding of feet on the cobblestones, and into the stable-yard marched the men of the battery, halted, fell out, and stood "to heel."

This formation, in military parlance, is "afternoon stables." First, the horses are led to water, section by section, then the grooming is done and the animals are placed in the stalls for the night.

The watering had proceeded as far as the Third Section when the notes of a bugle came floating through the hot afternoon air. The lieutenant, third in rank, whose duty it was to attend this formation on this day, and who was pretending to be examining a horse, for the sole reason that this particular horse was tied in the only shady spot in the stable-yard, suddenly came to life and, notifying the senior sergeant, started to obey the summons. "Officers' call" was sounding at the post headquarters.

Along the picket-line men glanced at each other in a knowing way or made remarks in undertones and went on with their work in a nervous, abstracted manner. One of the non-coms., a married man with a family, looked worried and gravely remarked to a corporal in a questioning tone, as though he expected the latter to affirm an opposite opinion. "Well, I guess it's come at last?"

For a long time now, there had been considerable of interest to the nation in the daily papers, something that was growing in importance by leaps and bounds, something that had caused unusual activity in the War and Navy Departments; an activity that, threading the military hierarchy, had come rapidly down to the last rear-rank private.

Fifteen minutes after the lieutenant had left to obey the summons of the bugle, the captain came trotting into the yard.

"Cease grooming and lead in," he ordered, and then to the senior sergeant: "Fall in the men; march them back to barracks to pack their field kits. The battery will entrain at daylight for Tampa."

It had come at last, as the old sergeant had thought. The nation was in arms, and the "high-ups" at Washington were going to strike the first blow and strike quickly.

That night, after supper, Kelly went to "The Kid's Place." He had been ordered to report to the quartermaster-sergeant to help unpack reserve ammunition. But going to "The Kid's Place" and forgetting to report to the quartermaster-sergeant were characteristic of Kelly. At "The Kid's Place" he discoursed long and volubly to an admiring alcoholic crowd on his own and the battery's prowess; and when "The Kid" put up the shutters, Kelly retired to the stable-yard and to the stall of Mogul and Hobbs. He could sleep there quite comfortably. Walking as far as barracks was unnecessary; and then, he would be sure to be on hand when it was time to harness.

The battery was moving slowly along a chalky white road, foot-deep in a minutely fine dust which, rising in clouds from the impact of hoof and wheel, hung almost motionless over the column in the still, hot air of the early morning, enveloping the moving mass of men, horses, and carriages like a huge veil. The tropical sun had risen over the eastern hills, small, round, and blood-red, visual portent of a day of hell heat, a day that had begun at a temperature almost beyond human endurance. The leaves of the rank vegetation that lined the roadway hung limp and lifeless in the soul-killing atmosphere.

First came the captain—not the one who had stopped the grooming that afternoon, months ago back in Wyoming; he had long since gone home *via* Newport News in a sealed box—but a new one, a little younger than the other, but gray and thin, his head hanging low on his breast. Then came the two trumpeters, thin and pale and haggard, and the guidon-bearer, with the little piece of torn and stained scarlet silk hanging limp on its staff, like the leaves on the palms near by.

Next came the First Section, the gun and limber with its team of six, Mogul and

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Hobbs, with Kelly driving, in the lead; then the caisson, followed by three more gun sections, four ammunition or caisson sections, and the store and forge wagon section; after these came the led horses—of which there was none.

Off to the right a few hundred yards, a column of infantry was plodding over the half-broken ground. Still farther to the right were other columns, and to the left of the road there were still others. To the rear were more columns, with here and there a wagon bearing a flaming red cross, mute symbol of the surgeon and the reward for the work to be done that day.

Far ahead, almost beyond the range of vision, were little squads of cavalry radiating, fan-like, from the central mass of infantry and artillery. Along the road, half-hidden in the chalky grass, guarded here and there by a signal-corps private, standing specter-like in the white dust veil, a thin wire—the field telegraph—stretched its sinuous length back to where sat the brigadier, pushing this mass of flesh and blood and metal always on, on, a willing sacrifice for the Republic.

The captain of the battery reined in his horse, the underfed beast all too willing to obey a summons to stop; and, backing it to the roadside, watched his command file past. In the lead, Mogul plodded through the chalky dust and swayed unsteadily from side to side, his flanks rising and falling rapidly, and his breath coming in short sobs. He was no longer the horse that had marched so proudly out of the Wyoming stables that morning five months before; he was now only a bundle of bones done up in a dead and withered hide. There was a big swelling on one of his legs, his hoofs were cracked and broken, and the luster had gone from his eyes. Kelly, gaunt and spiritless, was plying the whip to what remained of poor old Hobbs to keep him in draft.

The captain raised his arm vertically, and the long column came to a halt.

"Five minutes' rest," he commanded.

Kelly slid from the saddle and, limping to the front of his team, unhooked the steel collars and wiped off the lather; then, taking his canteen from its ring on the saddle cantle, held it up and from force of habit shook it.

"'Bout four spoonfuls," he muttered, raising it to his parched and blackened lips; then he hesitated, glancing at the sobbing animals. Taking the sponge from its place in the collar flange, he emptied the water into its dusty, crinkly folds and, going again to the head of his pair, gently sponged their eyes and hot, dusty nostrils and lips.

"Kelly!"—it was the captain speaking—"Unhook your pair and go get in the lead of the Seventh Section."

The Irishman gazed up at the officer stupidly.

"Quick!" added the captain. "Your pair is played out. We're goin' into action mighty soon, and I've got a better pair to put in here."

The driver's face went purple. "Better pair!" he gasped. "Does the captain think there is a better pair in all th' bat'ry than Mogul an' Hobbs? Fer sivin years now we've pulled in th' lead o' th' Furrst Section, sor, an' nivver yit have we failed th' captain. Sure an' it'll be breakin' their hearts to go to the resarve."

"Sh! sh! Kelly," the captain interrupted; "your pair is worn out. They'll drop in their harness in the next two miles. Jorgensen is bringing up his pair. You can stay here and drive in your old place, but this pair goes out. I'll send them back with Jorgensen."

"Oi'll stay with me own horses, if th' captain don't moind," and, with the hot tears filling his eyes, Kelly slowly unhooked his pair and started with them back down the column.

The brigadier was not having things all his own way this day. For four mortal hours he had hammered away at the regiment of the enemy holding the bridge-head, which it was his duty to seize. The sun was sinking low and the place must be carried by nightfall. The infantry advance had been stopped and its first thin line was lying hidden in the folds of the ground four hundred yards from where he expected to make his final charge, waiting until the artillery could change to a more favorable position and open up again.

From where the ammunition reserve caissons lay, posted in a little thicket of palm and mangrove, Kelly could see the firing battery limbered up and moving slowly along by the flank and then up the slope of a hill some six hundred yards away. When near the top the guns were unlimbered again and made ready to fire. The infantry fire, which had died down to only an

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occasional shot, now broke loose in a tumultuous rattle, and under its cover the guns were run by hand up to the crest; and as they suddenly turned their torrent of shrapnel upon the enemy, the infantry advance recommenced. Little squads of men suddenly rose from the earth and darted forward all along the line, their rifles a-trail, gained a little ground to the front, and then sank to earth and invisibility, to be followed quickly by other squads. And thus, inch by inch, foot by foot, they slowly closed in on their prey, while the hot atmosphere was incessantly punctured by the metallic cracking of their rifles, like the hammering of a thousand motor-driven riveting machines.

But although the scene out on that fire-swept plain was the one grand pageant of the lives of all who lived to tell of it, Kelly had no eyes for this life-and-death struggle. His gaze was fixed on that mass of men and horses and carriages—the gun-limbers—parked a little way down the slope of the hill, in the rear of the guns now spitting angry sheets of flame at every tick of the watch.

His eyes were snapping with an angry light, his breast heaved with his burning resentment, and he cursed and mumbled to himself. The heat, the fatigue, the mad thirst for water had upset his reason a little and magnified the affair of the forenoon out of all proportion. He, Private Michael Kelly, the best driver in all the regiment, with the best pair in all the regiment, relegated on the day of his first big battle to a place in the *reserve*, and the place of honor given over to a nameless Swede with a pair of plow-horses!

Mogul, standing with one hind foot drawn forward and head hanging low, now and then forgot the tortures of the heat and thirst in little cat-naps. But always, as he awoke, he would raise his head and glance inquiringly from side to side, or look back contemptuously at the strange swing pair in his rear. He also, in his dull, unreasoning way, knew that he was out of place, and resented it. For a half-dozen times now, he had laid back his ears and had kicked viciously at the pair behind him. Well, too, did he know where his place should be! He had not hauled a gun for seven years, on parade, on the march, at target practise, and in action, not to know that he belonged on yonder hillside with those gun-limbers; and he would thrust forward his ears, champ, whinny, and, pawing the ground, gaze longingly at the line of mud-colored, thundering guns. Whereupon Kelly would fondle him and, in a strange mixture of oaths and endearing epithets, pour out his reflections on the injustice that had come to them.

Thus the minutes slipped past; and then suddenly occurred one of those unforeseen things which no reasonable amount of foresight can prevent or circumvent.

The open ground between the ammunition reserve and the guns, supposedly out of reach of the enemy's fire, suddenly became a fire-swept hell, and, simultaneously with this, the battery commenced to run short of ammunition. The captain signaled for another caisson to come up.

The lieutenant commanding the reserve instantly mounted the drivers of one of the two caissons that were still loaded, and started it across at a gallop.

Two hundred yards after it had left shelter, a wheel-horse went down badly wounded, quickly followed by a driver; and the team, falling into confusion, came to a halt. There was only one loaded caisson left—Kelly's, and the lieutenant hesitated to risk that one also; so, uncoupling a team from one of the empty caissons, he started to the rescue, rode straight into a salvo of shrapnel, and was annihilated.

The minutes were passing quickly now. They always do at such times.

Mogul, excited by the swift departure of the other teams, was standing erect, pawing the ground and snorting at the convulsed mass writhing in its death-agony out in the open.

Kelly had sprung to his feet and was "standing to horse" at Mogul's head. Even Hobbs, who had stood in a lethargy for hours, was cocking his ears and moving restlessly in his harness.

"There, there, me little b'ys—aisy, aisy, now!" crooned Kelly. "We'll be goin' soon. Back to the bat'ry fer us! Back to our own!"

Truly they were going back to their own—and very soon.

Things were pretty much at a crisis now for the brigadier. The battery, entirely out of ammunition, had ceased firing. The enemy's line, unharassed by the shrapnel fire, burst into one long crescendo of spiteful, crackling musketry. The infantry ad-

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"I'M GOING AHEAD WITH THE EMPTY CAISSON AND DRAW THEIR FIRE. WHEN YEZ SEE THE FIRST SALVO FIRED, RIDE LIKE HELL."

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vance had come to a halt, and its thinning lines were lying belly to earth, unable to go forward or backward.

The senior sergeant of the reserve, a little white about the mouth, mounted the drivers of Kelly's caisson and those of one of the empty caissons. As Kelly swung into the saddle and glanced back at the one loaded caisson trailing behind, a thrill of enthusiasm ran through him which extended itself to his mount, and Mogul threw his weight into the collar, eager to be off.

The sergeant mounted and rode up to Kelly. "I'm goin' ahead with the empty caisson and draw their fire. When yez see the first salvo fired, ride like hell an' beat it across before they kin git in th' next one. Good luck to yez, Kelly. Forr'd, march!" And the empty caisson rolled out into the open, the drivers lashing their animals into a gallop.

One hundred yards, two hundred, almost three hundred, and then, simultaneously with the distant boom, boom, boom of the enemy's artillery, came the near-by crash of the exploding shrapnel.

Kelly looked not to see what had happened to the courageous sergeant and his empty caisson. He dared not. But, calling over his shoulder to the wheel and swing drivers, "Now all together, b'ys!" he dug his spurs into Mogul's flanks and laid the whip, blow after blow, over the off-horse's quarters, and they were off out into the dust and smoke from the last volley. There were rifle-bullets crackling overhead and cutting up little patches of the turf at their feet; but a rifle-bullet could not stop a galloping horse at that range. It was the deadly shrapnel they were racing to beat.

The wheel-driver suddenly dropped his reins and pitched down between his galloping pair, bounced up and down for a moment on the limber-pole, then fell on through to the earth.

They were moving fast now. The six horses, all up in their collars, with traces stretched taut, were leading out in wild, rapid lunges, their bellies almost grazing the shrapnel-spattered grass. Behind, the heavy caisson with its precious load swung and lurched like a drunken thing, now on one wheel and now entirely in the air.

There were three hundred yards yet to make before they would swing round into the friendly shelter of the little hill, but the enemy's gunners were working fast. Not far over their heads there came a sudden weird whistling, snuffed out in a sharp explosion, and Kelly, dropping reins and lash, fell forward on Mogul's neck, his arms instinctively gripping the animal. He thought some one had hit him with a baseball bat on the left shoulder, until he saw something red pouring in great sheets over the steel collar of his horse. Then Kelly stopped thinking and seeing forever.

Hobbs, no longer feeling a pressure on the lash of his bridle, tried to swerve to the right. He smelled water that way. Mogul smelled water also, but there was something stronger than water calling *him*. Straight ahead of him was the line of guns, and his eyes were on Number One, the old First Section piece that he had hauled for so many years. He could see the gunner now, the chief of the section also. He knew *them*; they would give him water. In fancy he could hear the signal for limbering up, and he threw still more of his strength, all of his strength, every atom of it, into his gallop; for he was going back to his own. Thus he held his mate in, and, unguided by the hand of man, raced straight to the one place where of all places in his life he was most wanted. And the gun crews danced and yelled with delight as the race neared its finish.

Fifty yards straight ahead was a big clump of bushes, and upon this patch of shrubbery a gunner of the enemy's battery, a mile and a half away, had laid the sights of his gun. This same gunner held his fire until he judged the flying team was about four carriage-lengths from it. Then he snapped the firing gear, and six seconds later his shrapnel exploded a hundred yards in front of it, and the resulting hail of leaden slugs tore through it in a great cone of death.

Just why Mogul did it, no one in the battery ever knew; but the swing-driver who lived to talk about it later, and the rest of the battery who saw the thing happen out there in the open, say that when Mogul, racing straight on a path that would carry him close by this bush, came within a few yards of it, he suddenly gave a snort of terror, and, with arched tail and dilated nostrils, swung well off from his path and circled the bushes, carrying the whole team and the carriage with him well out of the cone of the shrapnel burst which had come at this instant. The swing-driver did not

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know why he did this. But we who know of the old willow bush by the river bank could tell, if we chose.

A few seconds later the team swept into the shelter of the hillock and up in rear of Number One gun, into the hands of a score of yelling, dancing cannoneers; and Mogul, panting in short, spasmodic sobs, came to a standstill, gazed piteously at all the familiar faces for a brief second, and then sank to the earth, his legs crumpling under him; for the half-spent shrapnel case had torn its way through one of his flanks, and Kelly, clinging in a death-grip to his neck, fell with him.

But there were other things to do right then; so all they did was to cut the traces. Eager hands were tearing open the caisson door and dragging out those long brass cases that were to save the brigadier.

Again the sheets of flame danced and darted along the front of the battery; the infantry line came to life, and things happened quickly. As far as the eye could pierce the dust and the bluish haze that hung over the snapping muskets, there came the glitter of bright steel as bayonet left its scabbard and leaped to the muzzle. The harsh rattle redoubled itself for a moment, then suddenly ceased altogether. Came a prolonged cheer and the rush of many feet, more cheers, the crashing of heavy bodies and the rasp of metal, and the bridge-head was carried!

An aide-de-camp came galloping into the battery. The brigadier had tasted blood and was fierce for more. The battery was to move rapidly to a new position and open fire on the retiring enemy.

Lying half buried in the dust, Mogul heard the shrill whistle of the captain sounding the "Attention!"—heard as though far, far off the bugle-call for the battery to limber up. He heard the tramp of hoofs and the crunching of the wheels as the limbers bore past him, trotting up to the guns; heard the bumping of the lunettes as the gun trails were hooked up; heard the hoarse command of the captain, "Cannoneers mount, double section, pieces by the left flank, *TROT!*"

He lifted his head and opened his glassy eyes, tried to rise. Something behind was holding him down. He struck angrily at his wounded flank with his black, swollen muzzle. The battery was moving now. Again the guns were going away and leaving him behind, just as they had done that forenoon when they formed for action. No, he would not be left this time! He rose up on his fore legs, pawing madly and dragging himself toward the moving column. Why could he not get loose? Where was Kelly?

As the Fifth Section swept past, a cannoneer, huddled on the caisson chest, turned to his chief and yelled: "Gord A'mighty, Sarge, look at old Kelly, dead as hell, an' Mogul wit' his innards all shot out, a-tryin' ter foller th' bat'ry!"

The sergeant looked, hesitated; then, seeing that the khaki-covered back of the junior lieutenant was disappearing in the dust swirl ahead, reined in his horse, slipped out of the saddle, and strode toward the struggling animal, drawing his revolver from its holster as he went. It was a dangerous thing to leave a battery like this on the battle-field, even for a moment; but the sergeant had followed its guidon for many years and Mogul was dear to him.

The proud leader of the First Section whinnied with delight as the man approached.

The man swore under his breath and gritted his teeth as he drew back the hammer of his weapon.

As the heavy leaden slug tore through the frontal bone, Mogul's head fell heavily to the earth, a scarlet stream spurted from the rent and was greedily lapped up by the dust, a convulsive shudder ran over him, and he lay quiet. He was a colt now once again, back in the sun-kissed meadow, by the riverside in old Missouri. Now he was drinking great, long mouthfuls from the spring-fed brook, and splashing along the gravelly bed. Now he was galloping over the acres of glorious clover, knee-deep. Now he was snorting and circling the willow bush and on, on, through the cool, green glades of the grove and into the beyond—that great mysterious beyond of his early days, which lay just the other side of the oak and maple grove, where there was always more cool, running water, more pastures of clover and timothy, great hills of corn and mountains of oats—on, on, into the horse-heaven he galloped.

Mogul had come back to his own!

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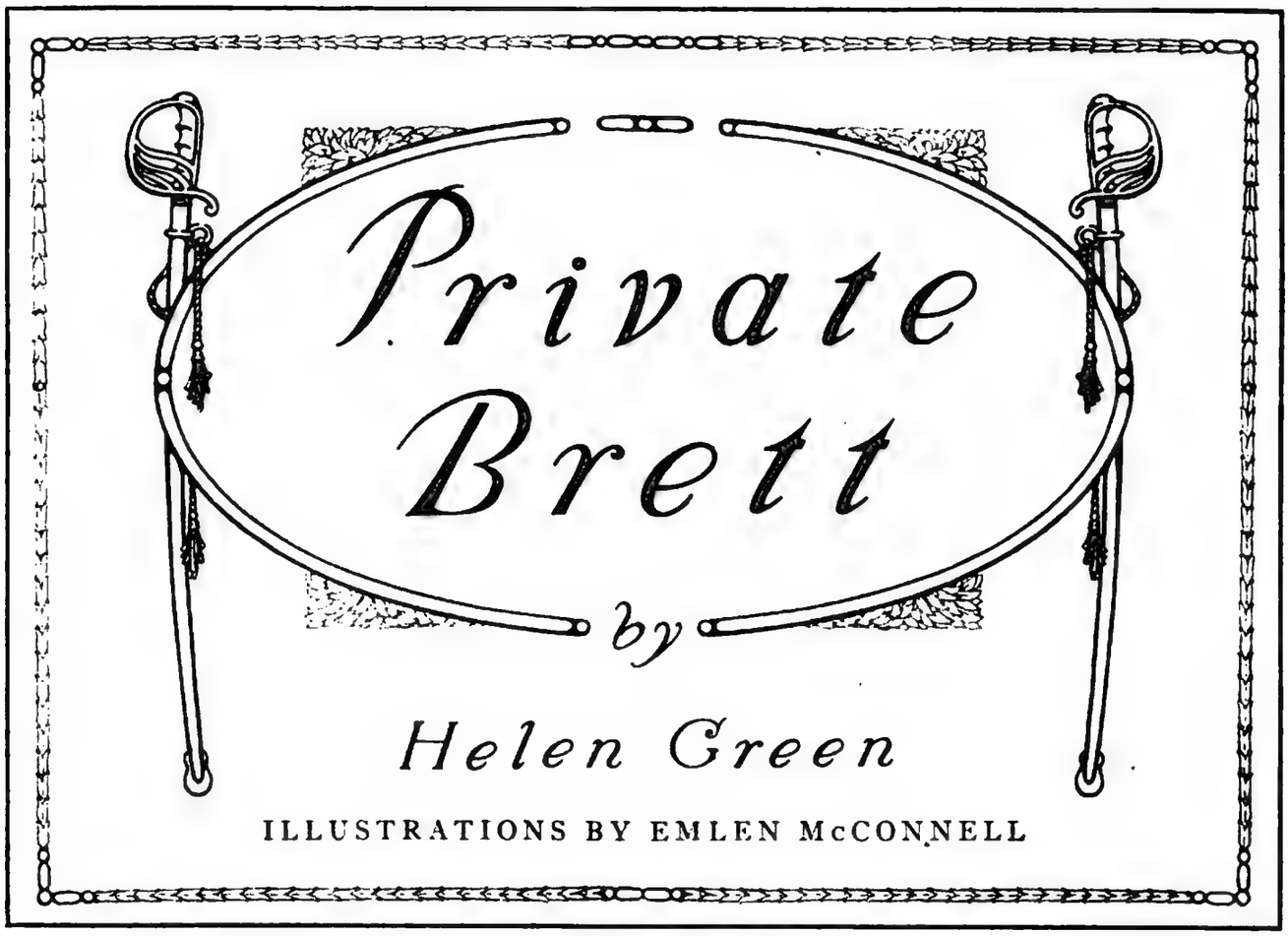

CALVIN BRETT sat in a dusty patch of grass at the edge of the baseball ground, brooding upon his griefs. In his red-striped gray uniform and round, gold-braided red cap, set carefully aslant, he was, to all outward seeming, but one of the fifty boys similarly clad who were watching the game.

But appearances lie. Those others, shouting words of praise or grave rebuke to the Number One and Number Two teams of the Lower School, had but few fretting thoughts. Calvin Brett had many, all traceable to his misfortune in being the littlest boy in St. Luke's. He looked upon the cheerful scene with hard, bitter eyes.

They were brown eyes, expressive of his slightest emotion, and richly framed with the soft, thick lashes and distinct eyebrows inherited from his mother. He had dark brown hair of fine texture that waved despite the most determined wettings. A very close hair-cut might have concealed the wave, but even the barber, a sympathetic man, advised against it.

Below the curling hair his skin was olive, tinged with healthy red. His nose, while neither classic nor retroussé, was a nice nose and plenteously freckled. He had a good mouth, with room for several more teeth. There was a space large enough to hold two in the very center of the lower jaw, and he thought he already felt the new teeth coming. His chin was round and would be difficult to hurt when it hardened. This was from his father, who had a "fighter's" chin.

George Gillette was the nearest to him in age in St. Luke's, and Gillette, in the lusty power of his ten years, was out on the coaching lines shouting to a star of the Number Two team:

"That's the eye, Briggsy, muh boy!"

"Briggth mithed it!" exclaimed Calvin suddenly, interrupting his meditations. He was inexpressibly glad that Briggs, swinging his bat so violently that he swung around with it, had missed the Number Two team's last chance for a run in that inning.

Missing it could not disconcert the mighty Briggs. Swaggering toward the Number Two bench, he passed the small, forlorn figure and called out genially, "Hello, kid!"

Briggs was lean and long, with twinkly blue eyes and reddish hair. And he was all of fourteen.

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"How dee do!" returned Calvin formally. He looked enviously after Briggs.

What a terrible thing it was to sit there alone, with crowds of bigger boys whacking each other's backs and yelping joyously as the regular and scrub teams of the Lower battled. When he reached the grounds, he had squeezed in among the adherents of the Number Two team, and addressed a timid remark to a fat youth of twelve, whose answer was a chill stare.

"Of all the cheek, I must say!" the fat one said loudly to a friend, who frowningly inquired why the little boys weren't left in with the nurse.

Calvin, red-faced, with a stinging feeling in his eyes, had waited in stony silence until they were engrossed by a two-bagger. Then he had moved off, halting only when the width of the diamond was between them. The Number Two team had not injured him, and they were from Captain Marley's house, where he was quartered; but he yearned to see Marley House defeated.

Now he pondered on the salutation of Briggs. Had the latter spoken in order to beguile the littlest boy into making overtures which Briggs could cruelly repulse? Of course! Big boys were all alike. And to think of living in this school for years and years, friendless, wretched, spurned! For, no matter how swiftly he grew, he would always be three years younger than the next oldest. Two tears came into his brown eyes and overflowed. With a quick glance about to see if this lack of manliness had been observed, he brought out his handkerchief and pretended urgent need, handling it carefully because of the limp green treetoad it contained. With a flushed nose, but no visible tears, he again eyed the world sternly. Were there no little-boy schools, that he must be sent to a military institute full of unmannerly roughs?

The trained nurse and Mrs. Randall, sister of the commandant himself, loaded him

BRIGGS PASSED THE SMALL, FORLORN FIGURE AND CALLED OUT GENIALLY, "HELLO, KID!"
"HOW DEE DO!" RETURNED CALVIN FORMALLY.

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with kindnesses. He sighed. Doubtless they meant well. Yet to pet and pat one before others is not discreet. Perhaps, having noticed that he permitted such familiarities from the women, the big boys had conceived a reasonable contempt for him.

There was another point upon which he questioned himself relentlessly. Saturday

"I WATH BORN IN JAPAN," HE SAID. "OF COURTH I WATH VERY YOUNG THEN."

was "grill day." One went to the "grill-room" to enjoy bananas and cream, ice-cream and cake, cake and lemonade, or chocolates and cookies. Each two of these delicacies cost five cents, and with a limited weekly allowance sacrifices must be made to render the indulgence possible. Many, penniless by Thursday, could only stare through the window at their moneyed friends, making "faces" and offering impertinent comment on their manner of eating, until Mrs. Hanson, the blue-gowned woman in charge, came out and said that "that would do."

Charmed by Calvin in his gray service uniform, this same Mrs. Hanson had cried, on the occasion of his first visit to the "grill-room," three weeks ago:

"Oh, you cute ducky, you! How old are you, dearie?"

"Almotht theven," said Calvin, unable to resist her.

Then she had brought him an enormous mound of ice-cream, a filling amount of cake, and next slipped a banana into one of the pockets of a uniform whose fit betrayed every article its owner carried.

A dozen suspicious eyes had watched these transactions. At first, supposing him a millionaire, other customers conversed with him affably. Then, later, he had paid only five cents.

"A nickel, an' he got two goes of cream and cake, *an'* a banana!" reported Charlton minor to the gentlemen of Captain Marley's house.

Calvin forgot the baseball game, now drawing to a close, in the harrowing recol-

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lection of Captain Marley's later reminder that greediness must be curbed lest it become one's master. He had fled to the trained nurse, who soothed him and explained about "greediness." In school, one shared if one had anything suitable for division. Boys lacking money for a grill-room feast were asked in to eat half of a friend's purchase. It might be the other way about the next Saturday. Calvin had been given two portions of ice-cream and cake, and in the sight of hungry eyes had gorged it all. Did he understand?

Only too clearly.

"They kin—kin have all of mine nekth time," he said with a sob. "I do' want it."

The fond, foolish woman had given him some chocolates and said he mustn't cry a bit, because it would be all right.

Little she knew about it! He had walked into the playroom within ten minutes and been snubbed by every fellow there. He bore the snubs, and even the lack of interest in the lovely clothes that his mother had sent. The precious shoe-bag, made of cloth with colored reproductions of Kitty-in-the-well and Jack-and-Jill, which he had confidently expected to create a sensation, was the subject of ribald laughter, started by Briggs.

"Baby stuff! Where's his woolly lamb and his teethin' coral?" demanded Charl-

ONCE HE HID UNDER GILLETTE'S BED, EMERGING TO PLEAD AS GILLETTE SEARCHED HIS MIRROR FOR SIGNS OF A MUSTACHE.

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THEY DRAGGED HIS LIMP FORM BEHIND A CLIPPED CEDAR.

ton major in a mirthful shout.

Calvin's first impulse had been to crawl under his bed, refusing food and water until he died. But a naval captain's son must be a man. The heir of an officer in charge of the best ship in the Pacific squadron would show them! He ground together what teeth he had and wished for a gun and a sword. Still, to assault the scoffers would put him in the guard-house. This would mean disgrace, the whole Pacific fleet might hear of it, and nobody anywhere would want to shake his hand. Bitter as it was, he must swallow mortification and tactfully win the boys of Captain Marley's house. Treating them in the grill should be a beginning.

From Monday to Friday of the next week he had saved the fifteen cents that was his allowance. And on Friday afternoon, sailing his boat on the fishpond, he dropped the money into the water. All through that dreary night he tasted the future, finding it as ashes in his mouth.

Saturday came. He did not appear in the grill-room. Unhappily, the nurse, to win consideration for him, had intimated to Charlton minor that Calvin intended to treat on a splendid scale.

"I guess young Brett's just a tight-wad," declared Charlton minor, entering the corridor of Marley House.

Calvin, lurking behind his own door, heard him. The voice sounded louder than the boom of the sunset gun, just fired.

A "tight-wad"? Suppose some tattler wrote that to the fleet! The very jackies would scorn him!

At last had come his third Saturday in school. With the fifteen cents which he had buried under a bush on Monday, exhuming it at noon on Saturday, tightly held in hot, sweaty fingers, he had entered the grill-room and tremulously asked three boys what they would have.

Each replied: "Don't care for anything, thank you, Brett."

He had thrown his money on the floor and fled to the athletic field. And here he had tried again—a last try. The fat youth was not of Charlton's set, and could not so

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quickly have heard the grill-room scandal. He simply wasn't interested in people seven years old. The big old brute!

The game was over. The scrub team had lost. Briggs, sauntering off in his baseball clothes, looked back and saw Calvin still sitting alone.

"Come on, kid! Goin' over?" he shouted, and actually stood waiting.

Calvin's heart bumped so that he anxiously felt his neck, fearing the organ was in the wing that held the grill-room. It took courage for Calvin to go in. He was at a table before he looked up.

"You left all your money, Brett," said the blue-gowned woman softly. She put three nickels into his hand. His eyes lighted.

"Oh, won't you lemme treat you, Briggth?" he cried.

Briggs seemed graciously pleased.

"Sure, kid, if you can afford it. We'll

GILLETTE, WHITE AND AWFUL, GAVE ONE MOAN AND REMAINED PROSTRATE.

the wrong place. Did Briggs mean it?

"Git a gait on!" added Briggs.

Calvin bounded toward him, and they walked off the field together.

"Feel like a lemonade? I ain't been to the grill to-day," said Briggs.

Calvin only gulped. He could not achieve words at that moment. Briggs headed for

buy choc'lit cigarettes with mine," he answered.

"B'nanath an' cweam, ith-cweam an' cake, two lem'nadeth," gasped Calvin.

All he could take was three small sips of his lemonade. Briggs, protesting, was obliged to devour the entire order.

"Gee! That was bully! Come on up to

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my room," he said, when the plates were bare. He had an arm over Calvin's shoulder. "My father's a contractor in Albany," he remarked.

"My—my father'th a captain in the navy," said Calvin.

"He is? Honest? Gee! A captain! Ain't got his picture?"

"Of courth!" replied Calvin.

"Le's see it," ordered Briggs. They went to Calvin's room—where the photograph of father in his dress uniform, his sword, his four medals, and beautiful cocked hat, came out of the trunk. It had been hidden since the "tight-wad" episode. "To my dear son Calvin, from Father," was inscribed in father's plain writing.

"Gee! I wisht mine was," said Briggs wistfully.

He ran to the door, roaring down the corridor: "Say! Fellows! Come see Brett's father. *He's a captain in the navy!*"

Some of them responded. Briggs was a power. The resplendent photograph soon brought the rest. There was a thawing of the frost. Calvin found himself prattling freely.

"I wath born in Japan," he said. "Of courth I wath very young then."

"Tell about Japan," said a voice.

School was a fine place for boys!

II

"LITTLE uns are *supposed* to be sloppy. He don't owe the pig any cent, and he sha'n't pay it," said Briggs authoritatively.

"Not quite so loud, Sergeant Briggs." warned Captain Marley from the head of his table.

"It's an extra big spot, and he ought to settle. That's my view," said Charlton major. He was a lumpish, fair-complexioned boy with emphatic notions.

"Right! Or how'd he ever learn better? I paid when I was nine," argued Charlton minor, also lumpish and fair.

Dinner was at the rice-pudding stage. Both officers and privates ceased talking in order to investigate the respective allotments of raisins.

"A-ah! Gillette spotted! Pass the pig, corporal!"

Corporal Tanner instantly placed a pewter vessel, made in the shape of a pig with mouth agape, before Gillette. Eating was suspended as the members of Company B watched Gillette fish for a penny and insert the coin into a slit in the pig's mouth. The rule being thus strictly observed, they again took up their spoons.

He who spotted the cloth in the course of a meal was fined one cent a spot. At the end of the month the pig was emptied, and good and bad shared in a modest junket. An exception had been made by Captain Marley in the case of Private Brett, because of the littlest boy's tender age. But, finding that this ruling led to endless discussions during play hours, the head of Marley House had informed Company B that they might decide the matter among themselves. A majority declared for payment under the schedule. It was urged that Private Brett was always spotting things. But Briggs, now Calvin's protector, pleaded the cause of his charge brilliantly and with effect. Gillette was the last power to withstand his arguments.

"He ain't such a baby as he looks," said Gillette now, rather tartly, having paid his personal debt to the pig.

"I told Thergeant Briggth over 'n' over I'm big 'nough to pay my thent, an' I wanta!" said Calvin, much offended.

"Silence in the ranks!" commanded Briggs.

He sat at the lower end of the table and was responsible for every one up to Charlton major on one side and Pasquale Urtado, the black-eyed Cuban, on the other. Captain Marley had official charge of the rest, but the sturdy Corporal Tanner, seated at his right, acted as his deputy. Briggs, being "top sergeant"—a most desirable post—felt obliged to issue an order now and then to keep his standing, for where privates are permitted to dine with their betters it is wise to keep them conscious of their privilege. Calvin, shamed, assumed a humbler mien, though still thirsting for speech.

"You're the only fellow against it," pursued Briggs, "so there's no use votin' again."

"The pig ain't got much in it this month. Twenty, is it, Murphy?" Gillette demanded, looking serious.

Private Murphy, a pale and scholarly youth, made a hasty calculation, reporting that it was twenty-one.

"With Brett spotting like everything, it might be sixty or seventy, yet," hinted Gillette hopefully.

"That's low," said Briggs. "It's takin'

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advantage. Be a man and give in, can't you?"

"Oh, well, I don't care. Have it that Brett's not to be charged, then. But he'll never get neat," added Gillette ominously.

"Pleath can't I thpeak, thur?" inquired Calvin, in evident agitation.

Briggs nodded.

"If I make thpoth I wanta pay." He looked anxiously up and down the observant rows of boys.

"You can when you're bigger. Now dry up!" replied the sergeant inelegantly.

Thereafter those of Company B who sat at the Marley-Briggs table felt free to comment on the very smallest spot in Calvin's vicinity. The knowledge of this scrutiny rendered him so nervous that he spilled as he never had before. At length he sought Gillette, begging him to reopen the subject.

"Gee! You wouldn't have a bit of allowance left, Brett. You simply splash all over the whole works. 'Tain't fair," said Gillette honestly.

"But I'd twy ath hard ath ever wath not to," promised Calvin eagerly.

Gillette refused to hear argument in the matter. Calvin pursued him, breathing piteous pleas at guard-mount, in play hours, and at other inopportune times. Once he hid under Gillette's bed, emerging in his blue pajamas as Gillette searched his mirror for signs of a mustache, startling the latter so that he dropped the mirror on his own bare toes.

"Won't you, pleathe, Gillette?" Calvin insisted, undismayed.

Gillette was angered. "Here, now, you cut this out or I'll give you what-for, an' no mistake!" he said warmly. "Of all the nerve! Beat it to your bed or I'll report you out after taps—then see what you'll get!"

Calvin crept away. Why were they all determined to make a sissy out of him? From occasions looked forward to with liveliest pleasure, meals had become periods of torture. Just as he painstakingly conveyed his fork to his mouth he would feel an interested glance on him. The fork would waver slightly—and again the pig was cheated. Furtively pushing his plate over a smudge was of no avail. It would show when Herman removed the plate. Herman was the waiter who had been in the Regulars with Captain Marley, and he knew, of course, what well-bred soldiers should do. Certainly Herman himself would be too careful to spill, and his contempt for those who did must be overwhelming. Calvin began to decline dessert. It was a dangerous course, and liable to have sauce on it. He would have craved advice of Mrs. Randall, the matron, or of the nurse, had not Briggs once said that a man must be above telling his business to women.

Desiring, before all, to escape vitiating feminine influence, he remained out of Mrs. Randall's sight except during lessons. The nurse was harder to escape. She came at night, tucking in people who were already in. In the dark Calvin didn't mind kissing her good-night; but when she swooped upon one in daylight, as was her pitiful habit, she was to be fled from.

Life seemed wretchedly complicated, with all these worries; and the pig was the greatest of them.

On a Sunday morning after chapel, when Company B had secretly formed a hollow square back of Marley House, to see if they could do it alone, Calvin beset Gillette with a desperation that compelled attention.

"Quit nagging me, you! Told you enough, ain't I? You're getting me out of step!" snarled Gillette.

Forgetting that a private must march and be quiet, Calvin yanked at Gillette's coat, talking faster. Gillette loved drill. He was going into the army. To miss what was of supreme importance to him because of an insistent seven-year-old hanging to his dress uniform, maddened him.

"Leggo!" he cried warningly.

"Not till you tell 'em to lemme pay the pig!" hissed Calvin.

Gillette turned. His fist, in its white cotton glove, flattened Calvin's freckled nose against a pink cheek. Carmine drops spurted forth, soiling the handsome dress uniform—more elaborate than "service," with brass buttons bearing eagles like the Regulars' buttons—and so frightening its wearer that he sank to the ground with a moan. Never had he been hurt in this fashion. A spanking or so at home—but blood! To bleed, and bleed in torrents! Surely death was near.

"Well, I'm sorry, but that kid's got to lemme alone," he heard Gillette saying.

Some one hoisted Calvin to his feet.

"Sop it up! Look out, hide him! Here comes the colonel from church."

They dragged his limp form behind a

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clipped cedar. The colonel commanding, escorting Mrs. Colonel from chapel, saw a knot of his youngest men conversing innocently. Replying to their salutes, he walked on.

"Can you see what they've got stowed behind them, Stella?" he was asking when he seemed to be looking straight ahead.

"They're wedged too tightly," replied Mrs. Colonel, having stealthily looked from under her hat brim. The two laughed understandingly and went their way.

"Don't blab, kid. You can bloody him back before long," whispered Briggs.

The top sergeant was convoying him to the nurse. The nose was scarcely paining at all when Captain Marley, summoned by the matron, demanded names and details.

"I couldn't thay, thur. I muth 'a' falled down," said Calvin, averting his eyes. The captain left him with the nurse.

Cleaned and calm, with a somewhat swollen nose, he was going forth to assure Briggs that the secret was safe, when Captain Marley suddenly confronted him again, having waited outside the nurse's door.

"My boy, I want to know who struck you," said the captain.

Calvin tried to worm past. Briggs, peering over the parade ground's cedar hedge, signaled wildly, desirous of strengthening his young friend's resolution.

"Never mind Briggs, but listen to me, Brett," insisted the captain.

Yet his back was turned to Briggs! Calvin shivered. A man who could see Briggs with his back was a man to be regarded. Why wouldn't he know it had been Gillette? The captain said very kindly that it would be far better to give that name at once.

"Thur, I can't tell. Gemplemen don't," he answered, with his head down. His nose started to ache as he lowered it, and he was trembling. Captain Marley noted that the nose grew pinker under the strain, and he sighed, repeating:

"I must have his name, Brett, or——"

He stopped. The poor little soul!

"Yeth, thur, I know ith the guard-houth. Muth, my father know?" quavered the stubborn one.

He raised his head. Would father tell on a man? No! And neither would his son. Not if the whole fleet were anchored out there on the fishpond with their searchlights on the guard-house cell in which Private Brett was eating his dry bread and sipping his water.

"They may'th well take me. 'Cauthe I won't tell. I'm thorry, thur."

The tone was steady, and the brown eyes above the swollen nose looked bravely at the captain.

"All right! It won't be the guard-house. But you must understand this, Brett: there shall be no fighting in St. Luke's; and as a gentleman who will some day be an officer, I feel you will not disobey the rules. That means you mustn't try to lick whoever gave you such a nose. You mustn't touch him. That's all."

The captain went swiftly down the gravelly path.

Calvin laggingly joined Briggs. Not bloody Gillette's nose after an unwarranted punch? The fright caused by the wet, strange feel of his own gore pulsing forth, and the absolute shock of sudden physical pain, had quickly died away. All the animal part of him longed to inflict a similar and more poignant punishment on Gillette. He was not at all afraid. He wanted to maul Gillette, to get a knee in his stomach, a fist in his eye, and gouge! When a ship came at your ship, you didn't stand still and let her shell you!

"You bet not! You let 'em have a broadside and sink 'em!" agreed Briggs, for half of Calvin's anguish had been spoken.

As to not bloodying a nose to which such treatment was justly due, Briggs said he wouldn't have believed it of the captain. Personally, he continued, he would certainly hand Gillette a—his ready tongue stopped abruptly. He, a top sergeant, was inciting a new recruit to mutiny.

"By golly! I guess he's right, and we have to obey a superior officer," he finished gloomily. "You can't bloody him."

Corporal Tanner had missed the impromptu drill after chapel. He was in his room practising the manual of arms when the studious Murphy entered, full of the stirring news.

Corporal Tanner rose, put on his cap, and pulled down his uniform coat.

"Stick here, Murph. I sha'n't be long," he said, and went out.

At luncheon Murphy happened to look at Gillette. In his amazement he flicked a drop of chicken gravy on the cloth. Gillette's left eye was a rich purple—Corporal Tanner had done it! Murphy stared stu-

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pidly at the pig which an officious neighbor set before him.

"Spot!" he was reminded.

Murphy paid. Tanner, strictest of officers, but mildest of boys, blacking eyes on a Sunday morning! The corporal was collectedly eating roast chicken. He showed no marks of combat.

There was an embarrassing dearth of conversation until Gillette's eye had been inspected by Company B. Calvin, in the shadow of the larger Briggs, kept his nose fairly well concealed and spotted only once.

"Did you see 'em? Where was it? Ain't that lamp a bird?" the scholarly Murphy queried, the moment luncheon ended.

Rumor said that the battle had occurred in the stables, among the cavalry's ponies.

III

When reveillé sounded at six the next morning, Calvin leaped out, rolled back his bedclothes, ran in his little bath-robe to the marble lavatory, and there, suppressing squeals, got under a cold shower. Other cadets were splashing and sputtering on every side. Then back to his room to polish his boots and get into stiff collar and shirt and service uniform. Meanwhile the bed had aired and must be neatly "made." It was laundry day, so he next wrote his list, with much care, calling on Briggs for help with hard words like "collars" and "pajamas." A general tidying of everything, and his room was ready for "inspection."

At prayers and breakfast he was preoccupied, having learned from Herman that his long-expected saber had arrived. During lessons he thought continually of the saber. After luncheon it was delivered to him in time to be worn at afternoon drill. He was in the artillery and rode on a gun. He would have liked to impart this information to Gunner's Mate Tom O'Brien of father's ship, and he wished the fleet could see the new saber. He felt that at last he was a man.

At dinner he was very still, controlling spoon and fork with an iron will that enabled him to say proudly when dessert was finished:

"Not a thingle thpot!"

"That's bully! Fine for you, kid!" applauded Briggs. "Le's go see the saber."

In Calvin's room Briggs felt the shining, beautiful blade, waggling it in the electric light.

"It's the smallest they ever made for St. Luke's, the cap'n says. An' ain't it a swell? Put on your belt and le's lookit again," exclaimed the enthusiastic Briggs.

Certainly the saber made up for much. Calvin had almost forgotten unpleasant facts when the nurse, coming in at bedtime, fussed over him irritatingly and whispered that he must be a good boy and not think of going after Gillette.

"Oh, all right!" he retorted, retreating to the far side of the bed.

"And you mustn't be a snarlie to nursie."

A snarlie? Wouldn't she be one if people nagged at her? When she had gone he softly moved to the chiffonier and reached for the saber. Stretched out in bed again with the weapon pressed close to his side, he was happy. At intervals the point of it scratched his ankles, but these were wounds without a sting. He was exhausted and slept at once, but Gillette and the pig passed so persistently through wild dreams that he awoke with tormenting thoughts. This was certain: he must avenge the injured nose with fist—or saber. True, if he fought Gillette, they might drum him out of the army. He remembered father's talking of a soldier who had suffered that indignity.

The day was Saturday, and by noon he had achieved a calmer state of mind regarding Gillette. He must do his share of the world's work. This being so, it was necessary to see Gillette pass without instantly thinking of violence.

After luncheon, sternly intending to bury the past, he leaped down the steps of Marley House. Gillette was seated on the lowest stair reading a natural history. Calvin peered at him earnestly. Gillette was absorbed in the book. Now was the time, purging the brain of all viciousness, to look on Gillette coolly. He was amazed to discover that he had no sensations at all. He could watch Gillette almost kindly. The latter's profile was toward Calvin, who took particular account of his enemy's nose. It was long, slightly aquiline, and more freckled than his own.

Well, it was all over. At last perfect mental poise was his. Just as he felt, rather than thought, this, his right fist began to double until the knuckles showed white, the thumb instinctively lay tight against the

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bent fingers, and his breath came short and noisily. In a second, with a yell, he charged Gillette.

"Git up an' fight me, you big lobthter! Come on! I'll thow you if you kin bloody *my* nothe!"

Gillette flung down the book and looked in amazement until a fist lit on his eye. Gasping with swift anger, he doubled his own fists, ready for resistance. He would not strike the tiny fury—only protect himself.

"Quit it, you little devil!" he shouted.

Calvin came on again. He butted and smashed and bawled. His face was flaming, the brown eyes had narrowed as the nostrils widened. His head butted Gillette in the stomach. With a yelp of pain Gillette swung his left for an eye. They clenched and rolled on the gravel walk together. Calvin was on top. Gillette, reaching up, hit Calvin's other eye, and next his mouth. Calvin bit his opponent's chin, digging one elbow into a yielding stomach.

Gillette, gurgling, loosened his hold. Calvin was up instantly. Once more he pounded Gillette's stomach—he was not aware that Gillette was a chronic dyspeptic—then looked down. Gillette, white and awful, gave one moan and remained prostrate.

Calvin flew inside the quarters. The nurse, giving chase, saw him with his saber in his arms, running up the walk. He tripped, fell, and was off again before she could come up with him.

He was in dreadful pain, his brain whizzing. To the captain? No! The commandant must judge this deed.

He sped on, turning in at the high gate. The colonel was outside, examining some recently planted rose-cuttings, when he heard flying feet on the gravel.

A small figure in a ripped uniform was saluting with a wobbly hand on which every knuckle wore a raw bruise. One brown eye regarded him. Its mate was closed. The lips, cut by Gillette's last blow, shook so that the place where two teeth should have been showed plainly.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the colonel.

He was a tall man, so thin and gaunt of frame that he seemed of giant height beside the battered private.

"Thur, I give mythelf up. I jutht licked Pwivate Gillette, an' I'm 'fwaid he's dead—he didn' move. Ith all 'cauthe of the pig. That—thath all. Here ith my thord."

He tendered the saber. The tears were rolling down into his shaking mouth.

"My poor, poor child—hang on to me!"

He lifted boy and saber, hurrying into the house. To Mrs. Colonel, appearing in the hall, his eyes said, "Leave us alone." The library door shut upon them.

IV

Washed, sticking-plastered, and bandaged, Private Brett was cuddled on the colonel's lap.

"After this you come up here the minute you're worried. We'll find a way," said the colonel.

A knock sounded. Sergeant Briggs, puffing, saluted and spoke.

"Captain Marley's compliments, sir, an' is Brett here? Yessir, of course, I see he is. Ah—uh, could we speak to him just a minute? He can come right back."

The colonel stood Private Brett on his feet. Waiting in the corridor were Corporal Tanner, the scholarly Murphy, and Gillette.

"You two shake hands," ordered Corporal Tanner. Gillette, grinning, put out his hand. Calvin, cleared of all enmity, could only dimly wonder at the delightful why of these things. He put a hand into Gillette's.

"I'm thorry. Honetht, I am!" said he.

"So 'm I," said Gillette.

"Let it go at that. *Don't* be sissies," interrupted Corporal Tanner fiercely.

"Say, we're going to let you pay the pig if you wanta," said Gillette.

"Oh, gee! I'm tho glad!" cried Private Brett. Then he rushed back to the colonel.

"May I go, thur? An' thank you, thur! The boyth are waitin' for me."

"Very well! You know 'extenuating circumstances' lets you off from the guardhouse. Can you remember that?"

"Ekthten—yeth, thur. Briggth 'll teach me. Goo'-by, thur."

"Oh, lookit Mithith Colonel in the window." Private Brett had turned to look back. His companions paused, saluting Mrs. Colonel, who waved her hand at them.

The five marched on, with Private Brett in the middle. They were going to the grill-room, where Corporal Tanner intended to treat.

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DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

II

Uncle Sam, Wall Street & Co. open a Spanish-American Branch

BY

HENRY M. HYDE

FROM under the hollow peacock throne sounds the frightened voice of the Prince Regent, speaking in the sacred name and person of the poor little boy Emperor of China:

"I have been a bad little boy. I have been deceived by the bad man who turned over our railroads to be built by foreigners. But please, O People, give me another chance. I am a very little boy, and I cry when I see men butchering each other."

Down in Central America, in the hot tropical city of Managua, a proud, black-whiskered Spanish don humiliates himself:

"We are resigned. Let the Yankees rule us. Let Mr. Taft, let Mr. Knox, say: 'This must be done!' Who is able to resist them in Central America? But let the war cease; let there be no more slaughter!"

Over in Paris the journalists of the boulevards thrust their tongues into the cheek:

"But, finally, one notices that the watered stock of the Steel Trust isn't listed yet on our Bourse, though a former partner of J. P. Morgan was sent over here as American ambassador."

Down in South America men chuckle unpleasantly:

"Those Yankees will do anything to get business. They have turned over the secrets of their navy to Argentina in return for armor and battleship contracts for 'Charley' Schwab and the shipyards, which have failed in repeated efforts to get ship subsidies through Congress. Their diplomats have become, in effect, traveling salesmen of print paper, steel rails, railroad equipment and supplies, manufactured at home by their great trusts."

Widespread is the influence of Dollar Diplomacy. Its voice is the voice of the State Department, smooth, explanatory, palavering, breathing sweetly of "peace," "prosperity," "contentment," "repose." Its hand is the hand of Morgan, hard, grasping, relentless. Men writhe in its grip, just as they do here at home. When they are only semi-civilized, not yet wholly commercialized, they even shed blood in the effort to escape.

On the authority of Theodore Roosevelt, it may be stated that during the first two years of President Taft's administration "the Interior department in effect sided with those great capitalists who wished to 'develop' Alaska by making enormous fortunes for themselves outside of and in defiance of the law."* One recalls in this connection the attempted operations of the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate in the great northern territory.

Such a charge is not made or even insinuated against the State Department. But the fact remains that Dollar Diplomacy means Morgan Diplomacy. That is inevitable. So long as the State Department pursues its present policy, the relations between the State Department and J. Pierpont Morgan, with his half-dozen great Wall street associates, must remain intimate and involved. As the department itself points out, when one wishes to interest great masses of American capital, one must go where American dollars are gathered together in the greatest bulk.

The financial group which acknowledges the overlordship of Morgan is now unrivaled. Its supremacy is unquestioned. It controls the transportation facilities of the United States; it is the master of the telegraph, telephone, sleeping-car, and express

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services of the country; coal, iron, steel, copper, cement, and petroleum—the great basic industries, founded on the natural resources of the country—are in its hands. Through banks, trust companies, insurance companies, and other devices for getting control of the surplus money of the people, it holds supreme power over credit. Naturally its influence is practically universal and almost irresistible. And Mr. Morgan, finding himself supreme in his own land, is naturally ambitious to extend his reputation as a factor in international finance and commercial development.

SOME MORGAN ALUMNI

Men who know Mr. Morgan intimately express great admiration for his fine sense of honor and for his high public spirit. Secretary Knox is doubtless sincere in believing that in giving the Morgan group a firm grip on China, in putting the custom-houses and railroads of Honduras into their control for a long period of years, he is performing the proper functions of an American Secretary of State. He was for thirty years a successful corporation lawyer, with great steel companies among his clients. Not even a Secretary of State can change the habit of mind and the view-point of a lifetime by picking up, at nearly fifty, the portfolio of a public servant. It is fair to assume that he is—like other men—largely the creature of his training and his surroundings. And if, under his administration, the State Department does not fairly interpret to the rest of the world the ideals and aspirations of a great democracy, that may be because it is hard for a corporation post-graduate to understand them.

Consider for a moment some of the Morgan ramifications. Secretary Knox's intimate friend and law-partner since 1877, James H. Reed of Pittsburgh, is a director of the Morgan Steel Trust and chairman of the board of the Carnegie Steel Company. Mr. Knox's immediate predecessor in the office of Secretary of State was Robert Bacon, a former member of the Morgan firm. Mr. Bacon's other claim to distinction is that he was a classmate of Roosevelt at Harvard. "T. R." made him Assistant Secretary of State and, for the last month of his administration, let his friend "Bob" bask in the temporary and apparently empty glory of a full Cabinet member. President Taft and Mr. Knox put Mr. Bacon back in the assistant's job and kept him there until the next winter, just about the time J. P. Morgan was using his great influence to get the stock of the Steel Trust listed on the Paris Bourse. Then Bacon was nominated for the important post of ambassador to France.

The Bacon nomination was objected to by at least one member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the United States Senate, on the ground that it was highly improper to send a Morgan alumnus to the Paris Legation at a time when every effort was being made to win the consent of the French government to allow the stock of the Morgan steel trust to be dealt in on the official exchange. The objecting member asked that action on the nomination be postponed until after his return from a necessary absence. Such a request is almost always honored, as a matter of senatorial courtesy; and it was understood that the rule would be followed in this case. But no sooner had the objector left Washington than immediate advantage was taken of his absence and Mr. Bacon's name was favorably reported, without the formality of waiting for a regular meeting of the committee.

Only the fact that the French government finally declined to give its thrifty citizens an official opportunity to speculate in steel prevented the Bacon nomination and the method of its confirmation from becoming a matter of somewhat heated controversy.

EVEN THE CHINESE REBEL

The dealings of Dollar Diplomacy with China are quite generally admitted to be directly responsible for the present popular rebellion in the Celestial Kingdom. By practically forcing the Prince Regent to borrow several million dollars from the Morgan syndicate and to turn over to it the construction of a certain section of railroad with American materials and engineers, President Taft and Mr. Knox seem to have brought to a head the ancient hatred of the Chinese people for their Manchu rulers. The revolution started, it will be remembered, in the town of Cheng-tu, headquarters of the Chinese company which was superseded by the Morgan syndicate.

This story of China includes the practical dismissal, under humiliating conditions, of a diplomat who was a personal appointee

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of President Taft, and the appointment in his stead of a prominent and highly respected attorney, who also happens to be a director of the International Harvester Company, one of the great trusts which were organized and financed by the Morgan firm.

MR. MORGAN CUTS HIM A CHINESE MELON

One must go back, first of all, to the days before American capitalists had secured such active support from the State Department. The late Senator Brice of Ohio got a concession for the building of a railroad in China. In financing the enterprise he enlisted the interest of the Morgan firm.

Meanwhile the Chinese people built, with Chinese capital and workmen, and under the exclusive direction of Chinese engineers —educated in the United States—a railroad of their own. They overcame great engineering difficulties, and demonstrated that, but for the grafting qualities of their Tartar officials and the tremendous pressure of greedy foreign capitalists, they were quite capable of handling their own transportation problem. Public opinion grew insistent; the government found it necessary, as a matter of self-protection, to buy back the foreign railroad concessions. When it came to getting control of the Morgan-Brice property the Manchu officials found that the Master of Wall Street knew how to exact a profit.

Manchu graft and incompetency hindered the building of railroads with local—Chinese—money and men. Great foreign syndicates demanded the right to "develop" the empire by taking over these projected lines. The central government, weak and corrupt, yielded, and secretly signed an agreement to borrow some thirty millions of dollars from English, French, and German syndicates. The deal was complete when the keen nose of Wall Street caught the scent of profits possibly endangered.

Relying on written permission for American bankers to subscribe to future railroad loans, which Minister Conger had secured in 1904, the State Department started to force the Prince Regent and his cabinet to let the Morgan group in on the melon-cutting. For a long time the Manchu peacock feathers resisted. They yielded only when President Taft sent a personal cablegram to the Prince Regent, which made further delay almost impossible. Finally the amount of the loan was increased and the Wall Street party given an equal right with the other foreign bankers to subscribe for the railroad bonds and to furnish men and materials for building an equal section of the line.

By this arrangement Mr. Morgan was given an opportunity to make one profit on handling the Chinese securities and a second on the sale of steel rails and other construction materials, the market for which in the United States is controlled by the Morgan steel trust.

While the Manchu government was squirming under the Knox pressure on behalf of Wall Street, President Taft appointed Charles R. Crane, of Chicago, minister to China. Mr. Crane is widely known as a man of wealth, a traveler, a student of diplomatic affairs, and a reformer in politics. He thought he knew the views of the President on Far Eastern affairs, and made several speeches and gave out some interviews in which he expressed the hope that the great powers would allow China to work out its own salvation; that they would lend a friendly hand to the Chinese people in their efforts to develop their own transportation system and their own vast natural resources.

THE NIGGER IN THE CHINESE WOOD-PILE

Mr. Crane spent a large part of the summer in Washington, trying to get specific instructions from the State Department. He made repeated appointments with Secretary Knox and his subordinates, none of which was kept. Finally he started for his post. He had reached San Francisco when the State Department took action which resulted in forcing him to resign his commission.

Though he appealed to President Taft, whose personal appointee he was, Mr. Crane has never been able to get even a statement of the reasons for what was practically his discharge, under conditions of peculiar humiliation. In his stead, William J. Calhoun was gazetted to China. Mr. Calhoun is a conspicuous corporation lawyer, a man of the highest standing in the professional world, a director in the International Harvester Company, and a former partner of Max Pam, who helped to organize the steel trust.

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By the Knox policy of forcing China to borrow money and buy materials from Morgan and his associates, the popular unrest and indignation against the government were greatly increased. In the Chinese town that was the headquarters of the local company supplanted by the Morgan group, the revolutionary feeling centered, and there the storm which shook the dynasty finally broke.

Official apologists for Dollar Diplomacy, who benignantly pronounce it to be a substitute for the Golden Rule, sure to produce peace, harmony, and good-will among the nations, will be pained and puzzled to explain the apparent results of the policy in China.

The assistance rendered by the State Department to the Morgan group did not end with forcing the Prince Regent to give them a liberal slice of the railroad pie. The acting chief of the Division of Far Eastern Affairs in the State Department, while those negotiations were in progress, was Willard Straight—formerly consul-general at Mukden. About the time the contract was unwillingly signed, Mr. Straight went to China as the open and official representative of the Morgan syndicate—known in euphonious diplomatic language as the "American Group." Doubtless his service in that capacity was highly satisfactory to all concerned, for six months later he was appointed, for a second time, consul-general at Mukden, one of the important Chinese cities.

THE COMIC OPERA REPUBLICS

China is half-way round the world, as far away as one can get from Washington. Its great wall shuts in all the mystery of the ancient East. Real information about its people and the wonderful possibilities of their country is hard to get. Yet, so far as the knowledge and the interest of the American people are concerned, China is much nearer than the five republics which lie just across the sunny Caribbean Sea from our own southern coast. Guatemala, Costa Rica, Honduras, Nicaragua, Salvador—they might as well be the names of five comic operas so far as the average American is concerned. Mention one of them and the man on the street grins, thinking of an angry squirrel spinning its revolving cage. Grotesque armies of bare-footed, ragged soldiers, led by adventurers from the States, pulling off a ten-cent revolution every other Friday! The international monkey-house! The location of a thousand get-rich-quick rubber plantations and other swindling enterprises! Palm-trees and temporary tin-pot tyrants—iced drinks and fugitive embezzlers from New York—hot tropical jungles and wild young desperadoes from Chicago and the West, who boast that the open season for greasers is never closed!

DR. KNOX PRESCRIBES A PILL

For nearly a century we have made a joke of the helpless misery of a whole people. It is time we accumulated a few facts about the situation—no matter how painful may be the process. The proposal of the present State Department to spread the beneficence of Dollar Diplomacy over Central America may help to sugar-coat the pill.

The Republic of Honduras, lying across the middle of Central America, is slightly larger than Pennsylvania. It has a total population of half a million people, the bulk of Indian blood. The foreign debt of the republic is more than $124,000,000, about $250 per capita—three times greater in proportion than the debt of the British Empire. Nearly one hundred million dollars of this vast debt represents defaulted interest, which has been accumulating since 1873. All that the people of Honduras have to show for this hopeless mortgage on their future is fifty-seven miles of ramshackle railroad and a few wharves in bad condition. It represents very largely the graft of successive government officials and corrupt loan agents.

A good many of the older states of the American Union—with far less excuse than Honduras has—have simply repudiated and refused to pay more equitable debts aggregating several hundred millions of dollars. But Honduras is weak and helpless. Save for the Monroe Doctrine, foreign navies would long ago have taken possession of the country. Because of the same precious doctrine, the people of the United States are morally responsible for prevailing conditions. It has stood like a wire bird-cage over Central America. Inside the bars grafters and tyrants and foreign adventurers have looted and killed in safety, while outside have stood the international policemen, forbidden to enter and compel order.

By way of remedying the present intoler-

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able conditions, the State Department proposes to compromise the foreign debt, settle the conflicting claims of foreign and native concession-holders, and turn over the management of the finances of the republic and of its railroad and transportation system to the Morgan syndicate for a period of something like forty years. The deal, arranged by the State Department, provides that the Morgan group shall buy ten million dollars' worth of Honduran bonds, paying for them eighty-eight cents on the dollar, less the syndicate expenses, which will amount to about five hundred and forty thousand dollars. The convention between the United States and Honduras, providing protection for these bonds, was submitted to the Senate for approval in January last. But that the understanding between the State Department and the Wall Street syndicate is of older date may be judged by the following official circular:

HONDURAS EXTERNAL DEBT

Holders of bonds of the Honduras five per cent. loan (1867), the ten per cent. railway loan of 1867, the 6 2-3 per cent. loan of 1869, and the ten per cent. railway loan of 1870, are invited to forthwith deposit their bonds with the Council of Foreign Bondholders against the issue of negotiable receipts, authorizing the Council to deliver the deposited securities to Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co., against a cash payment of fifteen pounds for each one hundred pounds of existing bonds with unpaid coupons attached, provided a settlement of the debts of Honduras under the auspices of the United States is effected by the 4th of August, 1910.

Lists with the conditions of deposit can be obtained on application. JAMES P. COOPER,
Secretary.
17 Moorgate Street,
London, E. C.
5th August, 1909.

CONDITIONS OF DEPOSIT

1. The Council is constituted the holder, for the time being, of the deposited securities, and is invested with all the powers of the actual owner thereof, and is authorized to deliver the deposited securities to Messrs. J. S. Morgan & Co.,* against payment in cash of the sum of fifteen (15) pounds, in respect of each one hundred pound bond and unpaid interest coupons thereon, IF AND WHEN AN ARRANGEMENT SATISFACTORY TO MESSRS. J. P. MORGAN & CO. IS CONCLUDED BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA AND THE REPUBLIC OF HONDURAS for the settlement of the debt of which the deposited securities form part, provided that such payment be made on or before the 4th day of August, 1910.

2. Should such payment not be made by the date named, the Council in accord with the Committee of Holders of Honduras Bonds is authorized to extend the above period or to negotiate any other arrangement, and to act generally as they may deem expedient in the interest of the Certificate Holders, but any such extension of time or arrangement shall only be binding on all depositors if and when ratified by a resolution of a General Meeting of the Certificate Holders convened by the Council in manner provided by its rules and regulations, the Holders of Certificates issued in respect of Honduras External Bonds of all classes being convened and voting together.

* The former name of the English House of Morgan.

When confronted with this circular, which seems to make a treaty between two sovereign powers subject to the final approval of J. P. Morgan before it becomes effective, the State Department declares that neither it nor the Morgan firm can be fairly held responsible for statements made by an entirely distinct body. It is not conceivable, however, that the Council of Foreign Bondholders should issue such an official document without first having an understanding with the Morgan group, which, in turn, is not in the habit of acting until it has made fairly sure of its ground.

A STUDY IN BARGAINS

If the financial details of this great three-cornered international deal prove hard reading, pray remember that living under it may prove harder still for the people of Honduras. Bear in mind also that it involves not only the future welfare and destiny of Honduras, but the honor and self-respect of the people of the United States. Unwillingness to spend a little time on the study of figures has proved before now the ruin of a great many men who woke up too late to the fact that somebody with a keener mathematical mind had got the better of them.

Honduras issues ten million dollars in five per cent. gold bonds, running for forty years. The Morgan syndicate buys them at eighty-eight, less its expenses, which makes the total discount about seventeen and one-half per cent. In other words, Honduras pays six per cent. interest on the money which it apparently borrows, but every cent of which is actually disposed of before the deal is made. Three millions are to be spent in

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the purchase and retirement of a bale of the old and practically outlawed bonds of the republic, which have been kicked about the garrets of Europe for the last forty years, without the payment during that time of a cent of either principal or interest.

The sum of two million one hundred thousand dollars in cash is provided by the bankers, to be spent in buying up title to, and claims against, the national railroad and wharves—thus providing additional security for the loan—in settling other claims against the republic, and in making improvements and additions to the railroad docks. For the last purpose seven hundred thousand dollars are specifically set aside, the money to be spent only on the approval of an engineer appointed by the syndicate.

The further sum of two million five hundred thousand dollars in bonds is also appropriated for railroad and other industrial development in the future, expenditures to be still subject to the approval of Wall Street. It is perhaps fair to point out, in this connection, the opportunity for the steel trust and other Morgan properties to get profitable contracts for supplying steel rails and other materials. The remaining part of the issue of ten million dollars is to be held for exchange with the holders of the old bonds, which are still outstanding.

HOG-TYING HONDURAS

Honduras gets its debts paid and stands pledged to spend three million two hundred thousand dollars in improving its transportation system as the Morgan syndicate may direct. In return its hands are tied for forty years. Until 1951, or during the life of the bonds, its revenues, its custom-houses, its railroads and wharves are to be turned over to men selected or approved by the fiscal agent of the loan—with the army and navy of the United States behind him. The President of the United States shall approve the selection of the Collector General of Customs, and the government of the United States shall "afford him such protection as it shall deem necessary." During all this time the rate of import or export duties shall not be changed without the permission of the government of the United States.

What, during that time, is to be the fate of the poverty-stricken people of Honduras, with their national revenues hypothecated, and all their transportation facilities in foreign control? What, in the natural course of events, is to become of their fabulously rich and undeveloped natural resources?

BANANA DIPLOMACY IN COSTA RICA

Already and without any government assistance, the republic of Costa Rica has become practically a vassal of the United Fruit Company, an American trust which absolutely controls the sale of bananas in the United States. It owns about half of the plantation lands in Costa Rica, a large part of the railroads and wharves, and several lines of steamboats running to the United States. It usually has little trouble in getting what it wants in a political way. How its domination is enjoyed by the Costa Ricans may be judged by the following extract from a speech recently delivered in the Costa Rican Congress:

"Our moral depression is such that we can not overcome the invasion of the American multi-millionaires, who trade their fortunes for European coronets. Their daughters escape from their unhappy consorts by divorce, but we Costa Ricans can not make laws to free us, in turn, from the abominable concubinage of the Yankee element which treats us as if we were a degenerate race."

And despite the efforts of the State Department to make the Morgan contract appear a fair and equitable one, it is to be noted that General Juan E. Paredes, one of the Honduran commissioners, refused to sign the final agreement and that the contract was later emphatically repudiated by the national congress. This refusal on the part of the Honduran legislature to approve the deal was promptly followed by the outbreak of a revolution against President Davilla, in which "General" Lee Christmas, a typical soldier of fortune from the States, was the chief aide of the successful rebel leader, General Bonilla.

When the Knox convention was laid before the Foreign Relations committee of the United States Senate for approval, there was at first a considerable majority against it. Tremendous pressure was brought to bear, and presently one or two of the objectors changed front. It was gossip about the capital last summer that some of the members had heard from financial interests at home, which had Wall Street connections,

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and a desire to share in the profitable underwriting of foreign loans. Still, however, the sentiment of the committee was opposed to the approval of the convention, and favorable action was secured only by taking advantage of the temporary absence of some of its opponents. When the committee made its favorable report to the Senate, some of these absentees gave notice that they wished to discuss, in open session, some of the matters brought up behind the closed and sacred doors of the Foreign Relations committee-room. That frightened its friends so badly that no further attempt was made to force action.

WHY BE A PIG?

With bonds so amply secured, backed by the army and navy of the United States, offered at such a low price, bearing such a high rate of interest, it would seem certain that thousands of individual investors would be glad of the chance to purchase them. Why need the State Department if, in a spirit of high philanthropy and international good will it is going into the bond business—why need it confine its dealings to Wall Street? Why should not such an issue be thrown open to public subscription?

Why should not the people of the United States be given a chance to show their good feeling toward Latin America—particularly when there seems to be no possibility of loss? It is, of course, to this same public that the Morgan group looks for customers for the bonds, once it has put them on the market—and even the State Department expects them to sell at par. The name of Morgan is mighty, but the backing of the national government should be sufficient without the Morgan endorsement.

One member of the Foreign Relations committee of the Senate declared, last summer, his conviction that, if given an opportunity, the people of his own by no means large or wealthy state would subscribe for at least half of a ten-million-dollar bond issue, so secured and protected.

The partnership of the State Department with Wall Street in international bond deals is certain to result in constantly renewed interference with the internal affairs of the borrowing nation. This is illustrated—even before a bond deal is completed—by what has been going on in Nicaragua.

In October, 1909, José Zelaya had been dictator of Nicaragua for sixteen years. He was, as President Taft called him, "an international criminal," a tyrant and despot, widely known as "the mad dog of Central America." In 1907 he and the presidents of the other four republics of Central America sent delegates to Washington, at the invitation of the United States, to sign a treaty of peace and amity. One of the important features of that treaty was that all the parties bound themselves not to recognize a revolutionary government in any of the five republics. To that treaty, signed, at the invitation of the President, at Washington, with a delegate representing this government attending all the conferences, the United States was, of necessity, morally a party. But that did not prevent the present State Department from breaking it.

In 1909 Zelaya was negotiating a loan with English bankers. He says, in the pamphlets he has issued from his well-lined retreat in Europe, that he was about to put into effect many much-needed reforms—but that need deceive no one. In October of that year, General Estrada, governor of one of the little states into which Nicaragua is divided, seized the telegraph offices at Bluefields on the coast and, with a handful of followers, started a rebellion. There had been rebellions in plenty against Zelaya before, but he had always been able to put them down, and in no case had the United States given any official aid to the rebels.

"THE MAD DOG OF CENTRAL AMERICA"—AND THE BONE

This time munitions of war and fighting men seem to have been somewhat freely supplied from American ports, without any stringent efforts being made to stop them. Then, within a few weeks of the outbreak of the rebellion, Secretary Knox sent a peremptory note to the Nicaraguan minister in Washington, denouncing Zelaya, dismissing the minister, and practically recognizing Estrada as head of the Nicaraguan government. By that time another body of rebels, headed by General Madriz, had risen in the western part of Nicaragua and started to dispute with Estrada's forces the control of the government.

There was nothing left for Zelaya to do but retire. He fled to Mexico and thence to Europe, where he is reported to be living in luxury. As President Taft says: "We

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indirectly obtained the expulsion of Zelaya." When a man who is twice your size and weight slaps your face and assists your departure with the toe of a number twelve boot, he is using equally indirect methods.

The "mad dog" was gone, but Estrada and Madriz were left to fight over the picked bone of Nicaragua. It was a lovely situation for the peon, already stripped to the last calico shirt on his back! In both tattered armies reports were current that the State Department favored first one and then the other faction.

"DOLLARS FOR BULLETS"—?

At one time the Madriz forces captured the bluffs above Greytown, and were about to bombard the town when they were forbidden to do so by the United States, it being admitted that such a bombardment would have resulted in the final defeat of Estrada. How bitter was the feeling aroused among the people may be judged by the following quotation from an article published in *La Tarde*, a newspaper of Managua, the capital, in January, 1910, long after Zelaya had fled to Mexico:

"I appeal to all persons who in any way represent the United States of North America in Nicaragua, to declare what it is that their people and government want with us, for we can no longer tolerate the state of anxiety, alarm, and uneasiness in which we are living. Let Mr. Taft, let Mr. Knox say: 'We want this, and this must be done.' Who is able to resist or oppose them in Central America? Do they accept Madriz? Do they want Estrada? . . . Must he be a white man, a black man, a half caste, an Indian, or a mulatto?—we have them all. But let them choose at once; to-morrow, to-day, this very moment! A telegram, a word, a hint! Halt there! Let the war cease; no more slaughter, no more bloodshed. . . . We are resigned; let the Yankees rule us, but let them be fair rulers. . . . Let all lay down their arms. Let him who is to the liking of that Colossus remain in the presidency. . . ."

The faction of Estrada finally became victorious, but the country remained in tumult. Instantly Thomas C. Dawson, the official peacemaker of the State Department, was hurried to Managua. There he called the various revolutionary leaders together, and an arrangement was made whereby Estrada was to be chosen provisional president for two years, giving his word that he would not be a candidate for reelection. It was also arranged that a Congress should be elected, which should prepare a new constitution, subject to the approval of the provisional president. A third proviso was that Adolfo Diaz should be chosen vice-president.

As the finances of the republic were in bad condition, it was suggested that a loan of from twelve to twenty millions should be arranged with American bankers on the security of the customs, as is also proposed in the case of Honduras.

So much for the interference of the State Department in the internal affairs of Nicaragua.

Estrada took the presidential chair and a Congress was elected. He is a Liberal in politics. The majority of Congress was made up of the Conservative or Clerical party. It reported a constitution which contained a clause providing for the union of church and state. Estrada, in defense of liberal principles, dissolved Congress and sent the members home. Another was chosen, and it passed, in May last, a bill authorizing Estrada to conclude an American loan, secured by the customs. In June a convention was signed between the United States and Nicaragua, which is almost a copy of that between Honduras and the United States, and also pending before the Senate. The State Department is careful to point out, however, that in the case of Nicaragua no prior arrangement has been made with the Morgan group. When the convention has been finally approved, banking groups in all parts of the country will be invited to bid for the bonds.

Meanwhile Estrada has finally quarreled with Congress and fled the country, going to New Orleans, where it is reported he is attempting to finance a new revolution with the aid of an American syndicate. Adolfo Diaz succeeded him, and late in the fall it was announced that General Mena had been elected president.

There have been more or less serious anti-American riots in Leon and other liberal centers since the State Department undertook to arrange the affairs of Nicaragua, the United States Consul at Managua has left the service because of the failure of our government to support President Estrada,

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and it has been difficult to prevent the breaking out of a new revolution.

In detailing all these triumphs of Dollar Diplomacy there is no intention to impeach the sincerity of Secretary Knox. He evidently belongs to the school of thought which believes that the way to make a weak and dependent nation great and strong—its people happy and prosperous—is to put the management of its finances into the hands of a powerful foreign syndicate; to give to the same syndicate control of the transportation system of the country; to enforce "peace and tranquillity" among the people, to the end that "investments may be safe" and the natural resources "developed by the aid of foreign capital." Along these lines Diaz managed Mexico for thirty years. Until the recent revolution, that republic presented the perfect fruition of the policy to which Secretary Knox now proposes to give governmental sanction and support. The frightful poverty, ignorance, and wretchedness of the Mexican people—conditions revealed by the revolution—would seem to be sufficient to make the advocates of the policy hesitate.

WE DROVE SPAIN FROM CUBA, BUT—

At any rate, it is idle to expect any people—no matter how ignorant or poor—to enjoy the prospect of having practically all their national revenue collected and controlled by a great foreign syndicate for a long period of years; to have, at the same time, their transportation systems put into the same hands. Are they to be blamed for their fears that, during such an epoch of foreign domination, their gold and iron and copper mines, their great forests and rich rubber and coffee lands will pass forever into foreign ownership? Are not such fears justified?

That it is not sufficient to reorganize the finances of a country and to see that "orderly progress and prosperity" are not interfered with by revolution, is evidenced by the case of Cuba. The present government of the island republic has recently sent two editors into exile because of the repeated charges of graft and corruption which they published; and at least one American syndicate has secured from the Gomez administration a concession which greatly excites the admiration of financiers. Under the terms of this concession the company is authorized to collect port dues of two dollars a ton on all goods imported from abroad, except in the case of the United States, when the exaction is only one dollar a ton. The monthly revenue of the company from this source is said to average between seventy-five thousand and one hundred thousand dollars, and the concession runs for a long term of years. In return, the company is to do a large amount of dredging and to do other work on the wharves and harbors.

"CIVILIZING LATIN-AMERICA"

And it must be finally remembered that all over Latin America our motives are more than suspected. The United States is generally looked upon as a nation of greedy, brutal, and unscrupulous aggressors. This is the opinion not only of disgruntled politicians, but of the well-informed and progressive leaders. Such a one is Dr. Tomas Ceron Camargo, delegate-general of the Hispano-American University. In a speech delivered last summer at San Juan, Porto Rico, he said:

"Fortunately for the Latin-Americans, in a happy hour Mr. Root ceased to be Secretary of State in Washington. This gentleman had made a very profound study of our character. He knew how to take advantage of our courtesy and knew how susceptible we are to flattery and adulation. If he had continued in that post in the government, our situation would have had no remedy. The politicians of to-day cause me no anxiety. The actual governors have filled Latin-America with anger, but no more. Happy the nations still capable of becoming angry! . . .

"Love of country, the purity of our language, regional pride, all are disappearing before the pressure of a false civilization. There is no compassion for the humble. The working man is at the mercy of the boot of the foreigner, who makes him labor without pity in order to obtain rapidly the fruit of the toil of the unfortunate. The foreigner has come to our country to carry away what he encounters, and in return has brought us shameful vices, coarse pride, and despotism."

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The PLAYERS

HUMAN beings are assuredly the most interesting objects in our vision of the panoramic world. "A new person," said Emerson, "is to me always a great event, and hinders me from sleep." We are ever on the outlook for the stimulus of this experience. Therefore we confront the world with waiting eyes; and any day that we encounter a real person and, in the phrase of Browning, "see him plain," may well be marked in red upon our calendars.

But real people are extremely rare in life. A real person must be representative of an entire class, or section, of humanity; he must "contain multitudes," as Whitman says, so that life shall speak through him with a large voice; but he must, at the same time, be so distinctly outlined as a single, separate person that it would be impossible to confuse him with any other representative of his class. Real people are at once typical and individual; and this paradoxical combination seldom occurs in actuality. Most people fall undistinguished into pigeon-holes—a shop-girl who is merely a shop-girl, a car conductor who is merely a car conductor, an actor who is merely an actor. Certain people, on the other hand, are merely individual: they are undeniably unique, but, like idiots or madmen, are representative of nothing.

And even when a real person—a person whose qualities are at once resumptive and particular—occurs to us in life, it is usually difficult to see him. His essential personality is likely, at any moment, to be overlaid with many accidents of actual investiture. We look upon him at the wrong time, in the wrong place: we call, and we find him not at home.

It becomes, therefore, the purpose of the noble art of fiction to open for us vistas of a world that is not dimmed with actuality, —a *real* world, in which we may look directly at real people and may see them plain. There can be no worthier ambition for an artist than to minister to our eagerness for the sort of new person who constitutes a great event—to create real characters, in other words, and set them clearly before our observation. Any novel or any play which is populated with real characters is, by that token, a worthy work of art, even if it be lacking in every other excellence. On the contemporary stage we rarely see an assemblage of characters that are all essentially alive; and therefore high praise must be accorded to any piece that affords us this experience. One such piece is, at the present writing, running in New York. It is entitled "Bunty Pulls the Strings."

"BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS"

The name of Mr. Graham Moffat, the author of the comedy thus quaintly called, had never been heard of in the great world of the theatre until a year ago. Supported by the numerous members of his family, he had been traveling about for years among the smaller Scottish towns, giving enter-

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tainments in which he held the mirror up to the nature of his auditors and made them laugh at a humorous depiction of themselves. These shrewdly observed sketches of character gradually grouped themselves into a *genre* study in three acts. With a play that, like Topsy, had "just growed," Mr. Moffat went up to London. He succeeded in getting a hearing at a special matinée. His offering was seized at once by a discerning manager, and put up as a regular bill at the Haymarket, where it has been playing to crowded houses ever since; and now its London success is being duplicated in America. If ever a playwright awoke one morning to find himself famous, that playwright is Mr. Graham Moffat.

"Bunty Pulls the Strings" deserves its great success—first, because of its reality of characterization, and second, because of the spontaneity and humor of its dialogue. It possesses, as we shall see, no other qualities of excellence; but these two merits are sufficient to make it one of the most delicious entertainments of recent years. Mr. Moffat has assembled a familiar little group of Lowland Scots and permitted them to be themselves upon the stage. He has gained an added touch of quaintness by setting his piece in 1860 and dressing his people in the amiably awkward costumes of the mid-Victorian period. But Time drags a slow foot in the counties south of Glasgow, and in all their human traits Mr. Moffat's characters are identical with those that the leisurely adventurer may encounter in the same district to-day. The present writer met nearly all of them in life during the course of a ramble through Scotland only a year ago; and the experience of attending the performance of "Bunty" was like a wished and sudden meeting with old friends.

There they are, painted with a humorous zest of actuality that reminds us of the method of the minor painters of the great age of art in Holland: Tammas Biggar, the burly father of the family, a pillar of society, a prop of the church, self-righteous, and yet secretly unfaithful to both personal and financial obligations, a man so narrowly religious that he erects his very vices into virtues, and fanatically serves a Deity that he has created in his own dour and doughty image; his daughter Bunty, an amiable manœuvrer, who cleverly "gets around" her father and everybody else, manipulating them like puppets whereof she holds the strings; her brother Rab, a violent, ambitious boy, who chafes at the restraint of the narrow, cramping life of the community and longs to run away to Glasgow; her solemn lover, Weelum Sprunt, an honest, faithful, worthy soul, who is so weighted down with the responsibilities of life that his face always wears the aspect of a Scottish sky fast darkening for rain; an acidulous old maid named Susie Simpson; another maiden of advancing years named Eelen Dunlop, in whose rich heart still bloom the roses of romantic youth; and the latter's niece, named Teenie, a wistful little twittering, bird-like girl, who wins the heart of Rab.

We see these people at home; we go with them to church; we live their very lives for a delicious evening and find them more amusing than our own. All these characters are perfectly played by an imported Scottish company that is competent to make the most of every nice detail. The dialogue is so racy and so real that it is difficult to think of it as written: it seems as if the words we listen to must be spoken then and there for the first time; and we feel that if we should return the next evening, we should hear the same characters express themselves in other phrases. Thus a minute carefulness of art in both the writing and the reading of the lines produces on us the effect of an improvisation.

These are indeed great merits; but it must also be confessed that spontaneity of dialogue and humorous reality of characterization are the only merits that this curious comedy possesses. It is weak in the element of action. The story that it tells is so conventional and commonplace that the mind is little interested in it at the time and refuses to recall it afterward; and only at infrequent intervals does the narrative attain to any tensity of dramatic conflict. Furthermore, the piece, as a whole, is not about anything; it has no theme; its multitudinous details are not held orderly together in the leash of a centripetal idea.

Several of the newspaper reviewers stated that Mr. Moffat's work reminded them of Mr. Barrie's; but the only resemblance between the two authors is that both have dealt with Scottish characters—a point which is, of course, devoid of any critical significance. One might as well say that Browning's poetry is like Landor's because they both wrote lovingly of Italy. Mr. Barrie always has a theme: "What Every

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Woman Knows" is about something, and so is "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." Each of these plays is an endogenous unfolding of a central, all-informing idea. Mr. Barrie, also, always tells a story that is novel, quaint, capricious, and surprising. And, lastly, his work is poetized by an exquisite, all-pervading sense of his own sage and subtle personality; whereas, in viewing Mr. Moffat's work, one finds it of no interest to wonder what sort of man the author is. Mr. Moffat seems lacking in all of those particular qualities by virtue of which Mr. Barrie has made himself the best-beloved of recent writers for the stage.

But fortunately there is no need that "Bunty" should be overpraised. It is good enough in itself to be valued highly for the qualities it has. It is a shrewd and amiable *genre* study, very humorous and absolutely real. It presents, not an elucidation of life, but a very accurate and thoroughly delightful observation of it.

"THE ONLY SON"

"The Only Son," by Mr. Winchell Smith, is immeasurably less remarkable than "Bunty" in the elements of character and dialogue; but it tells a more dramatic story, and it enjoys the big advantage of a theme. This theme, curiously enough, is identical with that which informed Mr. Smith's previous play, "The Fortune Hunter." The two plays are utterly different in story and in tone; but each of them unfolds, in its own way, a working-out of a narrative project that is, in both cases, essentially the same. This project—briefly stated—is to present in the first act a young man who has made a mess of his life and apparently is worthless, and thereafter to fling him through a series of circumstances that call forth certain inherent qualities of strength which till then have lain dormant in his nature, so that in the end he "makes good," as the phrase is, and emerges as a master of his circumstances and himself. This is a wholesome and invigorating theme; and it is somehow essentially what, in our patriotic pride, we like to call American.

In "The Only Son" this theme is given a daring and original development. Thomas Brainerd, Jr. (played by Mr. Wallace Eddinger), has been utterly spoiled by a large allowance from his father, and wastes his money and his time gadding about with worthless women. His father has been dehumanized by many years of unremitted preoccupation with the task of amassing a colossal fortune. His sister has grown up as a hard and shallow-hearted girl whose only ambition is to marry a foreign nobleman. His mother, bereft of any real and steadying interest in life, has drifted aimlessly about in what is called society, and has allowed herself, half-heartedly and carelessly, to become entangled in a guilty intrigue with a certain sculptor.

Upon the sudden death of the sculptor, certain letters which incriminate Mrs. Brainerd are found among his effects by a blackmailing detective who brings them to the notice of her husband. Brainerd, suddenly confronting her with his knowledge of her guilt, mercilessly forces her to a confession of her sin in the presence of her children, and then orders her out of the house. Her heartless daughter turns against her; but her son, shocked suddenly to an assertion of essential manliness, takes her under his care and assures her that he will not forsake her. In this remarkable scene, the author has made an earnest effort to tell the natural truth about a situation which has always hitherto been treated with conventional theatricism; and his sincerity has carried conviction to the audience.

Since his mother needs a man to fight her forlorn and losing battle, the only son grows up and becomes the man she needs. By a deft manipulation of dramatic strategy he secures and destroys the only documentary evidence of his mother's error; and he forces his father to agree to avoid a scandal and to renounce his previous intention of suing for a divorce. Young Brainerd takes his mother to Colorado, where she keeps house for him for a couple of years. During this time he secretly engages in a business which he works up to such importance that his capitalist father is forced to journey westward to make an effort to buy him out. The father is so impressed with his son's development of character that he takes him into partnership; and ultimately the son succeeds in effecting a reconciliation between his parents.

Too much of this story is told in talk, and too little of it in action. The expository passages are rather clumsy; and the fabric as a whole is not notable for theatrical dexterity. But the characters are aptly chosen to elucidate the theme, and are

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KITTY GORDON, THE STAR OF "THE ENCHANTRESS."

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DAVID WARFIELD IN "THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM."

sufficiently real not to be coerced by it; and the theme itself is so sound in essence and so sincere in representment that the play makes a strong appeal to the emotions of the audience.

"REBELLION"

In Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson's drama called "Rebellion," the theme runs away with the characters; and the author fails of reality in representing life because he is too earnestly intent upon insisting on his thesis. His purpose is to preach that the Roman Catholic doctrine of the indissolubility of marriage shows itself, in its application to certain special cases, to be inhuman and unnatural, and, therefore, at bottom, immoral.

To effect this purpose, the author sets before us a working girl named Georgia Connor (played by Gertrude Elliott), who comes of a Roman Catholic family, and who is married to a drunken brute of a husband. At the end of the first act, she very justly casts him off. Afterward she falls in love with a thoroughly worthy man who loves her in return. At this point her parish priest intervenes, and, with many religious arguments, persuades her ultimately that it is her duty to take back her husband. As a consequence, she has a child that is tainted from its birth with its father's disease of alcoholism. The child dies in early infancy; and at the very moment of its death, its father is brought home helpless in a drunken stupor. The heroine then finally revolts against the doctrine of her church, and, despite the pleadings of

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Photograph by White, New York.

AMY SINGLETON AND MOLLY PEARSON IN "BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS."

the priest, decides to secure a divorce and to marry the man she really loves.

This polemical composition suffers as a play from the fact that the heroine is a Roman Catholic only by inheritance and not by conviction. From the very outset her conscience revolts against a doctrine that she really disbelieves; so that there can be no true dramatic struggle in her soul, and the auditor finds it difficult to believe that she actually resumed relations with her husband at the urging of the priest.

Furthermore, the piece suffers from the fact that it is both written and acted in two keys that are incongruous. It starts out as a realistic representation of lower middle class life in Chicago and soon shifts to an abstract interchange of rhetoric. That beautiful and spiritual actress, Miss Gertrude Elliott, plays the heroine in far too lyrical a key. It is evident from her cultured and nicely modulated speech that she has never been a working girl nor lived in a cheap district of Chicago. She gives, indeed, a beautiful performance of what the heroine is not. Both play and performance are faulty from the point of view of art; but the author's earnestness is sufficiently intense to make the fabric interesting.

"THE RETURN OF PETER GRIMM"

Mr. David Belasco's production of his own play, "The Return of Peter Grimm," not only exhibits the contemporary art of acting at its best, but is also a supreme instance of the special triumph of the modern art of stage-direction. At no previous pe-

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GERTRUDE ELLIOTT, WHO IS APPEARING IN "REBELLION."

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BILLIE BURKE AS *COLETTE* IN "THE RUNAWAY."

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riod in the history of the theatre could such a play have been successfully produced; for its effect is entirely dependent upon a mastery of every minute detail of the modern mechanism of the theatre. It is very likely that if Mr. Belasco should lend us the manuscript of the play, and we should take it home and read it without attending a performance, we should find the piece at most points unconvincing, and at many points absurd; but in the theatre it compels artistic credence and maintains an unremitted empery over the emotions.

The reason for this is that the appeal of "Peter Grimm" is almost entirely visual. The spectator is caught and held by an imaginative siege to that subtle sense which Hamlet called the "mind's eye." This siege is conducted mainly by a delicate manipulation of electric lights; but the lighting of the stage is so craftily effected that at no time does it call attention to itself, and the average spectator observes a subtly harmonized series of Rembrandt-like effects of chiaroscuro without noticing the mechanical expedients by which his imagination is conquered and enthralled.

The play is a concrete embodiment of that special spiritistic hypothesis of immortality which has for many years allured the mind of Professor Hyslop and which has been deemed worthy of scientific investigation by even so eminent a thinker as the late Professor William James. There are two main points to this hypothesis—first, a belief in the persistence of human individuality after bodily death, and, second, a belief that the enfranchised individual soul still hovers after death around its earthly residence and strives to communicate with its former fellows who are still alive. This is not the place for a philosophical analysis of this hypothesis. For our present purpose—which is solely the purpose of dramatic criticism—it is sufficient to state that the theory is obviously ripe for exploitation in the theatre, because it makes a strong appeal to the popular and general mind. In its first point, the hypothesis is popular, because it agrees with the doctrine of the Christian church—a doctrine which for twenty centuries has influenced the attitude of the Occident toward life; and, in its second point, the hypothesis is also popular, because it ministers to that motive in the average mind which we know as the desire to believe.

In the first act, Peter Grimm (played, of course, perfectly by Mr. David Warfield) is exhibited as a kindly and humorous old man who is yet somewhat obstinate and self-opinionated. With an old crony of his, who is a doctor, Peter discusses the Hyslop hypothesis of immortality and defends the skeptical and disbelieving side. The necessary abstractness of this expository conversation is skilfully relieved by many concrete touches of humorous characterization. Peter is bent on keeping all his interests, both business and personal, tied up in his family; and to this end he forces a young girl who is his ward, and whom he dearly loves, to promise to marry his nephew—who, unknown to Peter, is a worthless fellow—instead of marrying a stranger to the family, whom she really loves. Having effected this wrong, which he obstinately deems to be a right, Peter suddenly dies.

In the remaining two acts the dead Peter reappears in the familiar living-room, and strives pathetically to communicate to his flower-like and lovely ward that he now knows that she ought to break her solemn promise to him and marry the man she really loves. Throughout these two acts the dead Peter remains invisible, inaudible, and intangible to the living people on the stage; although, on his side, he sees and hears them, and even understands their unformulated feelings and unuttered thoughts.

The extremely difficult illusion of this unusual convention is perfectly maintained by Mr. Belasco's mastery of stage-direction and Mr. Warfield's delicate and subtle acting. Never for a moment is the audience allowed to doubt that Peter Grimm is dead, or that the other actors can not see or hear him even when he stands adjacent to them and is appealing in their very ears. Throughout this part of the performance, Mr. Warfield wears the wistful smile of one at last pathetically wise, and speaks for the most part with a soft and plangent yearning wherein is felt the sadness of eternity striving to make itself comprehensible by the tiny tickings of time.

Ultimately Peter makes his meaning understood through the medium of a forlorn and spiritual little boy, whose mind is enfevered and who, under the imminence of approaching death, hears at last clearly the voice that is calling from the great unknown. At the end of the play the little boy is borne away by Peter to a wished futurity

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SCENE FROM "THE GARDEN OF ALLAH." SEATED ON THE BENCH ARE MARY MANNERING AND EBEN PLYMPTON; TO THE RIGHT IS LEWIS WALLER.

beyond the bourn, at the very moment when the doctor, entering, perceives that he is dead.

"MME. SIMONE."

The distinguished French actress, Mme. Simone, has been appearing in New York in the now familiar melodramas of M. Henri Bernstein, which she originally carried to success in Paris. She is not beautiful in either face or figure; she is awkward in movement; her voice is dry and hard: but by sheer brain-power she conquers admiration and compels respect. Though she has chosen to appear in what are deemed emotional parts, her method is emphatically intellectual. As Marie-Louise, in "The Thief," she presented a criticism, rather than a creation, of character. By precise intelligent analysis she delivered a critical judgment of the woman that the author had in mind, without conveying an illusion that she *was* that woman during the two hours' traffic of the stage. In "The Whirlwind" she appeared to better advantage—her analytic method serving, in this violent and overwhelming melodrama, to sweep away from any steady anchorage the emotions of her auditors. A complete intellectual understanding of the intricacies of the art of acting can accomplish much in the theatre; and, by virtue of this, Mme. Simone is an exceedingly efficient artist. All that prevents her from being ranked among the really great actresses is her deficiency in what is called temperament and her lack of ultimate, authoritative personality.

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THE SQUIRREL CAGE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "GUNHILD," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.

The story opens with the return of Lydia Emery from a year abroad—a year that is the climax of an elaborately useless boarding-school education, and the preface to her entrance into Endbury society. During her first day at home, she twice meets Daniel Rankin, a young man who has outraged Endbury by abandoning business to become a cabinet-maker and live in the woods. In response to the girl's questioning, Rankin explains to her the reason for his withdrawal from the "squirrel cage" of Endbury's social and business competition, whose standards are fixed by what "every one else has and does." Lydia, who has herself an instinct for essentials, but has accepted her family's ideals unquestioningly, is bewildered, but deeply interested. While she is still struggling with these new ideas, her mother is taken ill, and Lydia wrestles with the problems of managing a large house. One day, going out for a little relief, she loses her way in the woods and comes upon Rankin's cabin; here, seeing his manner of living, she gets a clearer insight into his purposes and a perspective on the time-consuming elaborateness of the Emerys' housekeeping. Meantime, the Emerys are cherishing the belief that Lydia is eventually to marry Paul Hollister, a young "captain in the army of electricity," whose whole vigorous personality is concentrated on Success. Paul calls on Lydia, and she falls under the spell of his dominance. The next day, shaken and bewildered, conscious of the disharmony between her own half-formed ideals and her family's plans for her future, she goes to talk with Dr. Melton, her godfather and closest friend. Here she meets Rankin, and on their way home in the autumn evening he stumblingly offers to help her. As he leaves, he kisses her hand. Her mother and sister have seen, and, thinking it was Hollister, they rally her laughingly. Lydia's quiet announcement that it was Rankin is the beginning of open conflict. Her mother forbids Rankin the house and aids Paul's persistent wooing. Finally, uncertain, unhappy, Lydia yields to the pressure and becomes engaged to Paul. At the same time, feverish preparations for her party are going on about her, and she is presently plunged into a social season of which she proves the most popular débutante. Before the winter is over, the entire family is nervously exhausted, and Dr. Melton, who is violently rebellious over the engagement, is predicting collapse. One afternoon, when Lydia is to start for a house party, he contrives to get her on the same car with Daniel Rankin. Their long talk together shows Lydia still responsive to his influence. At last she asks him if he could have "acted like other people" if their friendship had not been broken off.

CHAPTER XIV—CONTINUED

RANKIN turned very white. "No," he said, "I wouldn't. I couldn't."

"It seems to me," said Lydia hurriedly, "that, without being willing to concede anything to *their* ideas, you ask a great deal of your friends."

"Yes," said Rankin, "I do. It's a hard struggle I'm in with myself and with the world—evidently much too hard for you even to look at from a distance."

His voice broke. "The best, the only thing I can do for you is to stay away." He rose and stepped into the aisle. "But you are so kind, you will let me serve you in any other way if I can—ever? If I can ever do something that's hard for you to do, you must know I stand as ready as even Dr. Melton to do it for you if I can."

Indeed, for the moment, as Lydia looked up into his kind, strong face, his impersonal tenderness made him seem almost such an old, tried friend as her godfather, almost as unlikely to expect any intimate return.

"You must remember," he went on, "the great joy it gave us both even to see an act of kindness. Give me the opportunity to do one for you, if I ever can."

It already seemed to Lydia as though he had gone away from her, as though this were but a beneficent memory of him, lingering by her side. She hardly

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noticed when he left her alone in the car.

The conductor started up, and announced wildly, "Wardsboro'! Wardsboro'!"

"No, it ain't; it's the first stop in Hardville," contradicted the motorman, thrusting his head in through the door. "Turn on them lights."

As the glass bulbs leaped to a dazzling glare, Lydia blinked and looked away out of the window.

A moment later an arm laid about her neck made her bound up in amazement to confront a small, middle-aged woman, with a hat too young for her tired, sallow face, with a note-book in her hand and an apologetic expression of affection in her light blue eyes.

"Oh, you!" breathed the girl, sitting down again. "I didn't think there was anybody in the car with me, you see."

"Have you come all the wav from Endbury alone then?" asked Miss Burgess, looking about her suspiciously.

"No, I have not," said Lydia uncompromisingly. "Mr. Rankin, the cabinet-maker, has been with me till just now."

Miss Burgess sat down hastily in the vacant seat by Lydia. "And he's coming back?" she inquired.

"No, he got off at Hardville. This *is* Hardville, isn't it?"

"Yes. Did Mr. Rankin talk much? What does he *talk* about, anyhow? He's always so rude to me that I've never heard him say a word except about his work."

Lydia considered for a moment. "We talked about the street-car conductors having such long hours to work," she said, "and later about whether people have more bad in them than good."

"Oh!" said Miss Burgess.

Lydia smiled faintly, the ghost of her whimsical little look of mockery. "We decided that they have more good," she said.

Miss Burgess cast about her for a suitable comment. At last, "Really!" she said.

CHAPTER XV

ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED

ALL over the half-finished house the workmen began to lay down their tools. Paul Hollister's face broke into a good-humored smile as, a moment later, he caught the far-away five-o'clock whistles calling from the city. As the workmen disappeared down the driveway to the main road, running to catch the next trolley from the new suburb back to Endbury, he looked after them with hardly any of the usual exasperation of the home-builder whose work they were slighting, but rather with an agreeable sense of their extreme inferiority to him in fixity of purpose.

Outside, the March sun was still shining; but the damp breeze, blowing unopposed through the open door and window spaces of the unfinished house, brought into the shadow the first chill of evening. Hollister stirred from his pleasant reveries and began to walk briskly about.

Before the wide aperture which was to be the front door, the owner of the house stopped and looked out eagerly toward the road. It was near the time when Lydia had promised to be there—the first time she had visited the new house alone. Either her mother or Hollister's sister had accompanied her on the two or three other occasions, but to-day she had telephoned that Mrs. Emery had been forbidden by Dr. Melton to get out of bed for a couple of days, and as for Madeleine—at this point Madeleine had snatched the receiver from Lydia's hand and had informed her brother that Madeleine was going to be busy with *her* young man and couldn't get off to chaperon people that'd been as long engaged as he and Lydia.

That was a brilliant note in the bright color of the world to Paul—his sister's recent engagement to their uncle's partner in the iron works—a very prosperous, young-old bachelor of fifty-odd, whose intense preoccupation with business had never been pierced by any consciousness of the other sex until Madeleine had, as she proclaimed in her own vernacular, "taken a club to him." It was a very "advantageous" match for her. Paul thought with self-approval that, for orphans of the poorer branch of the Hollisters, he and Madeleine had not done badly with their lives, so far.

A meadow-lark near him began to tinkle out its pretty, silver notes. The sun set slowly below the smoky horizon; a dewy peace fell about the deserted place. Paul had his visions of other elements than material concerns in the life that he and Lydia were to live together. Such a dream came to him, standing there in the dusk before the germ of their home. He saw himself an alert man of forty-five, a good citizen, a

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good captain of industry, quick to see and reward merit in subordinates; a good husband, loving and cherishing his wife as on the day he married her, protecting her from all the asperities of the world of reality; a good father—he had almost an actual vision of the children who would carry on his work in life: girls of Lydia's sweetness and beauty, boys with his energy and uprightness. And there was Lydia, the Lydia of twenty years hence, in the full bloom of physical allurement still, a gracious hostess, a public-spirited matron, lending the luster of his name to all deserving charities endorsed by the best people, laying down with a firm good taste dictates as to the worthy social development of the town. Before this vision there rose up in him the ardent impulse to immediate effort which is the sign-manual of the man of action. He stirred and flung his arm out. "It's all up to me!" he said aloud. "I can do it, if I go after it hard enough. I've got to make good for Lydia's sake and mine. She must have the best I can get, the very best I know how to get for her!"

A sound behind him made him catch his breath. He turned about and saw Lydia coming swiftly up the driveway. "Good heavens, how I love her!" he thought, as he ran down to meet her.

He would not let her speak for a moment, pressing his lips upon hers. When he released her, she cried in a whisper: "Oh, it's wonderful how, when you are close to me, everything else just isn't in the world!"

"That's being in love, Lydia," Paul told her with a grave thankfulness.

"I don't mean," she went on, with her ever-present effort to express honestly her meaning—"I don't mean just having your arms around me, though that makes me forget things too; but—but *feeling* close, you know, inside. I always know, the minute I see you, whether it's going to be this way." She added wistfully, "Sometimes, you know, it isn't!"

Paul lifted her up to the porch and led her into the hallway. Here he took her in his arms again and said with a shaken accent: "Dearest Lydia! Darling! I wish it were always any way you want it!"

Lydia dropped her head back on his shoulder and looked at him penetratingly. In the half-light, clear and white from the freshly plastered walls, her face was like alabaster. "Dear Paul, isn't that what getting married means—to learn how to be really, really close to each other all the time? There isn't anything else worth getting married for, is there?"

Her lover looked down into her sweet, earnest face and could not speak. Finally, "Oh, Lydia!" he said huskily, "you're too good for any man!"

"No, no, no!" she protested with soft energy. "I'm weak! . Weak as water! You must give me a lot of your strength or I'll go under."

"God knows I'll give you anything I have."

"Then never let things come between us—never, never, never! I'm all right as long as I'm close to you. If we just keep that, nothing else can matter."

They were silent, standing with clasped hands. Lydia added softly: "How good it seems to have a chance really to say something to each other! It's almost the first time!"

With a start, Paul came to himself from his unusual forgetfulness of his surroundings. "We *ought* to be in a hurry now, dearest. You shouldn't stand here in this cold evening air. Come, let me show you the closet under the stairs and the new place for the refrigerator."

Lydia yielded to his care for her with her sweet passivity, echoed his opinion about the details, and ran beside him down the driveway to catch the next car to Endbury, with a singularly light grace for a tall woman encumbered with long skirts.

In spite of their haste, they missed the car and were obliged to wait a quarter of an hour beside the tracks. They talked cheerfully of indifferent topics, the sense of intimate comradeship gilding all they said. They looked at each other and smiled happily in the intervals of their talk.

"You must teach me, you know, after we're married," Lydia broke one of these radiant silences to say. "I don't know anything—nothing at all!"

"Oh, this docile little 1840 wife! Don't you know the Suffragists will get you if you talk meek like that? What do you want to know? Volts and dynamos and induction?"

"Everything," said Lydia comprehensively, "that you know. Books, politics, music——"

"Lord! What a hash! What makes you think I know anything about such things?"

"Why, you went through Cornell—you

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"IT'S WONDERFUL HOW, WHEN YOU'RE CLOSE TO ME, EVERYTHING ELSE JUST ISN'T IN THE WORLD."

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must know about books. And you're a man and so you must know about politics. As for music, we'll learn about that together. Aunt Julia and godfather are going to give us a piano-player, though I know they can't afford it, the dears!"

"People *are* good to us!" Paul's flush of gratitude for his good fortune continued.

"You like music, don't you?" asked Lydia.

"Why, yes, I guess so. I don't know much about it. Some crazy German post-grads at Cornell used to make up a string quartette among themselves and play some things I liked to hear. I guess it was pretty good music, too. Maybe if I heard more——"

"Oh, the evenings together!" breathed Lydia. "Doesn't it take your breath away to think of them? We'll read together—we'll grow up together—we'll learn together."

Paul saw the picture. "Yes, there are lots of books I've always meant to read."

They were silent, musing. Then Paul laughed aloud. Lydia started and looked her question.

"Oh, I was just thinking how old married folks would laugh to hear us infants planning our little castles in Spain. You know they always smile at such ideas and say that every couple starts out with them and after about six months gets down to keeping up the furnace fire and making sure the biscuits are good."

Lydia laid her hand eagerly on his arm: "But don't let's, Paul! Please! *Please* don't let us! Just because everybody else does is no reason why we *have* to! You're always saying folks can make things go their way if they try hard enough."

The car had arrived by this time, and they had no more opportunity for intimate talk until after they were deposited at the corner nearest to the Emery house. The change to the quiet street, up which they walked slowly, reluctant to separate, took them back to their first mood of this loveliest of all their hours together, the sweet intimacy of their meeting in the new house.

Lydia was silent, savoring to the full the joy of close communion of spirit which had been so rare in her pleasant life of material comfort, and she was saying a humble prayer that she might be good enough to be worthy of it, that she might be wise enough to make it the daily and hourly atmosphere of her life with Paul.

"What are you thinking about, darling?" he asked.

"I was thinking how lovely it's going to be to be really married and come to know each other well. We don't know each other at all yet, *really*, you know."

Paul was brought up short, as so often with Lydia, by an odd, disconcerted feeling, half shock, half pleasure, from the discovery in her of pages which he had not read, germs of ideas which had not come from him. "Why, Lydia dearest, what do you mean? We know each other through and through!" he protested.

"Oh, no, we don't," she insisted. "There are lots of queer fancies in me that you'll only find out by living with me. And oh, Paul! the fine, noble things I *feel* in you! But I can only see the whole of them by seeing you day by day. And then, of course, there are lots of things that aren't in us, really, yet, but only planted. They'll grow—we'll grow—oh, it'll be lovely to have it grow little by little—the way it is now. Why, Paul, to-day is an epoch. We've passed a mile-stone."

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"The way we've felt—the way we've talked—of real things—out there in our own—" She laughed, a little ripple of drollery which came to her when she was at peace. "We've been engaged since November, but we only got engaged-to-be-married to-day—just as our wedding's to be in June, but goodness knows how long it will be after that before we'll be *really* married!

Paul smiled at her, tenderly amused.

"Why, it's just like the house, Paul!"—she was struck with the aptness of her illustration. "That's just it. We've got the rafters and joists up now, before we are married, and if we are good, we can get the roof on so it won't *rain* on us; but all the finishing, all that makes it good to live in—that has got to be done after the wedding."

He did not know exactly what she was talking about, but he made up for vagueness by fervor. "After we're married," he cried, "I'll move mountains and turn stone to gold!"

"But the first thing to do is to lay floors for us to walk on," Lydia told him.

For answer he drew her into his arms and closed her mouth with a kiss.

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CHAPTER XVI

A LAST APPEAL

SPRING had come with its usual hotly advancing rush upon the low-lying, sheltered, southerly city. Evenings and nights were still cool, but noons were as oppressive as in July. The scarcely expanded leaves hung limp in a summer heat. The end of the "season" was at hand.

All during that eventful winter, Mrs. Emery had frequently remarked to her sister-in-law that Lydia's social career progressed positively with such brilliancy that it was like "something you read about." When April came on and Lydia agreed to the announcement of her engagement, the two ladies felt the need of some remarkable way of signalizing that important event and of closing her season with a burst of glory. For her season had to end! Dr. Melton said positively that if Lydia had another month of the life she had been leading, he would not be responsible for the consequences.

With this warning in mind, Mrs. Emery decreed that Lydia should remain at home during the week before the elaborate garden-party, at which her engagement was to be announced, and at which, of course, it was essential that the heroine of the occasion should look her best. Explaining that her daughter was taking "the rest-cure," she refused for her every invitation, and, overworked as she herself was with the preparations for the coming entertainment, she positively refused to let Lydia be fatigued with them.

Lydia seemed not averse to this new order of things. Paul was out of town, so that she had no evening calls and went to bed very early. She seemed to sleep late also, although when her mother tiptoed into her room one morning, she found the girl lying motionless, with wide, dark eyes fixed on the ceiling in a meditation so profound that she did not hear the intruder.

During the day she wandered about the house, sewed a little, fitfully, tried to play on the piano and turned away, disheartened at the result of her long neglect—there had been no time for practise during the season—and stood in the little-used "library," taking down first one book and then another, only to replace each with a sigh.

Once, her mother, coming upon her brooding over an open book, broke in briskly:

"My dear Lydia, you put your hat right on and go over to have a visit with Marietta. What you need is a little fresh air and some sensible talk. I've been too busy with my invitations to visit with you as I ought. Marietta'll be real glad to see you. Here's your hat. Now, you run right along—and stop at Hallam's on the way and get yourself an ice-cream soda. It's hot, and that'll do you good."

As Lydia was disappearing docilely out of the door, her mother stopped before going back to her desk and the list of guests for the garden-party, which had been torturing her with perplexity, to say: "Oh, Lydia, don't forget to ask Marietta to order the perforated candles."

"Perforated—" said Lydia, blankly, pausing at the door.

"Yes. Don't you remember, the last time Mrs. Hollister called here, she told us all about them?"

"No, I don't remember anything but that her call was awfully dull!"

"Why, my dear! You are getting so absent-minded! It's a new kind that has holes running down through them so the melted wax doesn't muss up the outside. Why, we were talking about them the whole time she was here, that last time."

"We have electric lights and gas," said Lydia.

Mrs. Emery looked up in astonishment and a little vexation. She, too, had nerves, these fatiguing days. "Why, Lydia, what's the matter with you! You know nobody uses them for table decorations!"

"*We* could!" said Lydia.

"Why, my dear child, I never knew before there was a contrary streak in you, like your father's. What possesses you, all of a sudden, to object to *candles?*"

"It's not candles—it's the idea of—oh, all the fuss and bother, when everybody's so tired and it's hot, and it's going to cost too much, anyhow."

"Well, what would you *have* us fuss and bother about, if not over having everything nice when we entertain?" Mrs. Emery's air of patience was strained.

Lydia surveyed her from the hall in silence. "That's just it, that's just it," she said finally. "There is nothing else." With which she disappeared.

Mrs. Emery laid down her pen to laugh to herself over the queer ways of children. "They begin to have notions with their first

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teeth, and I suppose they don't get over them until *their* first baby begins to teethe."

When Lydia arrived at her sister's house, she found that competent housekeeper engaged in mending the lace curtains of her parlor. She had about her a battery of ingenious little devices to which she called Lydia's attention with her usual mixture of exasperation and martyr's pride. "It's just by main strength and awkwardness I've learned lace-mending," she said, fitting a hoop over a torn place, "for if there's anything I hate to do it's to sew! But these curtains do go to pieces so! I wash them myself to be careful, but they are so fine! Still—" she cast a calculating eye on the work before her— "I'll be through by the end of this week, anyhow—if that new Swede will only stay in the kitchen till then!"

She bent her head over her work again, holding it up to the light from time to time, and straining her eyes to catch the exact thread with her almost impalpably fine needle. Lydia sat listening in silence to Mrs. Mortimer's account of the various happenings of her household. . . . "I told Ralph I *never* would have another nigger—but I suppose I will. You can't get anything else half the time. I tell you, Lydia, the servant problem is getting to be something perfectly terrible. It's——"

Lydia broke in to say, "Why don't you buy new ones?"

Mrs. Mortimer paused with uplifted needle to ask wildly, "New *what?*"

"New curtains, instead of spending a whole week in hot weather mending those."

"Good gracious, child! Will you ever learn anything about the cost of living? I think it's awful, the way father and mother have let you grow up! Why, it would take half a month's salary to replace these curtains. They're real lace. I got them at a great bargain, but even then we couldn't afford them. Ralph was furious."

"You could buy muslin curtains that would be just as pretty," suggested Lydia.

"Why, Lydia, these curtains are the only things with the least distinction in my whole parlor! They *save* the room!"

"Save it from what?"

"From showing that there's almost nothing in it that cost anything, to be sure. With them at the windows, it would never enter people's heads to think that I upholstered the furniture myself——"

"Why shouldn't they think so, if you did?" Lydia proffered this suggestion with an air of fatigued listlessness which her sister thought showed that she made it simply "to be contrary." Acting on this theory, she answered it with a dignified silence.

Lydia stirred from her listless pose and came over to her sister, sitting down on a stool at her feet. "Marietta, dear, please let me talk to you. I'm so miserable in my mind these days, and mother won't let me say a word to her about it. She says it's spring fever, and all engaged girls feel so, and the end of the season and everything. *Please* let me talk to you and see if you can't help me?"

Her tone was so broken and imploring that Mrs. Mortimer was startled. She was, moreover, flattered that Lydia should come to her for advice. She put her arm around her sister's neck and said gently, "Why, yes, dear, of course, anything."

"Oh, Etta, I'm just as unhappy as I can be—so scared when I think—about—what's coming!"

Mrs. Mortimer's face softened wonderfully. She stroked Lydia's dark hair. "Why, poor dear little sister! Yes, yes, darling, I know all about it. I felt just so myself, the month before I was married, and mother couldn't help me a bit. Either she had forgotten all about it, or else she never had the feeling. I just had to struggle along without anybody to say a comforting word! Oh, I'm so glad I can help my little sister. Don't be afraid, dear! There's nothing to be a bit scared of."

Lydia lifted a wrinkled brow of perplexity to this soothing view of matrimony. "I don't know what you're talking about, Etta!"

"Why—why, being married. Wasn't that what you meant?"

"Oh, no! *No!* Nothing so definite as that! I couldn't be afraid of Paul. I'm just frightened of — everything — what everybody expects me to do and go on doing all my life, and never have any time to think or talk about anything but just *things!*" She began to tremble and look tragically white, and stopped, with a desperate effort to control herself, though she burst out at the sight of Mrs. Mortimer's face of despairing bewilderment: "Oh, don't tell me you can't guess what I mean! You *must* understand! Can't we all stop

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'PLEASE LET ME TALK TO YOU. I'M SO MISERABLE IN MY MIND THESE DAYS, AND MOTHER WON'T LET ME SAY A WORD TO HER. SHE SAYS IT'S SPRING FEVER.'

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now, somehow, and start over again! You get muslin curtains and not mend your lace ones, and mother stop fussing about whom to invite and whom not, to that party that's going to cost so much more than father can afford, he says—it makes me *sick* to be costing him so much!—and none of us fuss about having clothes just the latest fashion—and Paul have our house built little and plain, so it won't be so much work to take care of it and keep it clean. I would so much rather look after it myself than have him kill himself making money so I can hire maids that you *can't* get—you say yourself you can't!—and never have any time to see Paul! Perhaps if we changed, that way, other people might, and we'd all have more time to like things that make us nicer to like——"

At this absurd and perturbing jumble of suggestions, Mrs. Mortimer's head whirled. She took hold of the arms of her chair to steady herself, but, conscientiously afraid of discouraging the girl's confidence, nodded gravely at her as if she were considering the matter.

Lydia went over to the window and stood looking out as she talked, now with an excited haste, now with a dragging note of fatigue in her voice. Her need of sympathy and understanding was so great that she did violence to the reticence she had always kept even with herself; she wondered aloud if it were not perhaps Daniel Rankin and his ideas which lay at the bottom of her trouble. She added, whirling about from the window: "For mercy's sake, don't go and think I'm *thinking* about him, or any thing like that! I see, now mother's pointed it out to me, how domineering he was to me last autumn. And you know how Paul—why, when I'm with Paul, honestly, Marietta, he just takes my breath away! But maybe—maybe I can't forget Mr. Rankin's *ideas!* You know he talked to me such a lot when I was first back. I don't believe I'd ever have thought it queer to live the way we do, just to have more things and get ahead of people—if he hadn't put the idea in my head! But nobody else will even try to talk me out of those ideas. They just laugh when I try to——"

She came closer to the matron and said imploringly, her voice trembling: "I don't *want* to be queer, Etta! What makes me?"

Mrs. Mortimer nodded again calmingly, drew a long breath, and seemed about to speak.

Lydia gazed at her, her cheeks flushed, her lips parted, the pulse beating fast at her temple, her eyes bright with unshed tears—all one eager expectancy.

The older woman's eyes wandered suddenly for an instant. She darted forward, clapped her hands together once, and then, in rapid succession, three or four times. Then, triumphantly rolling something between her thumb and forefinger, she turned to Lydia. The little operation had not taken the third of a minute, but the change in the girl's face was so great that Mrs. Mortimer was moved to hasty, half-shamefaced, half-defiant apology. "I was listening to you, Lydia! I *was* listening! But it's just the time of the year when they lay their eggs and I *have* to fight them! Last year my best furs and Ralph's dress suit were perfectly *riddled!* You know we can't afford new."

Lydia rose in silence and began pinning on her hat. Her sister, for all her vexation over the ending of the interview, could hardly repress a smile of superior wisdom at the other's face of tragedy. "Don't go, Lyddie, don't go!" She tried to put her arms around the flighty young thing. "Dearest Lydia, cultivate your sense of humor! That's all that's the matter with you. There's nothing else. Look here, dear, there *are* moths as well as souls in the world. People have to be on the lookout for them—for everything, don't you see?"

"They look out for moths all right," said Lydia, in a low tone. Except for this one speech, she submitted in a passive silence to her sister's combination of petting and exhortation, moving quietly toward the door and stepping evenly down the walk.

CHAPTER XVII

TWO SIDES OF THE QUESTION

LYDIA'S unmarried life had given her but few abstract ideas for the regulation of conduct and still fewer ideals of self-discipline; but chief among the small assortment which she took away from her mother's house had been the high morality of keeping one's husband unworried by one's domestic difficulties. "Domestic difficulties" meant, apparently, anything disagreeable that happened to one. Not only her mother, but

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all the matrons of her acquaintance, had concentrated on the extreme desirability of this wifely virtue. "It pays! It pays!" Mrs. Emery had often thus chanted the praises of this quality in her daughter's presence. "I've noticed ever so many times that men who have to worry about household machinery and children don't get on so well. Their thoughts can't be, in the nature of things, all on their business! It's easier, besides, to have only one head. Men that interfere about things in the house, or the children, are an abomination. You can't keep from quarreling with them!"

She had once voiced this universally recognized maxim in Dr. Melton's presence and had been astonished to have him cut in briskly with: "Yes, indeed, in the course of my practise I've often thought, as you do, that it would be easier all round if husbands didn't board with their wives at all."

Mrs. Emery had stared blankly. "I never said such a crazy thing!" she protested.

"Didn't you? Oh, I don't catch your idea, then. It seemed to be that every point of contact was sure to be an occasion for friction between husband and wife, and so, of course, the fewer they are, the better."

Lydia had not happened to hear that conversation, but she had heard innumerable ones like it without Dr. Melton's footnotes. On her wedding-day, therefore, she conceived it an essential factor of her duty toward Paul to keep entirely to herself all the dismaying difficulties of housekeeping and keeping up a social position in Endbury. She knew, as a matter of course, that they would be dismaying. The talk of all her married friends was full of the tragedies of domestic life. It had occurred to her once or twice that it was an odd, almost a pathetic, convention they tried to maintain about their social existence—a picture of their lives as running smoothly, with self-adjusting machinery of long-established servants and old social traditions—when their every word dismally proclaimed the exhausting and never-ending personal effort that was required to give even the most temporary appearance of that sort. But this fancy of Lydia's was only a fleeting one. There had been as little time since her wedding-day as before for leisurely speculation. The business of being *the* bride of the season had been quite as exciting and absorbing as being *the* débutante.

The first of February, seven months after her marriage, found her as thin and restlessly active as she had been on that date a year before. It was at that time that she had the first intimation of the next great change in her life, and, since the one or two obscure and futile revolts of her girlhood, nothing had ever moved her to more rebellious unresignation than the fact that her life left her no time to take in the significance of what was coming to her.

"Oh, my dear, isn't it too good!" said her mother, clasping her for a moment as they removed their wraps in the dressing-room of a common acquaintance.

"I don't know a thing about it!" Lydia returned unexpectedly, though her face had turned a deep rose and she had smiled tremulously. "Ever since Dr. Melton told me probably it was so, I've been trying to get a moment's time to think it over."

Her mother cried out at this idea. "It's to *feel!* Not to think about!"

"I'd like to think about everything!" protested Lydia, as they moved down the stairs. "I get things wrong just feeling about them."

Her mother seemed about to make another comment, but the bell rang for card-playing to begin and she hurried to her table.

Lydia had meant to ask her mother's sympathy about another matter, but there was no opportunity for further speech between them during the card-party, Mrs. Emery devoting herself, as usual, with all her energy to playing a good game of euchre, the game then fashionable. She played much better than either of her daughters. She liked cards, liked to excel, and always found it easy to accomplish what seemed worth doing. Marietta also felt that to avoid being "queer" and "different" one had to play a good hand, but, as she herself confessed, it made her "sick" to give up to it the necessary time and thought.

As for Lydia, she got rid of her cards as fast as possible, as if with the deluded hope that when they were all played she might find time for something else. On the afternoon in question, her game was more unscientific than usual. Criticism was deterred from articulate expression by the common feeling in regard to her, assiduously fostered by Flora Burgess's continuous references to her in "Society Notes" as "the coming social ruler of Endbury's Smart Set."

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There was, as yet, to be sure, no visible indication of such a capacity on Lydia's part, but the printed word, particularly Miss Burgess's printed word, was not to be doubted.

Madeleine Hollister, however (now soon to be Madeleine Lowder), was no respecter of personages, past or future. At the appearance of an especially unexpected and disappointing card from her sister-in-law's hand, she pounced on her with, "Lydia, what *are* you thinking of!"

"My washwoman's grandson!" burst out Lydia, laying down her cards. "Oh, Madeleine, I'm so worried about him! I wish you'd—" She got no farther. Madeleine's shriek of good-natured laughter cut her short like a blow in the face. The other women also began to laugh. "Oh, Lydia, you will be the *death* of me!" cried her sister-in-law. She appealed to the other players at their table: "Did you ever hear anything come out funnier?"

Lydia sat silent. She was reflecting rather sadly that she had been very foolish to think of telling Madeleine the story she had so impetuously begun. After a time of absent-minded card-playing, it came to her further, as a commentary on the little incident, that she need expect nothing from Marietta, either, in the matter. At the end of the party she and her mother walked together to the street-car, but she still said nothing of what was in her mind. She would not admit to herself that her mother would receive it as Madeleine or Marietta would, but—she dared not risk the test.

During the half-hour's journey out to Bellevue, the hackneyed name which had been selected for the new and fashionable suburb she inhabited, she had eliminated from this crisis, one by one, all the people in her circle. Dr. Melton was out of town, otherwise she would have gone at once to him. Mrs. Sandworth without her brother was a cipher with no figure before it. Her father— She realized suddenly that it was the first time she had ever even thought of going to her father with a perplexity. No, she knew too little about his view of things. She had never talked with him of anything but the happenings of the day. Flora Burgess? Devoted Flora? Lydia smiled ruefully as she thought of the attitude Flora Burgess would be sure to take.

It finally came to the point that there was no one left but Paul—and Paul ought not to be worried with domestic questions, lest his capacity for doing business be impaired. The next few years would be critical ones in Paul's career, and the road must be straight and clear before his feet—the road that led to Success. No one had voiced a doubt that this road was coincident with all other desirable ones; no one had suggested that the same years would be certain to be terribly and irrevocably determinative of his future relation to his wife.

Lydia, ardently and naively anxious to find something "worth doing," therefore, settled on this one definite duty. She had wrestled in a determined silence with the many incompetent and degenerate negresses, with the few impertinent Americans, with the drunken Irish and insolent Swedes, who had filed in and out of her kitchen since her marriage. Suburban life was a new thing in Endbury, and "help" could see no advantages in it. She had strained every nerve to make these servants appear to Paul, as well as to the rest of the world, the opposite of what they were; and to do herself, furtively, when Paul was not there, whatever of their tasks they refused or neglected. Every effort was concentrated, as in her mother's and sister's households, on keeping a maid presentable to open the door and to wait on the table, rather than to perform the heavier parts of the daily round. Those Lydia could do herself, unseen, or she could hire an unpresentable older scrubwoman to do them.

She had never dreamed of feeling herself aggrieved or even surprised by this curious reverse side to her outwardly brilliant life. Lydia felt that her own problems were only the usual lot of her kind; and though she was nearly always sick at heart over them, she did not feel justified in complaining—least of all to Paul.

But this present trouble—this was not just a question of help. For the last month they had been floating in the most unexpected lull of the domestic whirlwind. The intelligence-office had sent out Ellen—Ellen, the deft-handed cook, the silent, self-effacing, competent servant of every housekeeper's dreams. Their good luck seemed incredible. Ellen was perfection, was middle-aged and settled, never went out in the evenings, kept her kitchen spotlessly clean, trained the rattle-headed second-girls, who came and went, to be good waitresses, and made pastry that moved Paul, usually little

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preoccupied about his food, provided there was plenty of meat, to lyric raptures. The difference she made in their lives was inconceivable. It was as though some burdensome law of nature had been miraculously suspended for their benefit. They gauged their past discomfort by their present content. And yet——

From the first, Lydia had had an uneasy feeling in the presence of her new servant, a haunting impression, when her back was toward Ellen, that if she could turn quickly enough she would see her with an aspect quite other than the decent, respectful mask she presented to her mistress. The second-girl of the present was a fresh-faced, lively young country lass, whom Ellen herself had secured, and whose rosy child's face had been innocence itself. But now sometimes Lydia overheard them laughing together, a laughter which gave her the oddest inward revulsion; and when she came into the kitchen quickly she often found them looking at books which were quickly whisked out of sight.

And then, a day or so before, old Mrs. O'Hern, her washwoman, had come directly to her with that revolting revelation of Ellen's influence on her grandson, little Patsy. At the recollection of the old woman's face of embittered anguish, Lydia shuddered. Oh, if she could only tell Paul! He was so loving and caressing to her—perhaps he would not mind being bothered this once—she did not know what to think of such things—she did not know what to do, which way to turn. She was startled beyond measure at having real moral responsibility put on her.

That evening she told Paul, hesitating and stumbling because, in her blank ignorance, she knew no words even to hint at what she feared—she told him who Patsy was: the blue-eyed, fifteen-year-old boy, just over from Ireland, ignorant of the world as a child of five, easily led, easily shamed, by his fear of appearing rustic, into any excess; and then she told him what the boy's grandmother had told her about Ellen. It was a mile-stone in their married life, her turning to him more intimately than she would have done to her mother, her breaking down the walls of her life-long maiden's reserve and ignorance. She finished with her face hidden in his breast. What should she do? What *could* she do?

Paul took her into the closest embrace, kissed her shut eyes in a passion of regret that she should have learned of evil in the world, of relieved belittling of the story—Lydia's portentous beginning had quite startled him—and of indignation at "Mrs. O'Hern's foul mouth, for you can just be sure, darling Lydia, that it's all nothing but rowings among the servants. Probably Ellen won't let Mrs. O'Hern take her usual weekly perquisites of sugar and tea. Servants are always quarreling, and the only way to do is to keep out of their lies about each other and let them fight it out themselves. You never can have any idea of who's telling the truth if you butt in and try to straighten it, and the Lord knows that Ellen's too good a cook and too much needed in this family until the new member arrives safely, to hurt her feelings with investigating any of Mrs. O'Hern's yarns. Just you refuse to listen to servants' gossip. If you'd been a little less of a darling, inexperienced schoolgirl, you'd have cut off such talk at the first words. Just you take my word for it, you dear, you sweetheart, you best of . . ."

He ran on into ardent, murmured talk and caresses, forgetting the story himself and preventing effectually any return of it in Lydia's mind by the excitement which always carried her away in those moments when Paul was her passionate, youthful lover.

She had during the next months no moment for leisurely reflection on the subject of their talk or any other of the abstract notions which, from time to time, flittingly brushed her mind. She had adopted a new motto, a new explanation of that uneasiness in her Endbury life which her marriage had failed to remove. She told herself with a fury of self-blame that she was lazy — "it must be that I'm always wanting to have an easier time than most people. I don't want to work the way Marietta does, and mother—and even Madeleine over her dresses and parties and things. I'm a shirk. That must be it. What else can it be?"

It seemed to her that, in phrasing it, she had hit upon the explanation of her situation which she had been so long seeking, and it was with a resolve to scourge this weakness out of her life that she now faced the future. She found a satisfaction in the sweeping manner in which this new maxim could be applied to all the hesitations that had confused her. All her meditations

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heretofore had brought her nothing but uncertainty; but this new catch-word of incessant activity drove her forward too resistlessly to allow any reflections as to whether she were going in the right direction. It was perhaps during these next months of her life that she most nearly approximated the Endbury notion of what she should be. Her series of receptions in May, at least, went off most successfully, every one said.

Dr. Melton had not seen his goddaughter for some weeks until he came with Mrs. Sandworth to the last of these events. She was looking singularly handsome at that time, her color high, her eyes very large and dark, almost black, so dilated were the pupils. Mrs. Sandworth became ecstatic as she and her brother emerged from the handshake of the last of the "ladies assisting in receiving." "Oh, isn't she the loveliest thing that ever drew the breath of life! Was there ever anybody who could look so as though—as though they still had dew on them!"

She went on, with her bold inconsequence: "But there is such a queer streak in her. Sometimes I think she doesn't care—" She stopped to gaze at a striking costume just entering the room.

"What doesn't she care about?" asked the doctor, somewhat testily. He seemed not to be in a good humor.

Mrs. Sandworth was concentrating on sartorial details as much of her mind as was ever under control at one time and, called upon for a development of her theory, was even more unsatisfactory than usual: "Oh, I don't know—what people care about."

"She's likely to learn, if it's at all catching," conjectured the doctor, grimly looking about him at the large, handsome room. An impalpable effluvium was in the air, composed of the scent of flowers, the odor of delicate food, the sounds of a discreetly small orchestra behind palms, the rustling of silks, and the pleasurable excitement of the crowd of prosperous-looking women, pleasantly elated by the opportunity of exhibiting their best toilets.

"To think of its being our little Lydia who's the center of all this!" murmured Mrs. Sandworth, her loving eyes glistening with affectionate pride. "It really is a splendid scene, isn't it, Marius?"

"If they were all gagged, it might be. Lord! How they yell!"

"Oh, at a *reception!*"—Mrs. Sandworth's accent denoted that the word was an explanation—"People have to, to make themselves heard."

"And why should they be so eager to accomplish that?" inquired the doctor. "Listen!"

Standing as they were, tightly pressed in among a number of different groups, their ears were assaulted by a disjointed mass of stentorian conversation which gave the singular illusion of all coming from one inconceivably voluble source. The individuality of the voices was lost in the screaming enunciation which, as Mrs. Sandworth had pointed out, was a prerequisite of self-expression under the circumstances.

They heard: " . . . . for over a month and the sleeves were to see you again this afternoon at Mrs. Elliot's. I'm pouring there from four to I've got to dismiss one little plum-colored bows all along the five dollars a week and the washing out and still impossible! I was there myself all the time and they neither of them thirty-five cents a pound and the bone weighs as ferns and red carnations was all they had and we thought it rather skimpy under the brought up in one big braid and caught down with at the Petersen's they were pink and white with——"

"Oh, no, Madeleine, that was at the *Burlingame's!*" Mrs. Sandworth took a running jump into the din and sank from her brother's sight, vociferating: "The Petersens had them of old gold, don't you remember, with little——"

The doctor, worming his way desperately through the masses of femininity, and resisting all attempts to engage him in the vocal fray, emerged at length into the darkened hall, where the air was, as he told himself in a frenzied flight of the imagination, less like a combination of a menagerie and a perfume-shop. Here, in a quiet corner, sat Lydia's father alone. He held in one hand a large platter, piled high with wafer-like sandwiches, which he was consuming at a Gargantuan rate; and as he ate, he smiled to himself.

"Well, Mr. Ogre," said the doctor, sitting down beside him with a gasp of relief, "let a wave-worn mariner into your den, will you?"

Provided with an auditor, Judge Emery's smile broke into an open laugh. He waved the platter toward the uproar in the next

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room. "A boiler-factory ain't in it with woman, lovely woman, is it?" he put it to his old friend.

The doctor reproved him with an acrimonious savagery: "I don't know which makes me sicker—to stay in there and listen to them, or come out here and find you thinking they're *funny!*"

"They are funny!" insisted the judge tranquilly. "Never heard anything funnier in my life!"

"Look-y-here, Nat," the doctor stared up at him angrily, "they're not monkeys in a zoo, to be looked at only on holidays and then laughed at! They're the other half of a whole that we're one half of, and don't you forget it! Why in the world should you think it funny for them to do this tom-fool trick all winter and have nervous prostration all summer to pay for it? You'd lock up a man as a dangerous lunatic if he spent his life so. What they're like and what they do with their time and strength concerns us enough sight more than what the tariff is, let me tell you!"

"I admit that what your wife is like concerns you a whole lot," the judge laughed good-naturedly in the face of the little old bachelor. He stood up, brushed the crumbs of his stolen feast from his well-fitting broadcloth, and smiled down indulgently at the unquiet doctor. "She's all right, Melton—the American woman; and you're a tiresome old fanatic. That's what *you* are! Come along and have a glass of punch. Lydia's cook has a genius for punch—and for sandwiches," he added reflectively, setting down the empty platter.

Dr. Melton apparently was off on another tangent of excitability. "Did you ever see her—that cook?" he questioned, with a fiercely significant accent.

The judge made a humorous wry mouth. "Yes, I have—but what concern is a cook's moral character to her employer, any more than an engineer's is to the railroad——"

"Well, it mightn't hurt the railroad any if it took more cognizance of its engineers' moral—" began the doctor dryly.

The judge cut him short with a great laugh. "Oh, Melton! Melton! You bilious sophomore! Take a vacation from finding everything so damn tragic! Have a drink on me. *You're* all right! Everybody's all right!"

The doctor nodded. "And the reception is the success of the season," he said.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

THE great effort of their season, their first formal dinner-party, was to take place on a Thursday late in May. On Wednesday morning, after Paul's usual early departure, Lydia went to her writing-table to send a note to Madeleine Hollister. She had not inherited her mother's housekeeping eye and was never extremely observant of details; so that she had no suspicion that some one else had been using the conveniences for writing on her desk, until she turned over the sheet of paper on which she had begun her note and saw with surprise that the other side was already covered with a coarse handwriting unfamiliar to her.

As she looked at this in the blankest astonishment, a phrase leaped out at her comprehension like a serpent striking. And then another. And another.

She tried to push back her chair to escape, but she was like a person paralyzed. With returning strength to move came an overwhelming wave of nausea. She crept to her own room and lay motionless and soundless for hour after hour, until presently it was noon and the pleasant tinkling of gongs announced that lunch was served.

Lydia rose and made her way down the stairs to the well-ordered table, set with perfectly prepared food, and stood, holding to the back of a chair, while she rang the bell. The little second-girl answered it.

"Tell Ellen to come here," said her mistress.

At the appearance of the cook, Lydia's white face went a little whiter. "Did you use my writing-desk last evening?" she asked.

Ellen looked up, her large, fair, disease-scarred face like a mask through which her eyes probed her mistress's expression. "Yes, Mrs. Hollister, I did," she said, in her admirable "servant's manner." She went on smoothly: "I ought to ask your pardon for doing it without permission, but some one was wanting Mr. Hollister on the 'phone while you were out and I——"

"You left part of your letter to Patsy O'Hern," said Lydia, and sat down suddenly, as though her strength were spent.

The woman opposite her flushed a purplish red. There was a long silence. Lydia looked at her servant with a face before

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which Ellen finally lowered her eyes. "I'm sure, Mrs. Hollister, if you don't think I'm worth the place and if you think you can manage without me to-morrow night, I'll go this minute," she said coolly.

Lydia did not remove her eyes from the other's flushed face. "You must not take a place in Bellevue. You must go far away," she said.

Ellen looked up quickly and down again. The color died slowly out of her face. After a sullen silence, "Yes," she said.

"That is all," said Lydia.

Paul found his wife that evening still very white. She explained Ellen's disappearance with a dry brevity. "That we should have continued to give that—that

SHE TRIED TO PUSH BACK HER CHAIR TO ESCAPE THE WRITTEN WORDS, BUT SHE WAS LIKE A PERSON PARALYZED.

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awful—to give her opportunity to work upon a boy of—" she ended brokenly. "Suppose he had been my brother."

Paul was aghast. "But, my *dear!* Tomorrow is the night of the dinner! Couldn't you have put off this sudden fit of virtue for a few days to——"

Lydia broke from her white stillness with a wild outcry. She flung herself on her husband, pressing her hands to his lips and crying out fiercely: "No, no, Paul! Not that! I can't bear to have you say that! I hoped—I hoped you wouldn't think of——"

Paul was fresh from an interview with Dr. Melton, and in his ears rang innumerable cautions against excitement or violent emotions. With his usual competent grasp on the essentials of a situation which he could understand at all, he put aside for the time his exasperated apprehensions about the next day's social event, and, picking Lydia up bodily, carried her to a couch, closing her lips with gentle hands and soothing her with caresses like a frightened child.

"There, there, dearest, don't talk about it! You've worked yourself into a perfect fever!" If there was latent in the indulgent accent of this speech the coda, "all about nothing!" it escaped Lydia's ear. She only knew that the long nightmare of her lonely, horrified day was over. She clung to her husband and thanked Heaven for his pure, clean manliness.

But, in a vastly different way, the next day was almost as much of a nightmare. Lydia's father and mother were temporarily out of town, and their cook was enjoying her vacation at an undiscoverable address. Lydia was cut off from asking her sister to come to her aid by the fact that Paul had prevailed upon her to omit Marietta and her husband from her guests. "If you won't give but one, we've just *got* to invite the important ones," he had said. "Your sister can take dinner with us any day, and you know her husband *isn't* the most——."

Lydia had picked up in the school of necessity a fair knowledge of cooking, for which she had discovered in herself quite a liking; but she had been too constantly in social demand to have the leisure for advancing far into culinary lore, and she now found herself dismayed before the elaborate menu which Ellen had planned, and for which the materials were gathered together. She went furiously at her task, beginning by simplifying the dinner as much as she could with the materials at hand, and struggling with the dishes she was obliged to retain. For years afterward the sight of chicken-salad affected her to acute nausea.

The inexperienced little second-girl lost her head in the crisis and had to be repeatedly calmed and assured that she would not be asked to do anything but serve the dinner to the waiters for whom Lydia had arranged hastily by telephone with Endbury's leading caterer.

In the intervals of cooking, Lydia left her makeshift help in the kitchen to see that nothing burned and, in a frenzy of activity, flew at some of the manifold things to be done to prepare the house for the festivity. She swept and wiped up the expansive floors of the two large parlors, set the rooms in order, dusted the innumerable wedding-present knickknacks, cleaned the stairs, wiped free from dust the carved balustrades, ordered the bedrooms that were to serve as dressing-rooms in the evening, answered the 'phone a hundred times, arranged flowers in the vases, received a reportorial call from Miss Burgess, gave cut-glass and china its final polish, laid out Paul's evening clothes, and arranged her own toilet ready—it was five o'clock! There were countless other tasks still to accomplish, but she dared no longer put off setting the table.

It was to be a large dinner—large, that is, for Endbury—twenty covers; and Lydia had never prepared a table for so many guests. The number of objects necessary for the conventional setting of a dinner-table appalled her. She was so tired, and her attention was so fixed on the complicated processes going on uncertainly in the kitchen, that her brain reeled over the vast quantity of knives and forks needed to convey food to twenty mouths on a festal occasion. They persistently eluded her attempts to marshal them into order. She discovered that she had put forks for the soup; that, in some inexplicable way, at the plate destined for an important guest there was a large kitchen spoon of iron—a wild sort of whimsical humor rose in her from the ferment of her utter fatigue and anxiety. When Paul came in, looking very grave, she told him with a wavering laugh: "If I tried for ten minutes to go to heaven as hard as I've tried all day to have this

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dinner right, I'd certainly have a front seat in the angel choir. If anybody here to-night is not satisfied, it'll be because he's harder to please than St. Peter himself!"

"My Aunt Alexandra will be here," said Paul, the humorous side of his speech escaping him.

Lydia set down a tray of glasses and broke into open, shaking, hysterical laughter. Paul surveyed her grimly. Her excitement had flushed her cheeks and darkened her eyes, and her sudden, apparently light-hearted mirth put a finishing touch to a picture which could mean to her husband nothing but a care-free, not to say childish, attitude toward a situation of grave concern to him and his prospects and ambitions. His inborn and highly cultivated regard for competence and success in every enterprise undertaken drowned out, as was by no means infrequent with him, any power of judicial inquiry into the innate importance of the enterprise. He had an instant of bitter impatience with Lydia. He felt that he had a right to hold her to account for the outcome of events. If she were well enough to have rosy cheeks and to laugh at nothing, she was well enough to have satisfactory results expected from her efforts.

"I hope very much that everything will go well," he said curtly, turning away. "Our first dinner-party means a good deal."

But everything did not go well. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that nothing went well. From the over-peppered soup (Lydia had forgotten to warn her excited assistant in the kitchen that she had already seasoned the bouillon) to the salad, which, though excellent, gave out frankly, beyond any possibility of a disguise, while five people were still unserved, the meal was a long procession of mishaps. Paul took up sorrily his wife's rather hysterical note of self-mockery, and laughed over the varied eccentricities of the pretentious menu. But there was no laughter in his heart.

Never before in all his life, from babyhood up, had he been forced to know the acrid taste of failure, and the dose was not sweetened by his intense consciousness that he was not in any way responsible. No such fiasco had ever resulted from anything *he* had been responsible for, he thought fiercely to himself, leaning forward smilingly to talk to the president of the street-railway company, who, having nothing in the shape of silverware left at his place but a knife and a spoon, was eating his salad with the latter implement. "Lydia has no right to act so!" Paul thought.

The hostess gave the effect of flushed, bright-eyed animation usual with her on exciting occasions. "Your wife is a great beauty," said the street-railway magnate, looking down the disorganized table toward her.

Paul received this assurance with the properly enthusiastic verbal assent, but something else gleamed hotly in his face as he looked at her. "I have *some* rights!" thought the young husband. "Lydia owes me something!" He had never before been moved to pity for himself.

Lydia seemed to herself to be in an endless bad dream. The exhausting efforts of the day had reduced her to a sort of coma of fatigue through which she felt but dully the successive stabs of the ill-served, unsuccessful dinner. At times the table, the guests, the room itself, wavered before her, and she clutched at her chair to keep her balance. She did not know that she was laughing and talking gaily and eating nothing. She was only conscious of an intense longing for the end of things, and darkness and quiet.

After the meal, the company moved into the double parlor, and the later part of the entertainment began.

There was to be music, one of the guests being Endbury's favorite amateur soprano, and another a pianist much thought of. The singer took her place by the piano, assuming carefully the correct position. As the preliminary chords of the accompaniment sounded, she was almost visibly concentrating her thoughts on the tension of her vocal cords and the position of the soft palate.

It came to Lydia, some time after the performance was over, that the words of the song told of love and life and tragic betrayal. A near-by guest leaned to her and said, during the hand-clapping: "I couldn't make out what it was all about—never *can* understand a song—but say! can't she put it all over the soprano that sings in the First Methodist!"

His hostess gave the speaker a rather disconcerting stare, hardly explained, he thought, by the enigmatical statement which came after it: "Why, that is how we are living, all of us!"

The pianist was an old German, considered eccentric by Endbury. He had a social position on account of his son, a pros-

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perous German-American manufacturer of buggies, and was invited out because of his readiness to play on any occasion. The old man looked about him at the company with a fatherly smile and, sitting down to his instrument, waited pointedly until all the cheerful hum of conversation had died away. The room was profoundly silent as he brought his hands down on the keys in a startling, thrilling chord. Lydia's heart began to beat faster. She was so moved that she could have wept aloud, and yet, almost at once, as the musician passed on to the rich elaboration of his theme, she lost herself in a groping bewilderment. She had heard so little music! Her straining attention mocked her with its futility.

She and Paul had been married for eleven months, but they had found no time for the serious study of music from which she had hoped so much. When Paul was at home for an evening, he was too tired and worn for anything very deep, he said, and preferred the lighter pieces of Nevin to anything else. She now gave ear despairingly to the utterance of a master, catching only now and then a tantalizing glimpse of what it might mean to her. At times there emerged from the glorious tumult of sound some grave, earnest chord, some quick, piercing melody, some exquisite, sudden cadence, which reached her heart intelligibly; but through most of it she felt herself to be listening with heartsick yearning to a lovely message in an unknown tongue. She felt like beating her hands against the prison bars thus suddenly revealed to her.

"That's an *awfully* long piece for anybody to learn by heart!" commented her neighbor admiringly, as the old pianist finished and stood up, wiping his forehead. "Say, Mr. Burkhardt, what's the name of that selection?" he went on.

The old German turned toward him and answered gravely: "That is the maestoso mofement of Beethoven's opus von hundert ant elefen."

"Oh, it is, is it?" said Lydia's guest, with a facetious intonation. "All of that?"

After this the soprano sang again; some one else sang a humorous negro song; there was more piano music, rendered by the prosperous son of the old pianist, who played dashingly some bright comic-opera airs, the furniture was pushed back, and a few dancers whirled over the costly hardwood waxed floors, which Lydia had cleaned that morning. She felt that her good-natured guests were trying to make up for the failure of the dinner by unusual efforts to have the evening pass off well. She was grateful. It was the bright spot of the experience.

But Paul, who also saw the kindly efforts of his guests, felt that this was the last, intolerable dagger-thrust. He wanted people to envy him, not pity him.

After an eternity, the hour of departure arrived. As the door shut out the last of the smiling, lying guests, the host and hostess turned to face each other.

Paul spoke first, in an even, restrained tone. "You'd better go to bed, Lydia. You must be very tired."

With this he turned away to shut up the house. He had determined to preserve at all costs the appearance of the indulgent, non-critical, over-patient husband which he intensely felt himself to be. No force, he thought grimly, shutting his jaws hard, would drag from him a word as to his real sentiments! Fanned by the wind of this virtuous resolution, his sentiments grew hotter and hotter as he walked, locking doors and windows and reviewing bitterly the events of the evening.

Lydia sat quietly waiting for him to finish, her face in her hands, conscious of nothing but fatigue, in her ears a wild echo of the inexplicable, haunting Beethoven chords. Suddenly she started and raised her head, her face transfigured. Her eyes shone, a smile was on her lips, like that of some one who hears from far the sound of a beloved voice. She made a gesture of yearning toward her husband.

"Oh, Paul . . . *Paul!*" she cried, in a tremulous voice of wonder.

He turned, the light for the first time on his black, loveless face. "What is it?" he enunciated distinctly, looking at her hard.

Before his eyes, Lydia shrank back. She put up her hands instinctively to hide her face from him. Finally—"Nothing—nothing—" she murmured.

Without comment Paul went back to his conscientious round of the house.

Lydia had felt for the first time the quickening to life of her child. And during all that day, till then, she had forgotten that she was to know motherhood.

9 **The next instalment of "The Squirrel Cage" will appear in the February number.**

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For two months a friendly debate has been going on in "Everybody's" over the censorship of plays. The scope of the discussion widened when, in the December number, Lincoln Steffens answered my appeal to Jesus's use of force by contending that in driving the money-changers from the temple he was inconsistent with his own teachings.

I have now asked a third debater to enter the lists—Hugh Black, the Scotch preacher, professor of practical theology in Union Theological Seminary, New York. Practical theology, mind you. It is his fine practical quality which, joined with scholarship and spirituality, has given him a grip on audiences and readers all through America. He has something illuminating to say here about Jesus's "inconsistency." He also contributes to the censorship controversy itself, presenting, from a new point of view, some fine constructive ideas on the purification of the stage.

Erman J. Ridgway.

DEAR MR. RIDGWAY:

Greatly daring, I agree to your request to interpose in the friendly discussion between Mr. Lincoln Steffens and yourself, though I expect I shall suffer the fate of those who rush in where angels might fear to tread. The controversy is not of my making, and I would not have chosen the particular spots where the fight has been waged. The trouble about all controversy is that both parties get carried away from the first point of issue, but I suppose that is also part of the fun of it. My comfort is that I have not "butted in," but have been called in, and I merely offer my little contribution.

The original question was whether a dramatic censorship was desirable. I gather that there is no dispute as to the facts you give, and that there sometimes appear in New York, as in all great cities, plays whose influence is bad. You say that there were two shows running in New York last summer of that character. While everybody might not agree with your judgment as to these particular shows, all will admit that the question you raise is an urgent one. Your remedy is a rigorous censorship.

On this practical question I would take Mr. Lincoln Steffens's side in opposing the appointment of a censor, though I would not do this for all his reasons. I would oppose it simply because I do not think it works as a matter of fact, and because I think there are better ways of effecting the purpose. It seems to me that this is not so much a question of principle as of policy. Mr. Steffens says that he is more interested in the theory than in the practise. It may be because I have been more or less of a theorist all my life, that I am chiefly interested in the practical side of a question. We can not get things done, because we raise vague and cloudy issues

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of theory. We line up for a fight about a bogy we call Socialism, when it may be only a question whether it is practically wise to have municipal gas or trolleys or what not.

I would oppose a censor, not because I have a theory that force is never permissible, but because I object to this kind of force. I have lived most of my life in a country where there is a censorship, and there it is not the great success you would expect. The mere passing of a play by the censor is no guarantee that its influence will be harmless. In London there appear on the stage things that I am sure could not be exceeded for badness in New York.

I differ from Mr. Steffens, and agree with you, in not being afraid of force. Force is a mere abstract term about which it is difficult to argue. I do not suppose that Mr. Steffens would advocate the suspension of the ordinary common law, which itself would prevent outrageous offenses against decency. If he would not, then he, too, is prepared to allow force.

To "keep to our muttons" on the question of censorship, it is really one of practical policy. How are we to purify the stage? Mr. Steffens looks to criticism and to public opinion. I think he is right. I believe also that the problem could easily be solved.

The first thing is to know and understand the facts. Perhaps a fact more important than the facts about the character of particular plays is the character of the ordinary audience. The business manager for a play is intensely interested in giving what he thinks the people want, and by the people he does not mean you or me, but the crowd who attend his theatre. If it be true, as all observers say, that the theatre depends for its patronage on the women of America, then they have it absolutely in their hands and could control it.

I suppose that all matinée performances are dependent on women for their audience, and at all theatres the greater majority of those present are women. We are told that the audiences are at least two-thirds women. If we could go deeper into the analysis of theatre-goers and could count all the men who go because they are dragged out by their women-folk, the proportions would be even greater. If the theatre is bad, the final responsibility rests with women, and there lie to their hands an opportunity and a duty. They must learn that they have the power, and that their organized opinion can in this matter do what they want. At any rate, I agree with Mr. Steffens that we ought to depend entirely on criticism and public opinion.

In many ways the next subject of difference in the friendly controversy is the more interesting, and opens up a many-sided problem. Both sides appeal to the teaching and example of Jesus, one asserting that He used force on particular occasions, the other replying that in this He was false to His own highest teaching. It is to me a proof of the essential religious character of our time that men everywhere are making the same sort of appeal.

Not Force, but Courage

First, as to the facts. The occasions given are that Jesus cleared the temple of the money-changers with a whip of cords, and that He denounced the Pharisees as hypocrites. I do not think the facts warrant the assertion He resorted to force. Take the case of the temple Righteous indignation was there, but it is a misuse of language to speak of physical force. It was moral influence. It was a case of *one man against a multitude,* when the right made the one invincible and conscience made cowards of the crowd. If ever there was an occasion when victory was given against the big battalions, it was then. All the force was on the other side. I fail to see wherein He was inconsistent with His own highest teaching, even on the subject of force. There was just the same moral courage with which He faced His accusers at the last and went to His death.

The only other evidence offered in support of the contention that He used force is His denunciation of the Pharisees. Unless you are prepared to assert that indignation is always wrong, we are not justified in making this an instance when Jesus came short of His own ideal. There can be anger without hatred. Also it has to be noted that it was anger, not against individuals, but against a system, a soul-destroying system, which bound men with burdens too heavy to be borne, and which issued in moral blindness.

This question of inconsistency is one that needs to be considered more profoundly than we usually do. It is quite easy to prove that Jesus was inconsistent. Because His teaching was so fundamentally original and so essentially consistent there are plenty of surface inconsistencies. Indeed, that was the difficulty to an honest Pharisee. At one time, when confronted by one of the "traditions of the elders," Jesus refused it because it conflicted with the Mosaic law. At another time a

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question comes up with chapter and verse from Moses, the question of divorce, and He refused it because it conflicted with the moral law. At a third time, when an express enactment was brought up, the question of Sabbath-keeping, he condemned it because it conflicted with a higher law still. This must have been very confusing, and must have looked arbitrary, to an honest Pharisee. Yet all the seeming inconsistency was due to the profound consistency of His teaching, which refused to acknowledge any authority that would come in between the soul and God.

To return to the question about the place of force in achieving good or in repressing evil, it seems to me a mistake to argue about it in general, for the simple reason that we do not agree as to the meaning of the word. To deny a place for force in society would be logically to disband the police and repeal all criminal law. We shall never truly understand the teaching of Jesus until we recognize that in it we have not *statute* laws. They are not commandments. They are principles, not precepts. Harriet Martineau in her Autobiography tells us that when very young she sought to make out from the Bible a list of precepts for the conduct of life. She got on swimmingly with the Old Testament, but when she came to the New Testament she found that she had to abandon her task. She found that she was in a different world, and that there were no commandments and precepts.

A Religion without Law

As a matter of fact, to Jesus religion was life, and He throws us back on principles, on conscience, on life itself. He was completely opposed to the idea of statute law in religion. It is this wrong conception of the nature of the Master's teaching which makes Mr. Steffens say that Jesus sinned when He appeared to break one of the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount. The true way to follow the teaching and example of Jesus is to make love and brotherhood at once our end to which we move, and our standard by which we judge.

We must learn to make love the inspiring motive of all social acts, *even of acts of repression.* This will make antiquated much of our legal theory and practise. For example, punishment itself will be looked on as only justified if it is the fruit of love. In social living, so long as we have members of such varied stages and ages, there will always be a place for force. If a madman were to rush in among children with an ax, I should be justified in preventing him by force, even in felling him to the ground. If he came to his senses, he would thank me for restraining him. He would recognize that it was for his own good, and the truest act of love for himself.

This illustration also brings out an aspect of the subject overlooked by Mr. Steffens. It is not merely a question between me and the particular evil-doer I restrain, or want to restrain. We have to think of the other fellow. I use force with the madman, not only in his own best interests, but to save the children. That is, there are always the claims of society to consider. Thus, in the case of the corrupt plays, I would agree with you about a censorship if I thought there was no other and better way for it, though even then I could only look upon it as temporary. Our ideal ought to be education *for freedom,* and the only way to do that is *by freedom.*

But we have to consider always the good of all. Society will therefore always claim the right to protect itself, especially in the interests of the weak and ignorant. Punishment, no doubt, should be designed to save the criminal, but there still remains something to be said for the point of view of the English judge in the eighteenth century who, when sentencing a man for stealing horses, said: "You are sentenced to be hung till you are dead, not for stealing horses, but that horses may not be stolen."

Mr. Steffens's article is to me a beautiful and gracious one, full of the Christian spirit. His deliberate testimony is that Christianity can cure the evils of society. He believes that Christ's teaching applied with courage and candor would do the work of the world. I think it is the most Christian thing in Mr. Steffens that he is prepared to follow the Master's teaching, even if he believes the Master Himself came short of His own ideal. If he is compelled to believe that Jesus fell short of His own highest teaching, he would like to be a better Christian than Jesus. To some this may seem presumption, but to me it is the mark of the finest disciple. After all, we do not forget the great word of the Master: "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I say?"

HUGH BLACK.

Letters on the **Censorship Controversy** have poured in from our readers. A few of them appear in the **Publisher's Department,** page 143.

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The Down-and-Outer

by

MARY HEATON VORSE

Author of "THE BREAKING IN OF A YACHTSMAN'S WIFE," "THE HEART OF THE HOUSE," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES PRESTON

WHEN, after a moment's knocking, the door was opened by McGlashen, holding up a pair of hastily pulled-on trousers, and blinking through puffy, swollen eyes, Robertson exclaimed:

"Good heavens! McGlashen, is this you?" Next he said: "Do you *live* here, McGlashen?"

It was not tactful of Robertson to put his question in that way, nor was it tactful of him to stand staring at McGlashen. McGlashen, not at all disconcerted, exclaimed:

"Why, it's old Robertson! Awfully glad to see you," he added, with an intonation of hearty joyfulness that took Robertson back to their college days. He put out a soiled hand and wrung Robertson's shapely one. "Awfully glad to see you," McGlashen repeated. Then he laughed, and at that Robertson's look of surprise deepened, for the spirit of youth rang in the sound. It was the kind of laugh that makes one forget there is death in the world, or age. It was a laugh to have made a fortune, if laughs were marketable. One would as soon have expected to hear birds sing in the air-shaft on which the window gave, as to hear such a note in this reeking place; nor was it a laugh to expect from a man of McGlashen's appearance. He was unwashed, unshaven. Moreover, the fumes of the night before hung about him; while his unkempt hair, and the fact that he had been wakened from sleep but a minute before, made him look more battered than he really was.

The thought of his appearance evidently did not occur to him. He drew Robertson inside the room, with the air of a man welcoming an old friend to his ancestral halls.

"By Jove! Robertson," he exclaimed, "you're the last man I expected a visit from this morning!" He drew him over to the light that filtered in through the dirty window. "So you're a clergyman," he an-

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nounced, after a moment's scrutiny. "I think I heard it, but I'd forgotten."

The two men stood silent a moment, looking at each other, trying to bridge the years that separated them. Robertson was tall, with the special sort of portliness that seems characteristic of the clergy. His hair was iron gray. He had the calm expression of a man who is at peace with himself, combined with a certain look of anxiety, which meant that he was worried about the world. Time hadn't spared Robertson; every one of the years that had passed over him had left its full mark. McGlashen, on the other hand, seemed to have been idling in some favored spot where time didn't exist. The springiness of the youth of his college days seemed but temporarily damaged. In college, McGlashen had looked younger than the other men. Even now, with everything against him, he looked fantastically boyish.

"What are you doing yourself, McGlashen?" Robertson inquired. He felt uncomfortable in asking it, and showed it, with his usual uncompromising tactlessness.

McGlashen laughed again. "What am I doing *here*, you mean, don't you? I'm living with the other half, that's what I'm doing—temporarily. But I'm about through now. I was telling Mrs. Grogan the other day—wasn't I?"—he appealed to the janitress, who had accompanied Robertson to his room, and still lingered—"that I was about to go back to the station in life to which it had pleased God to call me."

"What are you going to do?" asked Robertson, practical-minded.

"Do?" McGlashen answered, in the tone of one who has to choose. "Oh, whatever amuses me most, I suppose. I never could see any use in doing things that didn't interest you. That's why I left the law," he explained. "A lot of it bored me. I can make enough to supply my wants any time, anywhere, if I want to do work that bores me. But," he went on with a spark of enthusiasm in his eagerness, "if I'm really going to work, I'll get the best work out of myself by doing something I really like—and I *want* the best, you know, Robertson. I won't have anything else."

The janitress broke in on them with: "I told him to come to see yer. I told him yer'd know if the society'd oughter get Leary's kid or not."

"What's wrong with the Learys?" McGlashen asked sharply. "Leary's the only man on God's earth who understands that devil's brat of his. He ought to—the boy's just like him. He's the kind of kid that, if he didn't have a father to tear his hide off every so often, would land in the pen. Leary's crazy about him. He'll make a good chap out of him yet."

As they passed through the dark corridors, Robertson noticed that his friend had a personal knowledge of all the people in the tenement. Slatternly women smiled "Good-day." Children came up and slid grimy paws into his hands. He exercised his gift for making friends with every one. It was as universal a thing as sunshine, and a thing as impersonal; as ever-present, as much for everybody, as are a man's good looks, for instance. Robertson reflected, with a moment of something like bitterness, what a tremendous thing this gift would have been for him. People liked Robertson, when they knew him; but as for his getting straight to the hearts of young and old as McGlashen could, poor Robertson didn't know the road.

When the clergyman went home that night, his thoughts dwelt on McGlashen. Something must be done about him; he must give his old friend a grip on life again. With this end in view, he went back to the tenement next day, and, meeting the janitress in the hall, he asked if she knew whether McGlashen was at home.

"He's flitted again," the woman informed him. "He's flitted—but he'll be back. He comes and goes. He's up and down, is Mr. McGlashen. 'Tis the queer one he is! 'Tisn't drink brings him back here; I dunno what 'tis. Sometimes I think he's that kind-hearted he can't get on."

But Robertson had no time for this gossiping philosophy concerning his friend's character. "Where do you think he is?"

This was more than the janitress could tell him. "'Tis the kids miss him," she gossiped. "'Tis more than once he's come back dressed in the grand clo's to see 'em."

Before a fortnight was over, chance gave Robertson another meeting with McGlashen. He was going to a dinner given by an old friend of his, and, arriving early, found but one other man besides his host. It was McGlashen—McGlashen faultlessly dressed

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in a dinner coat, well groomed, boyishly happy. Robertson had to hold himself in to keep from echoing the "Good heavens! is this you, McGlashen?" of their first meeting.

Apparently it cost McGlashen nothing to recognize Robertson's surprise.

"Look at old Robertson!" he laughed. "His mouth is the shape of an O because he sees me here, and sees me clean. He doesn't know how much of the world I play over, does he, Forbes? You see, that's the matter with most men," McGlashen went on. "If they get down on their luck, they make every sort of shift to keep up appearances. There's only just a little oblong of New York that they can live in. They don't seem to know there's any place outside of that that's got rooms to rent; and it's so with the rest of life and the people in it. If *I* don't feel like being up—what you fellows call up, I mean—why, I go down, comfortably. You see, I don't know any difference between up and down—and you can't beat a man who doesn't."

His manner saved his little speech from the curse of egotism. It was a philosophy of life he was talking, as he saw it applied in his own person, and his boyish and sympathetic manner lent a certain charm to what he was saying. It seemed a pleasant attitude of mind.

ROBERTSON HAD THE CALM EXPRESSION OF A MAN WHO IS AT PEACE WITH HIMSELF.

After McGlashen had gone, Robertson remained to chat with Forbes.

"Is he on his feet for good?" he asked.

"Oh, no," Forbes answered him evenly, "of course he isn't."

"Well, what's the matter?" Robertson persisted. "A man as brilliant——"

"Oh, yes, I know," the other cut him short. "We've been all through that before, everybody who knows McGlashen—everybody in what McGlashen calls 'up here,' I mean. *You* try a whack at him now, Robertson, and see what you can do."

"Will you help me?" asked Robertson. The touch of the solemnity of his calling in Robertson's tone irritated Forbes.

"No, I won't," he replied bluntly. "I just accept old McGlashen as he is. You see, the matter with McGlashen is, he ended wrong from the beginning. I used to worry about him; I used to be afraid he'd starve. But he doesn't starve—he has a good time, better than you, better than I do. He's all right, too. It's always the highest motives that make him leave you in the lurch just at the wrong time."

Robertson felt vaguely revolted at his friend's pessimism. "I'm going to pull him out," he announced, his mouth setting itself in an obstinate line.

"That's what a man told McGlashen; and do you know what McGlashen said? He said, 'From what, and where to?' *I* couldn't answer it."

"But what's the matter with him?" Robertson persisted.

"The matter with McGlashen, if you

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want to know," his friend returned curtly, "is a natural disinclination for a long period of work—that's what ails McGlashen." He turned, wearied, from the subject.

Although Robertson had the best will in the world to keep his eye on McGlashen, the other man slipped from his mind for some time. Indeed, he didn't see him again until one night a spellbinder attracted his attention, talking from a cart-tail. Something sympathetic in the man's personality drew Robertson into the growing crowd. It was McGlashen, talking with the tongue of an orator and the charm of an angel—and talking, Robertson observed, for the wrong side. Since their last meeting, he had evidently come down in the world. His clothes were shabby.

Robertson waited until McGlashen was through, and then went up to speak to him. His friend was unfeignedly glad to see him.

"I'm surprised," said Robertson, "to see you lending your talents to this party."

"Oh," responded the other easily, "isn't there a lot of trash talked about them? They're pretty good. They get jobs for a lot of fellows. I don't know much about the real inside of politics. It doesn't interest me. It doesn't feed the spirit much, does it? But talking like this speeds the inner man, so they look me up at election——"

He was as irresponsible about it as a child, apparently quite uninterested in the matter except as a temporary way of making a little money.

"I'm not Irishman enough," he continued, "to care for the game of it, but I'm Irish enough to like to talk."

Robertson's indignation had been simmering in this especial campaign, and now he overflowed in a torrent of facts and figures as to exactly how much corruption the party which McGlashen supported, meant.

"I wish you'd stop it, McGlashen," he finished.

"Sure," said McGlashen lightly. "It doesn't mean anything to me."

Robertson would have liked to impress his friend that it should have meant everything to him, but forbore. "I'll get you something better to do, McGlashen," he said.

"All right," McGlashen agreed. "But I think I ought to tell you, before I go in, that if the work's a deadening sort I sha'n't stay in it."

"Try it, anyway," Robertson urged. He felt he had the exact niche for McGlashen, in the Organized Charity. They wanted just such a sympathetic fellow as he for an investigator.

In three weeks word came from the office that McGlashen had left without an explanation. Robertson looked him up, and reproached him with his summary departure.

"Well, I couldn't very well explain to them, could I, my dear fellow," said McGlashen, "that their methods seemed to me revolting? I couldn't very well tell my immediate chief that that wart on his nose gave him such an expression of rampant curiosity that if I'd stayed there much longer, I should have removed it—the wart, I mean—with my penknife?"

"The work," Robertson remarked sententiously, "is an excellent one—looked at in a large way."

"Well," replied McGlashen, with exasperating flippancy, "I can't look at things like that in a large way. If you put a quarter between you and the moon, Robertson, you can't see the moon. Well, the wart on that man's nose stood between me and any larger view."

There flashed upon Robertson's mind Forbes's statement that the matter with McGlashen was that he hated work. The winter seemed to confirm it; for during the winter's experience at three different times McGlashen left the various occupations that Robertson found for him. More and more Forbes's judgment of the man seemed just.

"There's no use in your trying to boost me over, old man," McGlashen once said to him affectionately. "It's no use trying to fit a round peg like me into your square-cut holes. I told you in the beginning that I only wanted the best. I can pick up enough to live on any time, anywhere. I don't mind not being respectable; I don't mind bad clothes, nor stuffy rooms, nor bad food. I don't mind anything. I grant you that it might seem I'm rather long in finding my chosen work, but I'll find it one day," he finished, with the same careless confidence with which an eight-year-old boy might speak of some day finding a hidden treasure in the back yard.

"But I've got some work now I think

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you'll like. I want you to help me," said Robertson eagerly. "Among the people you care for, you know; just the sort of thing that you naturally do when you live in the tenement. Help me to help them on."

McGlashen agreed, though with a certain dubiousness.

"I won't have to ask them impertinent questions, will I, like the first job?" he questioned childishly. "I especially hate to begin this work," he went on, "because if I chuck it, it will hurt your feelings; but even if I do chuck it, don't think it's a reflection on you. An occupation that is dwarfing to me may be the very meat you feed on."

From the tone of this, Robertson couldn't tell whether he was being made fun of or not; and he became irritated.

"One would think your spirit," he retorted, "was a week-old child, you take such tender care of it!"

"Oh, leave me my one little sense of responsibility!" begged McGlashen.

It was at a moment when work was especially pressing that Robertson received a letter from McGlashen:

> I'm writing instead of coming in person to give my farewell, because I dread your reproachful gray eye. It isn't any good, Robertson. Spring has come. I'm going out along the roadside to invite my soul. Doing good professionally has aroused vicious tendencies in me that I never suspected before. The monotony of alleviating temporary distress has caused the fountain of joy to dry within me. Don't tell me that we will soon be giving away ice instead of coal! That change isn't drastic enough for me, Robertson.
>
> Were there hedgerows in this country, I would bid you think of me in them. I leave it for you to discover the real sentiment that this apparent flippancy cloaks.

Robertson threw the letter aside contemptuously. A common loafer was all the man was. With every talent—for he had been a success in each one of the positions he had filled—with extraordinary charm and power of swaying people, he chose to neglect every responsibility. Well, there was one responsibility he shouldn't neglect. He couldn't slide out of this last interview. No, plain speech was what McGlashen needed—plain speech and plenty of it! Everybody else had let him go without once telling him the truth about himself. And for the sake of "having it out," as he called it, with McGlashen, Robertson sent word for him to come.

He came. His manner had a patronizing suavity. His speech was clear, but there was a certain vagueness in his movements.

"He's been drinking!" Robertson thought with disgust. As if he had read his friend's thought:

"Quite so," McGlashen said urbanely. "Your hypothesis about me, my dear Robertson, is quite correct—quite. I saw this interview afar off; I've seen it coming daily, moving up across the horizon, you might say." His tone recalled vividly to Robertson his third meeting with McGlashen.

"And so, when it was upon me, why, I thought I might relieve this painful situation for us both. Indeed, I feel that I must tell you, Robertson, that I consider it very nice of me to have come at all, knowing perfectly what I was in for; but I felt I owed it to you. You've been very kind—mistaken, perhaps, in your kindness, and ineffably tactless—but kind."

His voice had dropped from the rhetorical pitch, and he spoke the last words with deep affection and yet very sadly. Robertson longed to shake him as one shakes a naughty boy.

"You might have spared me this, at least," he said. "It isn't pleasant for me to see you in this condition."

"'This condition'!" McGlashen took him up. "My dear sir, your feeling for 'this condition' is a mere prejudice. Am I unpleasant? No! Do I bump your furniture about? No! I am a trifle loquacious: that may be diverting—diverting, at least, it would be to a philosophical mind. Why do you suppose, Robertson, that I deliberately drank too much before coming into your presence? Why do you suppose any one drinks? Have you ever considered, Robertson, why men drink? You think it is for debauchery, don't you, and viciousness, and self-indulgence? Why, Robertson," he continued solemnly, "men drink for vision; they drink for the sight beyond—for the uplift! Drink is the most ideal vice that the world has ever known. It's a mistaken way to get it, I grant you; but, nevertheless, many men drink for the reason many pray—so that all shall seem smooth in the world; so that the sun shall shine; so that sorrow shall die; so that the world, that is so dreadful and gray and sullen, shall become a beautiful place to live in. Men drink to laugh, and they drink for wit, and they

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drink for oblivion. They don't know they do, but that's why.

"As a rule, I can get my uplift in other ways—more subtle ones—but I confess, Robertson, when I thought of your cold, ministerial frown, the wine cup seemed the only way of alleviating a sad, gray task. As it is, I am enjoying myself. I see you larger than life; I enjoy your portentous frown; I enjoy my own conversation. Just now, for instance, I feel I have been uttering the wisdom of ages. To-morrow morning, most likely, I shall agree with you that it was piffle. Still, there was one idea in it—I shall always believe that men drink for the same reasons that they pray—I never thought of it before.

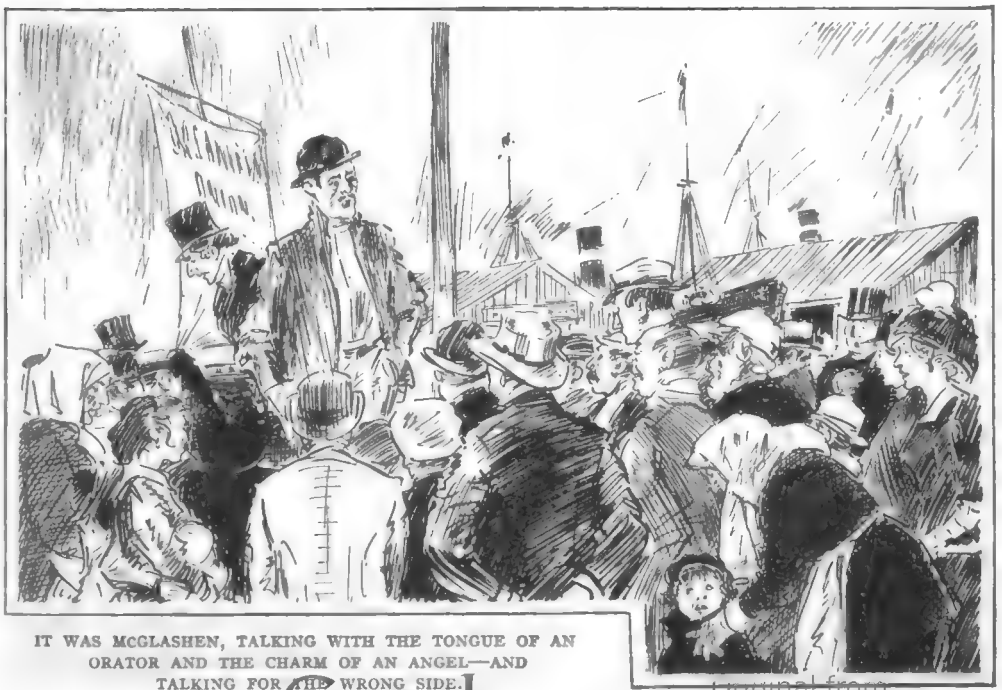
"Where you, Robertson, see a besotted wretch, I see the idealist gone wrong. Where the young men see no visions, the people perish!—the quotation is inexact, but the sense remains intact. It was to preserve my vision that I drank to-night. That's the greatest thing in life, Robertson; and here, I believe, we are at one—the ideals in life should be cherished. Whatever else goes, they should remain. That, my dear fellow, as I've told you many times, is why I have left, one after another, all those insupportable jobs that you so beneficently placed me in. They were killing the most precious thing I have in life, the inner Me. But I will not go over that ground again. We differ on that. My vision of my duty and your vision of my duty are two different things. I do not dispute your point of view; it has its reasonableness, no doubt. I've answered most of the things you would have asked me, haven't I? It's been extremely kind of you, and more than I had hoped, that you've let me do all the talking."

He ran down like a clock, and stopped, for the first time, waiting for a reply. Before, as Robertson had tried impatiently to interrupt, he had been borne along on the brimming current of his friend's eloquence. His impatience with McGlashen had grown as if each word had been a drop of oil on a fire. Now, as McGlashen paused, he said:

"I didn't get you here, McGlashen, to listen to any more excuses——"

McGlashen rose to his feet, his manner still urbanely patronizing. He reached for his hat. Robertson checked him with a gesture.

"You said," he protested sternly, "that you felt you owed it to me to come. You acknowledged, after all, that in my own



IT WAS MCGLASHEN, TALKING WITH THE TONGUE OF AN ORATOR AND THE CHARM OF AN ANGEL—AND TALKING FOR THE WRONG SIDE.

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mistaken way I've tried to be kind to you. Now you owe it to me to listen. I didn't get you here for any sophistry on the benefits of drink, nor did I ask you to come to make you any reproaches. I want to help you; and I can't do any more unless you look at yourself. For God's sake, look yourself squarely in the eyes once, man! See what you are—turn your philosophy on yourself for a second. McGlashen, idealism isn't what's the matter with you; that's not what makes you leave jobs that honest men are glad to take. You hate work—that's what ails you. Live your own life if you want to—nobody can keep you from doing that, I suppose; and no one can help you but *yourself*—but don't lie about your motives! Confess that you're a failure; that you've failed everybody from the start; that the same wastrel spirit that kept you from graduating, for no reason at all—for none on earth but your loafer instinct, that makes you hate honest work—made it too much trouble for you to take your degree, and has made it too much trouble for you to keep on at anything since. All I ask of you, McGlashen, before we go each his own way, is that you stop telling yourself sentimental slush about the beauty of your own motives."

McGlashen put down his hat, and with both hands on the edge of the table, he leaned over it, gazing at Robertson. His head hung forward; his mouth was open; his eyes stared with a sort of horror. With a curious note of frightened warning in his voice——

"Don't talk like that, Robertson!" he said. "'Tisn't good for me!"

"You don't know whether it's good for you or not," Robertson returned. "You've never given yourself a chance with the truth, McGlashen. You've been living with an ideal of yourself instead of living with the person you are. You've excused yourself for your futile, shiftless way of disappointing yourself and disappointing your friends, by pretending you were clinging to an ideal."

The preacher's habit had got hold of Robertson, the habit of the man accustomed to exhort and admonish and point the way of righteousness to his fellow men, and minute by minute he stripped bare McGlashen's motives for leaving his various occupations. Robertson, who failed to shine in conversation, did not lack a certain poignant eloquence when he was preaching; but he was too occupied with his subject to keep his finger on the pulse of his audience.

McGlashen stood there, swaying slightly, his hands still gripping the table, his mouth open. From time to time he rasped out:

"It doesn't do any good, Robertson!"

"I wouldn't mind about it all," Robertson wound up, "if it wasn't for all the promise you had; if it wasn't for all the gifts that you still have; if it wasn't for all that you might do and be. You've got almost more than anybody—and it does no good!"

But his last words were drowned in a low cry of protest from McGlashen.

"Stop!" he bade Robertson. "Don't go on! I know it all! I've known it all the time. Don't you suppose it's been standing there in the back of my head—all this that you've been telling me, like some sort of malign specter, ready, the minute I looked it in the face, to choke me? Don't you know the only way I could go on was by pretending to believe about myself as I did?"

He looked at Robertson, wild-eyed. "Think what it means," he said, "to be a failure; a man who has no hope for him anywhere—a down-and-outer—and to know it! That's what you've done to me! You've made me realize out loud—you've made me realize that there isn't any tomorrow for me; that I never can do anything; that there's some fatal screw loose somewhere inside my head!"

He dropped into a chair and covered his face with his hands, with a curiously boyish gesture, which only accentuated his despair. A heavy silence fell upon them.

Robertson stood watching his friend, aghast at what had happened. He had intended in the beginning to be gentler, but McGlashen's flippant, inebriate discourse had loosed the vials of his wrath.

"There's always hope for a man," he finally brought out, and felt, as he said them, how inadequate his words were in the face of the man who still sat as when he had first dropped in the chair, his head in his hands.

At this McGlashen slowly lifted his head. "Oh, no, there isn't," he said. "You know as well as I do, Robertson, that there are hopeless moral diseases just like physical ones. That's the awful part! There isn't any hope—there's no mainspring in me to

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wind up to set the machinery going again."

Suddenly he jumped to his feet and threw both his hands far apart above his head with a tearing gesture, as though he were trying to fling off from him some stifling, enshrouding garment.

"Oh, God! God! God!" he cried out. "Think of seeing yourself as you are! That's what hell would mean to most men, Robertson. What if you could see your life—at least you try! But me——"

Then he said in an almost natural voice: "I could have borne it, you know, if you hadn't happened to mention the things I might have been. That's vanity, isn't it?"

He strode up to Robertson and glared at him from narrowed eyes.

"Don't you know," he demanded, in a low, concentrated voice, "don't you know that you oughtn't to tell a man a thing like that? Don't you know there are some things a man oughtn't to know about himself? I was all right until you came, wasn't I? I wasn't unhappy—I was happier than you! That's something! I might have kept on all my life telling myself there was a to-morrow, telling myself the same little lies that only half deceived me, but kept me going. And now there isn't any to-morrow!"

He looked at Robertson blankly, as a child from whom some treasured plaything has suddenly been snatched.

"There isn't any to-morrow at all!" he repeated.

At this he began a long stride up and down the room, shaking his head, and muttering to himself. His face was drawn, and his unseeing eyes gazed on vacancy. Robertson opened his mouth and tried to speak; there was nothing to say. There was nothing he could put between this man and his despair. He had wanted McGlashen to look at himself as he was; well, he had done it, and the truth had eaten into the man's flesh like acid. And now there was nothing for Robertson to do but watch his friend in the agony of absolute defeat.

Suddenly McGlashen snatched his hat and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" Robertson cried. "What are you going to do, McGlashen?"

McGlashen halted. "Do?" he mocked. "There's only one thing, isn't there, for me to *do?* You don't suppose I can go on living with *this!*" he said.

"McGlashen!" called Robertson—"McGlashen!"

McGlashen was down the stairs and at the front door. There he paused, while Robertson followed, fear growing large within him. He looked up at Robertson with his irresistible, boyish smile.

"After all," he said, "there wasn't any reason for so much dramatics, was there? I made you an awful scene, Robertson. I suppose that was the booze—I'm all over it now. You've been all on the level with me. Don't, for Heaven's sake, be fool enough to blame yourself—no matter what happens."

He had put his usual manner like a curtain between his despair and Robertson. "It's just because I'm what I am that I've taken it this way, you know. I've been fighting all my life to keep from saying the things you said about me to-night, that's all. I've almost said them often enough; I'd probably have said them some time soon, anyway, so don't worry about your part. Good night!"

He was out of the door and had swung it shut before Robertson, who had stopped on the stairs as McGlashen turned round, could start after him. The house was near a corner. All the streets leading from it were empty. Robertson went out and walked up and down. The houses stared blankly at him. The outer doors were all shut in austere rows. McGlashen had vanished. There was nothing for Robertson but to go back home again with his remorse.

He paced restlessly up and down his study. As McGlashen had said, few men could meet the absolute truth about themselves with benefit. What right had he to interfere in his friend's life? The man had been happy; he had been doing harm to no one—he had even been doing good, shedding around him his sweet-tempered friendliness like a light; and Robertson had sought to make him live as Robertson thought he should, and for this reason had broken in where lay McGlashen's secret griefs.

Early the next day he went to look for McGlashen, but the latter hadn't come home. Days passed, and there was no sign of him. All efforts to find him were of no avail.

Aside from his remorse, a certain loneliness came over Robertson. He realized that he loved McGlashen; that even when he wasn't with him it had been pleasant to

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"YOU'VE MADE ME REALIZE OUT LOUD—YOU'VE MADE ME REALIZE THAT THERE ISN'T ANY TO-MORROW FOR ME; THAT I NEVER CAN DO ANYTHING."

think that he was in the same world.

The whole business affected him so that he put his work in the tenement where McGlashen lived into the hands of some one else, and tried to turn his mind from the affair; but one day some unavoidable business took him, unwilling, to that part of the town.

At a vender's stand on a corner, he caught sight of McGlashen buying peanuts for a little red-headed girl!

Robertson went up to them, crying out, "How are you, McGlashen? Awfully glad to see you!" How glad, he had tact enough not to put into words, though it shone out of his kindly, near-sighted eyes. The way he pumped McGlashen's arm up and down for too long a time, told it. After all, when one comes on a friend whom one has every reason to believe dead, and finds him alive and well, buying peanuts for a little girl with a haystack of red hair, it would be hard not to betray some emotion.

McGlashen returned his greeting cordially, ignoring all that had passed between them.

"Why haven't you been to see me?" Robertson demanded next, "—and saved me all the anxiety," his unspoken thought went. But though McGlashen knew well enough his friend's unspoken thought, he chose to answer only the first part.

"Oh, what would be the use, Robertson? You know what I said to you last time I saw you, and what I said then goes."

The little girl was waiting with a patient, detached air, the air of a woman wedded to an erratic man, who has learned her lesson of waiting, patient, meek, through all the vagaries of her lord, without fretting herself. She had a curious repose that set her quite apart from the jigging children of her own age.

"This is my daughter," McGlashen explained.

Robertson was literal-minded. His eyes opened wide.

"I adopted her," McGlashen further

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vouchsafed. "I've got the *papers*—you ought to see the *papers!*" he repeated. He had a childish delight in the papers, evidently. They stirred his perverse sense of humor. He turned his quick eyes, full of raillery, on Robertson.

"Say, Robertson," he asked, "what would you have done if I'd asked you to stand sponsor for me as a father for the kid? Bet you a cent you'd 'a' said that you couldn't conscientiously say I was a fit person to bring up children. Now, *I* know I am," he continued serenely. "I always said I was cut out for a father. The trouble is, you have to be a husband first, mostly; and I'd agree with you that I'd make a damned bad husband."

Robertson looked at the two of them. McGlashen had aged since Robertson had seen him. He was no longer a boy, prematurely wrinkled; instead, he had the aspect of an old man who retains still some of the characteristics of youth. The mainspring in McGlashen's life had been broken. He had thought he couldn't go on living in the first pain. Robertson had thought so, too, but they had both been mistaken.

The little girl gazed at the two men with a speculative, aloof air. She had the face and bearing that mark those children on whom anxiety and care and all the pressure of life have come early. She had the responsible look of a capable woman of thirty. Aside from this, Robertson noticed that her large eyes were out of proportion to her thin little face, and that now and then some flicker of expression sent a ripple like light across it, as if some interesting thing had happened inside her head. For all she was so undersized and puny, she seemed full of a sort of quivering vitality; and a sudden indignation burned in Robertson's heart that this irresponsible being should have dared to take such a child to rear. As if in answer to his indignation, McGlashen shot him a humorous glance.

"Who's to do it if I don't?" he asked genially. "Her mother—she's the one we got some work for after she had pleurisy in the hospital—she's dead. Just think a minute," McGlashen went on—not in self-defense; rather with the air of a man explaining something to a mind less able than his own—"just think, as you say in your sermons, how much 'fuller, nobler, and richer' life with me will be for that young one than it would be if she lived with most people. I supply the needs of her nature. Good conversation's what her soul hungers after," he explained further. "I'm giving her a profession she'll like—that's the grand thing in life—to find work you want to do instead of having to do work you don't. She's going to have a great career," McGlashen explained. "She's going to have looks; she's going to be a great artist; and then, when she's grown up, and I'm a stumbling-block instead of a stepping-stone, she'll go off and leave me," he concluded cheerfully.

The child, who had been listening eagerly to his words, reflecting them in the light and shadow in her eyes, darted forward at this, threw her arm around McGlashen, and beat him with the other hand in a fury of reproach.

"You know I won't leave you!" she screamed. "You know I won't leave you! Who'd take care of you if I went off and left you? I'll never go off!" she cried aloud. "I won't dance another step if you talk like that! I'll sew pants!"

Her frail little body was shaken with indignant fury. McGlashen patted her shock of hair.

"You see," he told Robertson, "she's got temperament, too—she's got everything, including the best chance a kid ever had." As if to rub it in, he finished: "She can even take care of me. It's a grand thing for a kid like that to learn young. I suppose, Robertson," he continued, "you feel I owe you an explanation, don't you?" His eye twinkled. "That would be your way of putting the human emotion of curiosity. Come on back with me. We can't stand yapping on the street corner forever. They'll be telling us to move on next."

They settled themselves in the little room where Robertson had had his first talk with McGlashen. They talked of trivial things, as people do when the embarrassment of something portentous is before them. Conversation had no elbow-room. The thing that they were to talk about seemed to take up all the space. Neither of them could speak a "yes" or a "no" without bumping into what McGlashen had brought Robertson to his room to hear—the reason why McGlashen hadn't died in the night of his great despair. And as men are shy of emotion, they put it off as long as they could.

Robertson said: "You've got the same

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old place, haven't you? It seems strange—" It "seemed strange" that a man he had given up for dead should have the same old place. He caught the part of him that wasn't a minister wondering if it was worth while to come to life and have the same old place; but the part of him that was a minister trampled this out with a platitude or two on the sacredness of life. And while these thoughts were going on inside Robertson's head——

"Yes, I've got the same old place," McGlashen answered, "only it's more stylish than it used to be."

Indeed, a little scrap of threadbare sash curtaining flapped at the window, cutting off the view of the neighboring fire-escape. Over the holes in the plaster were pinned colored pictures, and on the table was a cheap vase with a red paper flower in it. McGlashen looked proudly at these touching adornments.

"She did it," he explained, pointing to the little girl, who, ever since her outburst, had kept a convulsive clutch on his hand.

She now spoke suddenly. "It's awful hard to keep curtains white in this neighborhood."

McGlashen grinned his invincible boyish grin at his friend. "You see, she said 'curtains,'" he pointed out. "I told you that she was an artist. She's got a great imagination. She's got a yearning for the beautiful." He pointed to the red rose in the cheap little vase. "Her taste is embryonic yet—it's underground, but it's shooting up."

And while these trivialities were going on, the thoughts of both men had reverted again to the night when they had last met. Silence fell between them. They had staved it off until the last possible moment, and as McGlashen had the greater courage of the two, it was he who faced the whole thing squarely with:

"You know how everything went to smash with me?"

The child had hunched herself up on the bed, and peered out from under her shock of red hair with wise, uncanny eyes. She followed the conversation as it passed from one to the other, as though it were something she could see, a shining thing tossed into the air. Now, as McGlashen took the conversation to himself, she fastened her eyes on him. Her shrunken little face was rapt, as though in some religious devotion; it was as if McGlashen were God, and she His one worshiper.

"Well, that night after I left you, there wasn't but one thing for me. I thought I couldn't live; and I wouldn't have lived, only—I happened to get drunk first; not just the way you saw me, but full up. I had quite a little money with me at the time, and nobody swiped it on me, and I must have kept loaded for days, more or less. Why," McGlashen said dreamily, "I suppose I must have kept on boozing the way a man hangs on to a barrel in the water. 'Tisn't like me, you know, to keep it up. I never did it before.

"I got out of New York right off; I couldn't stand it here, and when I came to, I was in Pittsburgh. That was funny, too. I knew I was in Pittsburgh all the time, and when I came to, I realized it; and a chap I'd known in the tenement found me loafing around—I'd happened to have got a job for him and he'd done well; and do you know what he did? He got me one.

"Then, Robertson, *you* know what happened. I got sick of it. I began feeling homesick; I wasn't homesick for you, nor for anybody else, but just for New York, and for this old tenement down here. Someway, I couldn't keep my mind off it; and all of a sudden I woke up to why that was; it's because it's home to me; it's because I belong here; because I've friends here who care for me, people who don't care a damn if I am a loafer and hate work, people I could sometimes do a hand's turn for, for all of my being a down-and-outer. That's all. I just came back."

Neither of the men spoke for a minute. McGlashen puffed tranquilly at his cigarette, and Robertson saw that when his friend had, as he said, "come to," he had arrived at a place the other side of despair; and the reverse of despair is sometimes peace.

"Well, you've got your feet solidly on the ground—" Robertson began, after a moment.

"Have a cigarette, Robertson," McGlashen suggested. "Have a cigarette, and talk about something else. There's no use in sounding the battle-charge in the ears of a dead one. There's lots of men like me living in queer corners of the earth; mostly they live under palm-trees and marry black women. I'm just like 'em, except that I

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live in New York in a tenement, and have adopted a daughter."

"The child may have a good influence on you, McGlashen," Robertson conceded.

"Influence, hell!" McGlashen responded cheerfully. "I'll have a good influence on *her!* Don't talk about her saving me—I can't be saved. I'm on the other side. You know that."

He lit another cigarette and waved it at his friend with his impudent gesture. "I've saved *her*, if you like."

"What do you expect to do, McGlashen?" Robertson asked, a touch of ministerial remonstrance in his tone.

"Do?" McGlashen echoed. "Do?" He put his hands behind his head and tilted it back until his eyes gazed at the dingy ceiling; they had the expression of a boy's, day-dreaming up into the sky.

"What do I expect to do? Why, keep on living here, get something to do, quit it when I want, and keep on living here. There's my program. In between, I'll bring *her* up. She's all right—look at her mouth! See the way her lips fold on each other? No strength wasted in being firm! *She's* worth saving out of the ash-heap."

He stretched himself luxuriously, and settled himself back in his chair as though establishing himself more firmly in the niche of life where he belonged; as if to indicate that the round peg was firmly fitted at last into the right hole, which it had sought so long and with such perverse exaltation.

And in spite of himself, there came over Robertson the conviction that, after all, McGlashen was right. Here was his place.

SHE HAD THE RESPONSIBLE LOOK OF A CAPABLE WOMAN OF THIRTY.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

THE NEW BOY

BY BEN BLOW

JOHNNY SIMMONS sat upon the kitchen steps holding the tail feathers of a hen in one hand. Not far away a tom-cat whose battle-scarred visage and chewed ears proclaimed him to be a warrior of no mean pretensions, was forecasting rainy weather, being engaged in the homely occupation of washing his face. Across the yard a grief-stricken hen was making tracks worthy of an ostrich, at the same time proclaiming her pain and surprise by a series of staccato squawks. Back of the barn a flock of chickens engaged in territorial exploration suspended operations and viewed the heavens with suspicious eyes, knowing full well that such a squawking could arise only from sudden tribulation, and fearing, perhaps, the advent of a chicken-hawk. In the high tree-tops the seventeen-year locusts, cradled by the gently swaying branches, droned in a lazy cadenza that swelled and receded like the surge and break of waves upon a distant shore.

A feeling of sultriness in the air justified the opinion of the tom-cat as to meteorological conditions; and above this peaceful scene the sun swung lazily across the heavens, blazing like a bowl of furnished brass.

The first stages of his toilet completed, the cat began the finishing touches, blinking lazily through eyelids that were narrowed down to slits. With first one paw and then the other he massaged his countenance, rubbing and polishing until it fairly shone. Meanwhile he purred as if to prove that industry and happiness are twins. Encouraged by the example set him by the tom-cat, Johnny Simmons fell to work himself, engaging in the manufacture of a war-bonnet fit for a mighty Indian chieftain who contemplated deeds of valor against hated foes. With a somewhat tattered skull-cap as a foundation and the tail feathers of the hen in lieu of eagle plumage, he began a highly creditable confection; and at this moment, when both Johnny and the tom-cat were engaged in honest toil, an aged and asthmatic canine peered warily around the corner of the house, then made a sudden entry on the scene.

The tom-cat, taken by surprise, uttered a frightened squall and leaped on Johnny's shoulder. Johnny, himself surprised, fell off the steps. The dog, somewhat abashed by the commotion, paused uncertainly. And

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then, seeing no tree to climb, no hole to haven him, the cat delivered a vast and terrifying war-whoop and fell upon the foe, clung to him with needle claws and scratched and bit and squalled and swore as if the Furies and the Harpies, merged in one, possessed him.

Never having for a moment believed that it was possible for a cat to be in so many places at one time, and so extremely busy in all of them, the dog uttered a frightened yelp and fled. Encouraged by the rout, the cat, like Casabianca, stayed on deck and clung with tooth and nail, digging up and casting all around very creditable quantities of canine fur, lifting up the while a war-song that was impressive in its volume, even though it lacked the elements that make up melody. With something of his usual mental poise, Johnny Simmons was looking for a brick—or even half a brick—and at this moment, not inaptly to be designated as psychological, a round and shiny face appeared above the fence and an indignant voice arose:

"Dern you! Let that dog alone! He's mine."

Unable to find the weapon he desired, Johnny selected a choice potato from a basket by the steps and let drive. But through some visual inaccuracy or muscular defect, his aim was faulty, and the missile, instead of reaching its intended target, landed on the cat with a terrific thump, dismounted him from his quarry even in the moment of his triumph, and sent him around the corner of the house in wild alarm, with his tail spread until it looked like a lamp-chimney cleaner, and his fur fluffed until he resembled a Gargantuan and surprisingly active muff.

Thoroughly discouraged at the result of his exploration into strange territory, the dog whizzed through the half-open gate and set sail for some distant port. His tail was frozen to his stomach. And as a wind-whirl in the desert gathers dust and dances out of sight, he disappeared from view.

With the sanctity of his home established beyond question, Johnny found time to reply to his visitor.

"Keep y'r dern dog home," he said, angrily. "Git off our fence!"

In answer to this injunction the boy upon the fence lifted one hand, placed the thumb against his nose, and wiggled his wide-spread fingers in token of derision and contempt. Grasping another potato, Johnny let drive once more, and the face upon the fence went into eclipse with marvelous rapidity as its owner dismounted from his perch and took his leave.

Peace having followed on the heels of warfare, Johnny resumed his perch upon the kitchen steps. On top of the wood-shed the cat reconnoitered the vicinity with a watchful eye. Down the road Fatty Peters, having satisfied his curiosity to a limited extent, proceeded homeward, whistling, and found his dog awaiting him at the gate.

"Git chawed up some, Maje?" he inquired cordially. "Better look out. Some o' these times you'll git plumb et up by a cat."

JOHNNY SIMMONS FELL TO WORK, ENGAGING IN THE MANUFACTURE OF A WAR-BONNET.

Johnny Simmons, working on his war-bonnet, began to ponder. Loneliness in the present oppressed him; foreboding for the future filled his soul. Torn from surroundings where he knew every watermelon patch for miles around and being compelled to move into a place where he knew none, was woe enough; but there were other considerations, and important ones, involving ethics, that gave him food for thought. In his old home

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his place among the boys was thoroughly established. No convention assembled for the purpose of raiding watermelon patches was complete without his presence. A part in all the joy of lazy and irresponsible youth was undeniably his. Thus weighed on by the present, while dwelling on the past, he sighed.

But as the war-bonnet began to assume proportions of importance he cheered up somewhat, and when at length it was completed, his soul had rid itself of sorrow; his boyish optimism held the saddle once again. A smell of cooking that floated from the kitchen window had a cheering influence also, and when his mother called him in to dinner his appetite was all that one could wish. Fried chicken with cream gravy and crab-apple jelly make a gastronomical beatitude to remember in these predigested health-food days.

Having absorbed sufficient dinner—in other words, as much as he could hold—the world seemed bright and fair to Johnny Simmons as he went into the yard. Donning the aboriginal head-dress, he prepared to sally forth in search of paleface scalps, but modified his intentions somewhat when he saw three grinning urchins scale and perch upon the fence, ranged side by side like crows. Sitting in solemn conclave, they seemed carved images, save for their toes, which writhed and wriggled like a basketful of snakes.

"Hullo!"

The leader of the reconnoitering party, the youth whose dog had measured up the valor of the Simmons family's cat, spoke in cordial salutation, and in response thereto Johnny suspended for the moment his animosity against the paleface and walked toward the fence.

"Hullo y'rself an' see how y' like it!" he replied.

The toes belonging to the trio on the fence wriggled yet more violently, and the leader of the party, whose clothes seemed scarcely able to restrain his youthful opulence, spoke again:

"Say! What's y'r name?"

"Puddin'-an'-tame; ask me ag'in an' I'll tell y' th' same."

This somewhat unsatisfactory response offended no one; the boys upon the fence merely grinned wider in appreciation of Johnny's ready wit, and the youngest of the party, Billy Day, a youth whose hair peeped raggedly forth from beneath a badly chewed straw hat-brim and whose nose tip-tilted at a decidedly impertinent angle, replied:

"I know what y'r name is," he said. "Y'r name is Johnny Simmons, an' y' moved over here from Potosi; ain't that so?"

The truth of Billy's statement, both as to name and previous place of residence, having been admitted, the visitors dismounted from the fence and engaged in covetous inspection of the war-bonnet. Their envy became almost insupportable when Johnny produced a bow and arrows sent him from some indefinite place "out West" by his uncle, and guaranteed as having once belonged to a real Indian chief.

"My land!" he said, dwelling upon the adverse conditions under which his uncle maintained existence, "ain't no telling how many Injuns they is out where he lives. An' sometimes they gits up and smears their faces all over with war-paint and red okrum till you can't see nothing but the whites of their eyes, an' then they raises Sam Hill, a-killin' an' a-murderin' an' a-burnin' people like they wuz cord-wood."

"Geewhillikins, ain't that awful!" exclaimed Whitey Wilkins, very much impressed. "Ain't that awful—bein' afraid to wake up in the mornin' for fear that you been scalped in the night! I lay, if I lived out in that country I'd want to be a bald-headed man; I wouldn't want no hair."

"Do you reckon he ever shot a Injun?" inquired Billy Day, highly excited at the dangerous situation of Johnny's uncle.

"Shot one!" exclaimed Johnny. "My land! he jest goes out and hunts them like rabbits when they git to whoopin' around. Ain't no tellin' how many he's killed, an' you just bet that they git up and scat when he gits after them—you bet y'r life!"

A solemn pause ensued, in which reflected glory settled down and haloed Johnny. His uncle lived out West and potted Indians as the average individual pots rabbits! Perhaps even the bow and arrows had been wrested from the hand of some chieftain whose footsteps he had hastened on the trail that leads toward the Happy Hunting-Grounds! Regarding Johnny with increased respect, the visitors looked back of him in fancy and beheld his uncle wallowing in gore.

Familiar with his uncle's deeds of valor and valuing them lightly, Johnny changed

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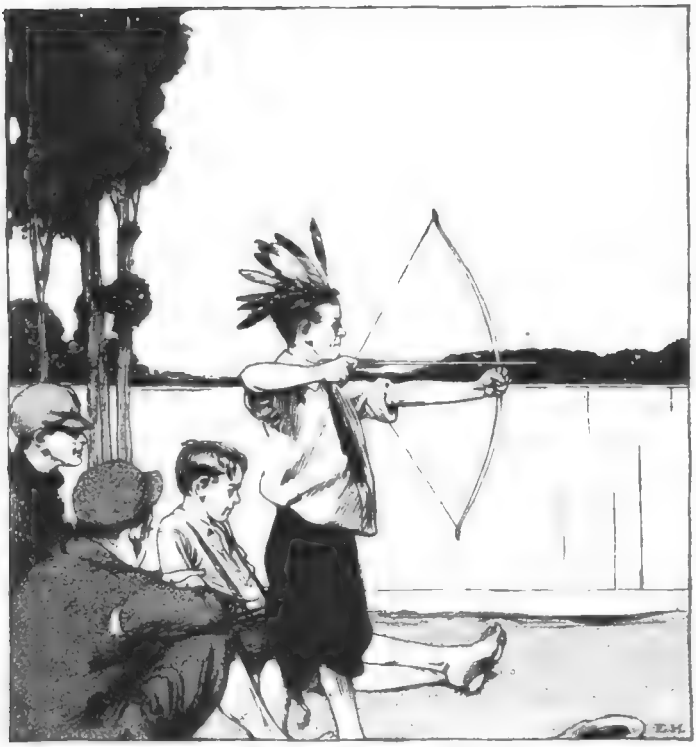

VAST NUMBERS OF INDIANS WERE SNUFFED OUT BY EACH ONE OF THE BOYS.

the subject. "Did y'r dog git chawed up much this mornin'?" he inquired of Fatty.

"Not much," was the response. "Lost consid'able wool off'n his back; that's all."

"He come into our yard this mornin'," explained Johnny, for the benefit of Whitey Wilkins and Billy Day, "an' our old Tom jest nachully rode him out to the gate. My land! wasn't he in a hurry to go some place else!"

"It's a good thing that old Maje ain't got no teeth left," said Fatty, "else he'd 'a' et that cat up, you bet y'r life!"

"Maybe he would and maybe he wouldn't," answered Johnny. "More 'n one dog's tried it, an' he ain't ben et up yit. He ain't scared o' no dog, Tom ain't, an' the way he squalls an' hollers when he's a-fightin' makes most any dog wonder what kind o' cat he is."

Whitey Wilkins, whose eyes had never wandered from the bow and arrows for a moment, now suggested that the assembled party shoot at a mark.

"He's a-goin' on fourteen," declared Fatty, waving Whitey's suggestion aside and anxious to excuse Maje's admittedly ignominious defeat, "an' you can't expect a old, stiff dog like him to be as limber as a young dog, can you? Answer me that!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Johnny. "Old age wuzn't botherin' him none when he tore off down the road. Blame me if he didn't kick up as much dust as a team of horses. He knowed he didn't have no business in our yard."

Scenting an altercation and anxious to avoid one, Whitey interrupted once again. "Come on, fellers," he said, "I'm jest itchin' to shoot that bow an' arrers. Blame me if I ever saw one like it in all my life."

"I bet you didn't, neither," assented Johnny, delighted at this appreciation. "Ain't no tellin' how fur you can shoot with it, is they, hey?"

"I'll bet they ain't," admitted Fatty. "Say, fellers, le's git a board an' draw a head on it an' play we're Johnny's uncle and the Injuns. What do you say to that?"

Wild shouts of joy followed this proposition, weird Indian war-whoops shrilled out on the air, and in the enthusiasm that ensued old Maje's unsuccessful battle with the cat was forgotten. Vast numbers of Indians were snuffed out by each one of the boys, until, at length, when it was Fatty's turn to shoot he hesitated.

"Blame me if I ain't a-gittin' kind o' tired in the muscles," he explained. "That bow ain't no easy thing to shoot, I tell y'."

"You bet it ain't!" assented Whitey Wilkins. "Say, fellers, le's set down an' rest."

This suggestion meeting with approval, the boys sat down, and for a brief moment there was silence, in which the tom-cat, having satisfied himself that there were no marauding canines in the immediate vicinity, emerged from concealment and essayed to stalk a robin which was industriously engaged in hunting worms.

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"There's old Tom, now," said Johnny, espying the cat. "He wuzn't hurt none this morning, he wuzn't. He ain't afraid o' no dog, you bet he ain't!"

"Maybe he ain't," said Fatty, "but if the Waters's bench-legged fice ever gits a-hold of him, you ain't goin' to have no cat left. That dog just nachully eats cats up, he does; eats them before they know what has hold of 'em, hey, Whitey, ain't that so?"

"An' Reddy Waters is always a-sickin' him on cats," added Whitey.

"He better not sic him on our cat," threatened Johnny.

"An' he's always a-pullin' y' around an' a-throwin' y' down," said Billy Day, seizing upon the opportunity to air some painful recollections. "He's always a-braggin' how strong he is, an' showin' off before the girls."

"Does he live round here?" inquired Johnny, becoming interested. "How close?"

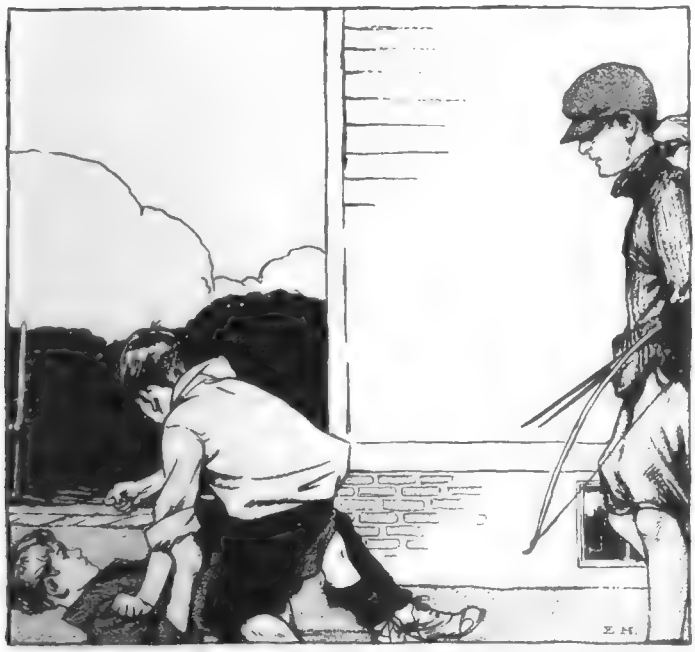
"'Bout a mile an' a half from where we live," answered Fatty, "right next place to Thaddy Perkins's. My goodness! how Mis' Perkins does hate to have him pull her Thaddy round!"

"Thaddy Perkins!" said Whitey Wilkins, speaking with indignation, if not contempt. "I never seen no boy like him in all my life! He likes to go to school, an' he likes to go to Sund'y-school, an' he sets around all the time an' reads books. Blame me if I don't believe he hates to git his clothes dirty—blame me if I don't!"

"An' when you go home with a hole tore in the seat of your pants," continued Fatty, remembering parental remonstrances and still indignant thereat, "you don't get nothing but: 'Thaddy Perkins wouldn't 'a' done that,' an' 'Thaddy Perkins don't never tear his clothes up like you do.' My land! every time I hear his name it makes me sick at my stomick."

"An' he wouldn't hook no watermelons, neither," declared Billy Day. "He says it's stealin' to hook anything, an' you couldn't git him to go out an' waller around in the mud, an' he won't even go in swimmin' with the rest of us becuz he hates to have us see him nakid. What you think of that?"

"His ma's aimin' to make a preacher out o' him, I reckon," asserted Fatty, "an' blamed if I don't think she's goin' to succeed. Why, when school takes in, he gits up an' speaks a piece, an' when it lets out he speaks another one, an' when anybody like Doc Henderson comes to see how school is gittin' on he nachully has to speak a piece he never spoke before."



"HOLLER 'NUFF," HE YELLED. "DERN ME, I'LL BEAT YOUR FACE INTO A PULP."

Doc Henderson, the big man of the neighborhood, was congressman from the district, a Democrat whose stanch constituency returned him to the halls of Congress, rain or shine.

"Doc Henderson ain't nobody's fool," said Fatty, in glowing tribute. "One time I heard him tell my daddy that he didn't like to see a boy set around like Thaddy. 'Let 'em git out an' hook watermelons,' he says; 'let 'em tear the seat out o' their pants onct in a while,' he says; 'let 'em play hooky from school onct in a while if they wants to—it ain't goin' to do them no harm.'"

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"An' what did your daddy say?" inquired Johnny, becoming at once an ardent supporter of Doc Henderson.

"He never said nothin'," replied Fatty. "He jest poked Doc Henderson in the ribs an' looked at him an' says: 'Jeemses Rivers! I reckon *we* didn't use to rip holes in *our* pants, an' I reckon *we* didn't never hook no watermelons, did we? Jeemses Rivers! No!' An' then both of them bust out laughin'."

At this stage of the conversation Johnny spied the robin that the cat was stalking, seized his bow, and, aiming carefully, let drive. The robin, frightened, flew up into a near-by tree; the cat, disgusted, straightened up and stretched his muscles, and as a flash of light flicks from a mirror turned toward the sun, the fice that ate up cats pounced from behind a tree where it had stalked the Simmons family's pet while it was creeping on the bird.

Knowing full well that he must battle for his life, feeling that here was foeman worthy of his claws, the cat ballooned himself until he seemed a very Titan among tom-cats, delivered one vast war-whoop, and jumped straight up into the air. Missing his snap, the dog essayed to turn, but slipped and fell, and as he struggled on the ground the frantic cat descended on him as a hawk swoops on a hen. Alighting on the upturned stomach of the canine, he raised a yowl and clung to him, biting and scratching and screeching wildly.

Fearing the prowess of the present visitor, Johnny Simmons arose and reenforced the cat. Entirely occupied with the trouble he had started, the dog was more than amazed when a club descended on his ribs, and, tearing from the claws that clung upon him, he arose and fled. "Get out o' here!" yelled Johnny, as the cat shinned up the nearest tree, and he accompanied this exclamation with a rock that landed on the dog, increased his speed, and elicited a yelp of pain.

"Dern you! Don't hit my dog!"

Johnny looked up and saw an unknown boy upon the fence. His hair was of a somewhat bricky color, his face was smeared with freckles until it seemed almost to flame.

"Git off our fence, dern you!" said Johnny, moving toward the visitor. "You git off that fence dern quick!"

The boy upon the fence did not reply to this demand, but merely grinned. Then he reached forth and grabbed the treasured war-bonnet from Johnny's head and cast it out into the road; and as he did so Johnny got him by the leg and pulled him off the fence into the yard.

"Dern you!" he gasped, between clenched teeth, and fell upon his foe.

Wallowing upon the ground, first one on top and then the other, they fought like wildcats, clawing and pulling hair and punching with whatever strength they had. From side to side the battle swayed. Little bumps appearing upon Johnny's face gave it a queer, one-sided appearance, while scratches striped his cheeks beneath the grime; but in the end the right arose triumphant and Johnny Simmons sat astride the foe.

"Holler 'nuff!" he gasped. "Holler 'nuff, dern y'!"

No answer! The boy beneath was not red-haired for nothing. His valor still remained unquenched. But Johnny, too, was something of a warrior, conversant with the best of strategy, and so he waited until opportunity presented and then delivered a mighty whack upon his adversary's nose.

"Holler 'nuff!" he yelled, his anger swelling up until his face was crimson. "Dern me, I'll beat your face into a pulp."

Awed by this threat, the enemy responded by repeating the desired formula, accompanied by tears, and as Johnny arose, flushed with victory, the vanquished urchin scrambled to his feet and fled across the fence.

"Je-ru-sa-lem! You kin fight, can't you!" gasped Fatty Peters, while Whitey Wilkins and Billy Day were rendered speechless by amaze.

"Dern me!" said Fatty, still regarding Johnny with amazement, "you're the first boy his size that ever did lick Reddy Waters; come on over to the horse-trough and le's wash off your face."

As a king goes toward his throne accompanied by his courtiers, Johnny Simmons went toward the horse-trough escorted by Fatty Peters, Whitey Wilkins, and Billy Day. He limped slightly, one eye was somewhat puffed, his face was somewhat scratched, his nose was somewhat sore; but in his heart there was the sweetest music. He had won his place in Boyland.

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STRAIGHT TALK

HOW CENSORSHIP ACTUALLY WORKS

DEAR MR. RIDGWAY:

I have read with very great interest the controversy between yourself and Mr. Lincoln Steffens on the subject of free speech. I wonder if you will grant me the space to tell your readers a little story.

This illustrates just how much freedom of speech we have *lost* in America:

You may have read some of the newspaper accounts of a diverting experience which befell me last summer, being sent to the Newcastle County Workhouse for eighteen hours for playing tennis on Sunday. It was very funny; but, incidentally, it gave me an insight into the lives and the incredible sufferings of three or four hundred victims of the vengeance of society, who happen to be confined in the Newcastle County Workhouse, near Wilmington, Delaware. About a month after this experience, I received a letter from a prisoner in that institution. He told me that he was there, not for having committed any crime, but for having attempted to aid his fellowmen by publishing a book on the subject of sexual purity. The proof-sheets of this book had been submitted to Judge John Fay, of Washington, District of Columbia, and heartily endorsed by him. They had been submitted to the post-office department, and not objected to. The man—J. Wesley Glasgow is his name—had been arrested, charged with mailing a copy of this book, and had been held by a United States Commissioner until the meeting of a Federal Grand Jury. At that time he had been in prison for seven weeks (since then as many more) in default of bail. He said, "During this time I have suffered such hell as no words can portray."

He appealed to me for help, and I went to see the United States Commissioner, and was by him referred to the United States Attorney who had charge of the case. I requested this gentleman to permit me to see a copy of the book, for mailing which the man was arrested. This request was refused. The man had stated in one of his letters to me that at the time of his arrest he had had two or three hundred copies of his book, which copies had been confiscated. I asked the United States Attorney how I could obtain one of these copies. He refused to tell me. He said that if I wanted a copy of the book, I could get Glasgow to give me the name of the publisher, in St. Louis, or to give me an order for a copy. I told him that Glasgow declared that for doing this he would be liable to another five years in jail, and another five thousand dollars' fine in addition to the one already hanging over his head. The United States Attorney declared that this statement of Glasgow's was ridiculous; but I went away and consulted the law, and I found that it was correct—as the Attorney must have known all along. If the book is obscene, anybody who gives information about how it can be obtained, or who mails any circular or advertisement of it, is equally liable under the law. And of course this book is obscene—a post-office inspector and a prosecuting attorney have said so.

Just consider this situation: here is a man arrested and thrown into jail, without any sort of a trial, and without any chance to defend himself; his book is declared to be obscene, all copies of it are confiscated, and a person who wishes to investigate the matter is not only powerless to get any information, but is liable himself to arrest for trying to find out about it. I wrote to my friend, Mr. Theodore Schroeder, attorney for the American Free Speech League, and to my surprise I learned that he had been interested in it, and that letters he had written concerning it had been tampered with, and efforts made to "get" him in connection with the maker. And this Free Speech League, you understand, is the organization which Mr. Steffens helped to found! Take care, Brother Steffens!

All our rights, you see, are absolutely at the mercy of the post-office authorities. And what can one say of these omnipotent guardians of our morals? How much judgment have they displayed in previous cases? Let me refer you to Mr. Schroeder's book, "Obscene Literature and Constitutional Law." He tells of one case

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of a professor in a little religious college in New England, who is serving a long sentence in jail for circulating a book of instructions to young men, which had been ordered and distributed by the hundreds of copies by clergymen and Sunday-school superintendents. I recently saw in the *New Age*, London, an article by Mr. Arnold Bennett, in which he stated that our post-office authorities had suppressed a publication because of a review of Shakespeare's "Measure for Measure," by Mr. A. B. Walkeley, dramatic critic of the eminently conservative London *Times*. And then, to cap the climax, comes the case of the report of the Chicago Vice Commission, which was compiled under the direction of some of our leading educators and reformers, including ex-United States Attorney Sims. A thousand copies of this were ordered by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., for distribution; and behold, the publication is suddenly discovered to be obscene!

Under the law, all of these eminent Chicago gentlemen, including Mr. Rockefeller, are liable to five years in jail. Under the law every one of them is liable to be seized, and sent, without even the formality of a trial, to wait two or three months in any penitentiary. But they will not have that experience, of course. But why is it that they escape, and the obscure and helpless J. Wesley Glasgow is now shut up in that tuberculosis-heap, the Newcastle County Workhouse?

UPTON SINCLAIR.

AIN'T WE SCRUMPTIOUS!

With all due respect to your editorial weakness for literary values and that kind of thing, I'm going to plunge right in to the most pinnacly climax of my letter and shake both of your official hands HARD, and say: "Bully for you!"

And, while you're still gasping for breath, I'll talk very fast and tell you that, on my honor, your November number is scrumptiously, salubriously splendid—it's good—it's big—it's worth while—every last story in it; every single verse—the fighting, indomitable little song of Mr. Kaufman's, and Arthur Stringer's particularly appealing poem—and that fine human cry for "Just Wops"!

Please let me tell you that I'm a perfectly good librarian at a perfectly good club, and we have approximately twelve hundred members waiting to gobble down all the mental pabulum offered by you magazine people. So when I inform you that as soon as I opened the magazine and flung myself headlong into Miss Abbott's fascinating story, and never stopped until I finished everything—you may know that is equivalent to confessing that all the aforementioned twelve hundred people panted in vain for over an hour for EVERYBODY'S.

Of course, it is my metier to regard all editors as natural enemies (so long as they refuse my poems—and I'm almost sure you have, on occasions, been thus adamantine to me); but on this festive occasion, I'm nobly burying the hatchet, and just congratulating you and all my fellow craftsmen who helped make it the perfect thing it surely was.

New York City. M. D.

P. S.—I must add one word of appreciation for "A Peach of a Story." It was! But weepy.

"A PEACH OF A STORY"

In EVERYBODY'S of November, there is a story, by John Palmer Gavit, that is worthy of a place beside Wilde's wonderful prison ballad. With masterly strokes, Gavit lays bare some of the plague spots of prison life, giving all of the revolting details of that hideous travesty which men are pleased to call the meting-out of justice—capital punishment. He leaves us with nerves quivering, revolted at the hideous spectacle. But we feel that it is true, and as the majority of us are normal human beings, and not lovers of the morbid, we can but wish that this soul-debasing thing were relegated to the Dark Ages, where it rightfully belongs.

Does the end justify the means? Do statistics show that crime is on the decrease where capital punishment is in force?

They do not. Rather, I am informed, the reverse. In other words, the fear of death does not deter the criminal.

Agreeing that the majority of those who suffer death in this wise are dangerous men, and men who are a menace to the community, the fact remains that they are not hopelessly bad, but have within them the possibilities of good. Witness the germ of pure selflessness that made Tom and Gerald force the younger and weaker of the trio to "go" first, that he might be spared a little of the terror of the ordeal.

Where the indictment is for some offense which demands the death penalty, if a verdict of "guilty" be rendered, is it not reasonable to suppose that many a man, and ofttimes a woman, has been permitted to go free who would to-day be behind the prison-bars, were capital punishment non-existent? May not some juror, feeling in his mind the shadow of a doubt of the guilt of the accused, or, constituting himself a judge, and deciding that the provocation was too great to warrant the death penalty for the crime, refuse to join in the acclaim of guilty, and thus cause the state to lose its case, where it would have been quite otherwise had imprisonment been the penalty?

Granting that we shall abolish capital pun-

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ishment—what then? Take from the governor the pardoning power, and place it in the hands of the people, requiring the casting of a large majority vote before the governor could be permitted to sign for the prisoner's release. Of course, if the innocence of a prisoner, serving out his term, were proven beyond a doubt, as by the confession of the real culprit, it could be arranged that a petition could be presented, signed by a certain number from every ward, and the innocent one could thus be speedily set at liberty.

There are those who would object to this method, citing the cry of the populace for "Barabbas." But times are different, and education, now within reach of all, has made the community, as a whole, a thinking force, a bit slow at times, perhaps, but to be relied upon eventually to do the right thing.

When all these things have been attended to, let us turn our minds to still greater reforms in the prisons. Make every sentence of less than life duration, though it be for fifty years. Then teach these men how to lead useful lives upon their possible release from prison. Thus, you leave them hope, and no man is utterly miserable who believes that the future will be better than the past.

Put men in charge of the prisons who are humane, big in mind and soul. Men to whom the love of humanity has a meaning, and who realize the oneness of all, and that they are, indeed, their "brother's keeper."

Then we shall not need that Mr. Gavit write a story such as he has written, nor shall we need to peruse "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" —lest we forget.

Denver, Colo. F. G. B.

OUR NATIONAL ASH HEAP

I have read with great interest the article in the November number of EVERYBODY'S on "The Fat in the Fire." There are over one hundred thousand insurance men throughout the United States who can read this article with a great deal of profit. From twenty-seven years' experience, I am satisfied that not only are all of your statements warranted by the facts, but that the moral-hazard losses are greatly underestimated by the authors.

At least fifty per cent. of the amount paid in fire losses annually in the United States can be properly charged to moral-hazard fires. Most of the fires of so-called "unknown origin" are actually moral-hazard losses, and many of the losses charged to other features, especially to electric wiring, in my experience have been found to be due to dishonesty. Your article is perfectly correct in placing a large share of the blame for this appalling condition of affairs on fire insurance companies and their managers and agents. They have, in the past, found it easier to pay crooked losses than to fight them in the courts, and as the honest portion of the community, embracing at least ninety-nine per cent. of the population, has to pay the freight, it also has to foot the bills for some one hundred million dollars annually, which the other one per cent. burns up, in order to realize in unprofitable or unproductive property.

The "National Ash Heap" is indeed a national shame. Our fire losses are ten times as heavy per capita as those of Germany and other civilized countries, where they look upon every fire as a crime against the state, which no amount of insurance can ever make good. Property destroyed by fire is gone for time and eternity. Pickpockets and burglars are benefactors to humanity compared to the firebug, because while the pickpocket may lift my watch and transfer it to his own possession, the watch is still in existence, and will do some one some good; but the property destroyed by the firebug is gone forever, and no one is benefited.

The city of Chicago and the city of Berlin, Germany, have a population of approximately two million each. In Berlin the annual fire waste is considerably less than three hundred thousand dollars, while the fire waste in Chicago runs from five million dollars to six million annually. There is a reason why: In Berlin every individual who, through carelessness, causes a fire, is held rigidly responsible by the police authorities, and made to pay the cost of turning out the fire department, as well as a heavy fine for the benefit of the municipal treasury; while in Chicago he is patted on the back and paid a great deal more than his actual loss, and encouraged to keep on with the good work (?) of converting the savings of the American people into ashes. This serious situation will never be righted until the public is educated on this question, and until *every fire is regarded as a crime against the community*, and investigated carefully in order to fix the responsibility.

Philadelphia, Pa. LOUIS S. AMONSON,
Pres. People's Nat'l Fire Insurance Co.

IS TRUTH SO DREADFUL?

The reason that I dislike a story of the caliber of "A Peach of a Story" is that it is a relic of the Middle Ages.

One can go to China and hear such stories. If that is too far away, just step around the corner to the undertaker and he can tell you of actual incidents that equal the story mentioned in every respect.

Frankly, though, I consider it the vilest piece of reading matter ever published.

I would really and truly regret to tell you what my opinion of this story is. My condemnation of such stuff is of the severest kind.

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. E. W. C.

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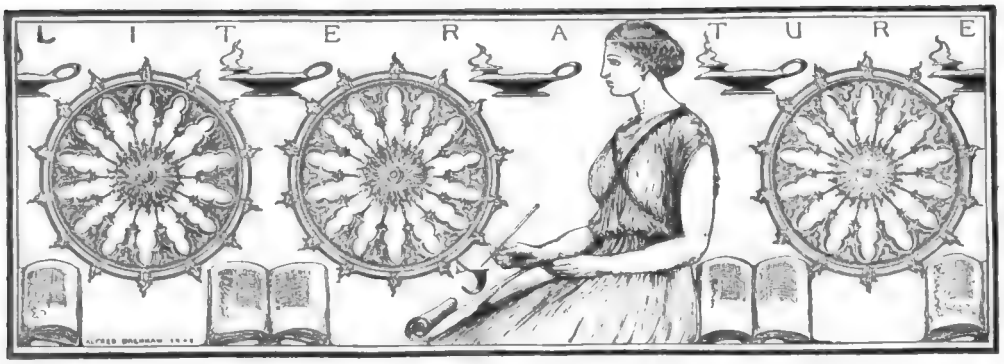

A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

DO YOU recall that harmless but unhappy inmate of an asylum for the insane who thought that he was a fried egg done to a turn, and whose whole existence was embittered by the belief that he was going to waste because no one would eat him? It was an especially sad case because it was useless to reason with the poor wretch and impossible to humor him. Argument drove him to frenzy. And when the whole staff of the institution joined in extolling his appetizing savor and in telling him how good he looked, he only railed at them for fools and complained that he was getting cold while they talked.

One begins at last to be similarly sorry for Miss Marie Corelli. For it begins at last to be unmistakably evident, not only that her intellectual obsessions have all the sanction of reality for her, but that the nature of the one demand she makes upon us leaves her most sympathetic well-wishers powerless to bring her peace.

Miss Corelli is firmly convinced that she has solved the riddle of the universe. She is equally confident that, as a result of this, she is now living, disdainful of earthly troubles, steeped in sempiternal serenity. But because she would like to share her beatitude with her fellow men, and, in order to accommodate her message to their capacities, has delivered it in a series of stories; and because they read her stories but do not thereby achieve her fancied calm, she has worked herself into a passion of pique, pessimism, and uncharitableness. So that her present plight is, in plain terms, that of being splenetically miserable because we refuse, by following her example, to become as happy as she is. It is a sad case, but, for the life of me, I don't see what we are going to do about it.

Miss Corelli's latest novel, "The Life Everlasting" (Doran), deals with a contemporary mix-up between transmigrated souls that have met before. Its chief function is to supply a set of puppets from whose mouths Miss Corelli's sentiments and the supposed sentiments of her "fool" and "clown" opponents ventriloquistically issue. But it chiefly concerns us here because in a forty-page vituperative and controversial prologue the author has set before us her unhappy condition as above outlined.

The science of ballistics deals with the velocity, path, and impact of projectiles. It can figure out for us the point-blank range of a rifle or tell us how high to point the muzzle of a mortar in order that the shell, having described the proper curve, may arrive at a given point at a given time. For it has at its fingers' ends the intricate ratios between foot-pounds of explosive force, foot-seconds of initial speed, curvature of trajectory, range of carrying power, and force of final collision.

Some day, perhaps, when criticism has become empirical instead of impressionistic, there may be developed a science of literary ballistics. And then every publisher will keep an expert in his employ to calculate exact ranges of read-

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ability, dictate the proper elevation of advertisements, and foretell the precise moment of an author's arrival and give the efficiency of his weight of metal in point-blank popularity or in posthumous explosiveness. But for the present these matters, if not wholly mysterious to us after the event, are not calculable in advance.

Occasionally, however, we get a startling glimpse of the accurate intricacies of their workings-out. Take, for example, the present simultaneous arrival from overseas of Mr. Arnold Bennett's "Hilda Lessways," a novel only just published in England; of the same writer's "The Truth About an Author," an autobiographical confession published there eleven years ago; and of Mr. Arnold Bennett himself, who appeared some forty-odd years since in the Five Towns, but without so much as the report having reached us until quite recently. Doesn't that offer a nice problem in the velocities, paths, and impacts of literature for the new science?

Meanwhile these two books afford us the opportunity of widely dissimilar but almost equally unusual enjoyments—that of assisting (for the understanding and responsive reader has his humble but necessary part in the closed circuit of an author's inspiration) in the demonstration of an entirely new and astonishingly effective development in the mechanism of fiction; and that of listening (with something of the excited glee that possesses small boys whose bully is being whaled) to a man of brilliant parts who is on a truth-telling spree, who is hugely enjoying the exhilaration of it, and who is scientifically dressing down the conventional hypocrisies of his profession.

A year ago, when Mr. Bennett announced that the story of "Clayhanger" would be followed by a novel dealing with the life of the attractive but somewhat enigmatic girl whom *Clayhanger* married, we took the interest of the promised story for granted, but saw in the odd proposal nothing more than a progressive extension of the author's characteristic preference for dealing exhaustively with the complex human factors in a single situation rather than for following the more tenuous threads of disconnected individual lives. He was only in the act of offering us, we imagined, a three-volume novel of a larger growth.

But "Hilda Lessways" (Dutton) is not a sequel to "Clayhanger." Nor yet is it an artificially segregated portion of that story which might, space permitting, have been combined with it. It is that heretofore undreamed-of thing, the *other side* of the woven fabric of a piece of fiction. It is the story of *Edwin Clayhanger*, seen from behind. Only, so seen, it becomes the story of *Hilda Lessways;* with that formerly but half-glimpsed character fully realized, with her point of view substituted for his, and with *Edwin* himself relegated to the occasional and enigmatic position. Taken separately, the books are sufficiently complete fictional entities; with "Clayhanger" a more self-fulfilling, and a more ambitious, if not a more sympathetically perspicacious, performance. But, taken together, they not only form an undisseverable whole, but, like the twin prints of a stereoscopic view, they produce an almost uncanny illusion of rounded reality by the combining of their converging but bi-sexual angles of vision.

"The Truth About an Author" came out serially in the London *Academy* along back in 1900, was subsequently published anonymously in book form, and, while it has long since discarded its initial incognito, has pretty well maintained its original habit of being but little known. It now appears in a new, acknowledged, American edition (Doran), with a short explanatory preface by the author. In this preface Mr. Bennett emphasizes the statement that the idea of the book was not his own, but was suggested to him by the editor of the *Academy*. And in a sense this gives us the key to the performance. For had Mr. Bennett been long enamored of, or had he long entertained, this notion of writing the literary truth about himself, he would have produced a work of widely different intention. He would probably have undertaken to tell "the whole truth" as well as "nothing but the truth" about himself. And even he would probably have failed.

But as the notion came to him as a sudden suggestion that jumped with a passing mood, the result has all the *élan* of spontaneity and all the concentration of a restricted aim. It tells the literal truth about its author as an author. But it confines itself with joyful malice prepense to telling the truth chiefly where most of us would either tell polite lies or else take refuge behind the well-accredited hypocrisies of silence. There is an unmistakably impish quality to the book. But the ozone that follows flashes of truth's lightning also hangs round it.

There is another book, recently arrived among us after long wanderings and delays, the timeliness of whose coming illustrates the nice working of the time-fuse attached to some literary projectiles. The book is called "Love's Coming of Age" (Kennerley) and is by Edward Carpenter, the English philosopher, idealist, and humanitarian; one of a small international group of thinkers and writers—at once

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primitives and prophets—who have striven amid the turmoil of intellectual and moral transition of the last quarter century to formulate the message of the past for the mind of the future; who have variously suffered the martyrdom of misrepresentation and abuse; and who are receiving, or who are destined to receive, the canonization of retrospective recognition.

"Love's Coming of Age" contains a series of papers on the relations of the sexes—papers exquisitely written with the simplicity of knowledge, the charity of understanding, and the fervor of faith; building upon an analysis of the psychology and pathology of sex a demonstration of the essential duality of love and a plea for human freedom and sanity.

It was written fifteen years ago and privately printed by the author after having been refused by the leading English publishers. It has since been translated into most of the European languages, and has become, in its field, at once something of a text-book and something of a classic. And now, in the fulness of time, it has come to us also. Let us spare a little time from such morbid distortions of half-truths as "The Dangerous Age" to listen to this message from a sane seer.

In a small hotel in the heart of Pennsylvania Dutchdom I once heard a man whom the waitress at the breakfast table asked how he would have his eggs, reply, "Oh, anyway so they're loose." And I sometimes wonder whether that does not pretty fairly express the attitude of the majority of us toward fiction; whether, other considerations being equal, we are not pretty cleanly divided by our instinctive individual preferences for "loose" or "tight" technique as expressive, respectively, of a "tender-minded" or a "tough-minded" envisagement of life.

It might be interesting to read Kathleen Norris's "Mother" and Edith Wharton's "Ethan Frome" with this quizzical distinction in mind. Both books are well worth reading, and each clean-cutly exemplifies something of the fine possibilities and something of the possible failings of its type.

Mrs. Norris's "Mother" (Macmillan) is the story of a young school-teacher, the eldest child of a family of seven, who are living in a happy-go-lucky, higgledy-piggledy, catch-as-catch-can fashion on the meager salary of a broken-down bookkeeper in a small town. The contrast between her own opportunities and those of her richer neighbors, and the sociological theories of the day, both lead her to feel that the size of her parents' family is the cause of their misfortunes; and when she obtains the post of secretary to a rich New York woman and spends several happy years in the fashionable world, she becomes more and more convinced of the wisdom of her judgment. Then she falls in love and—but one must not tell tales out of school about a school-teacher.

The book was obviously begun as a tract. It was conceived as a "story with a moral." It was intended as an argument, by sentimental and associational appeal, against that arbitrary solving of a difficult problem that the cant of the day has christened "race-suicide." But the poor little Sunday-school-story plot of this intended fictional "thump on the table" has been transfigured and glorified; has had the very breath of life breathed into it; has been miraculously changed from a crossed stick to hang a scarecrow on, into a living creature of the writer's fancy, by the tender-minded author's tenderly loving and creative imagination. The Pagets are alive and are delightful. The thousand simple touches that bring their happily haphazard home before us are so many things genuinely to rejoice in. They are "loose"—and lovely. But the argument, alas, is also "loose." It is a typical "tender-minded" argument; and the seeking of a way out of complex human quandaries is essentially a tough-minded affair. "Mother" does not even beg the question it pretends to raise. It simply leaves out the major premise of human progress and draws a reactionary conclusion from what is left.

In "Ethan Frome" (Scribner), the story of an obscure and homely but genuinely tragic New England tragedy, Mrs. Wharton has outdone her most perfect previous achievements in literary lapidary work. The novelette (the book deals with a situation that might well, in other hands, have "loosely" furnished forth a novel or have been half dealt with in a short story) is cut within the sixty-fourth of a carat of obtaining the utmost possible brilliancy from the material. It is faceted with calculated and mathematical precision; polished with perfect understanding of the desired effects of reflection and refraction; and set, glittering and arresting, before us. And one reads it with absorbed interest. One applauds the skill that has solved the always difficult problem of rousing vaguely disquieting expectations of terrifying revelations, and of yet managing to make the truth outrun the anticipations. And finally one carries away with one the face of *Ethan Frome* and the shuddering comprehension of what has carved its lines. And yet, lover of "tight" fiction though one be, one feels a lack of human warmth in the story's gem-like fire. Can this spring from the fact that, in its final analysis, the book is an emotionless circumnavigation of emotion?

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

An old Scotch lady was compelled to carry an ear-trumpet with her wherever she went. Upon visiting a small church in Scotland, not long ago, she was watched very suspiciously by the sexton until she reached her seat. Then, as if he could stand the suspicion no longer, he went over to her, and, shaking a warning finger emphatically, he said, "Madam —one toot, and you're oot."

Two Irishmen were comparing notes about politics, jobs, hard times, and the like, when Pat O'Rourke, a third one, joined in the discussion.

"Sure and I'm satisfied with things," said Pat. "I've a pache of a job."

"Is that so?" said the others. "And what might ye be doin'?"

"I'm pulling down the Episcopal church," replied Pat, "and I'm gettin' paid for it."

The Pennsylvania Dutch have the reputation of being very economical, and very careful in watching the details of domestic affairs, no matter how small.

"Heiny!" called the father.

"Vat?" answered the son.

"Run an' count dem geeses again, Heiny."

"All right."

Heiny went; Heiny returned.

"Heiny!" said the father.

"Vat?" said the son.

"Did you count dem geeses again, Heiny?"

"Chess."

"How many vas dey, Heiny?"

"Vun."

"Dat's right, Heiny."

The late Bishop Potter once had occasion to officiate at a christening in a small fishing village. The proud father, a young fisherman, awkwardly holding his first-born daughter, was visibly embarrassed under the scrutiny of many eyes in the congregation. When the time for the baptism arrived, the Bishop noticed that the father was holding the child so that its fat legs pointed toward the front. "Turn her this way," he whispered. But the father was too disconcerted to hear or understand. "Turn her feet around," the Bishop whispered again. Still there was no response. The situation was fast becoming critical, when an ancient mariner at the back of the church came to the rescue. Putting his weather-beaten hands to his mouth, he roared across the room: "Head her up into the wind, Jack." And she was headed.

Senator Spooner of Wisconsin says the best speech of introduction he ever heard was delivered by the German mayor of a small town in Wisconsin, where Spooner had been engaged to speak.

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The mayor said:

"Ladies und shentlemens, I haf been asked to indrotoose you to the Honorable Senator Spooner, who vill make to you a speech, yes. I haf now done so; he vill now do so."

The following are some original feminines selected from examination papers in English:

Masculine	*Feminine*
Bull	Bulless, she-bull, Mrs. Bull, bully, bulla, bohr, cow, bulles, bullion, bear, bullock, doe, stear, ox, sow.
Sultan	Sultine, sultress, sultrines, duchess, sultanese, sultan's wife.
Wizard	Wasp, fairy, wizardine, widow, spinster, wizarein, witch, which.

An American, while riding through the heart of London on top of a 'bus, heard amid the noise and clatter of the crowded street the bells of Westminster ringing.

Turning to Foley, his Irish friend, he said: "Don't those bells remind you of some pastoral New England village?" Foley said: "I can't hear you, Jim." The American repeated: "Those bells! Don't they recall some old New England village, when you were a youth, going to church, of a quiet Sunday morning?" "I can't quite catch you, Jim," was Foley's reply.

"Why, I said those bells ringing! Don't they bring back to you quiet country lanes, green fields, and shady nooks, and make you feel better toward all the world?"

Foley, putting his hands to his mouth and leaning over close to his friend's ear, shouted: "Those bells, Jim, are making such a noise that I can't hear what you're saying!"

"What is it," asked the teacher, "that binds us together and makes us better than we are by nature?"

"Corsets," said a wise little girl of eight.

"I thought that in the fifteen years of my practise of medicine," said a physician, "I had answered almost every possible 'fool' question; but a new one was sprung on me recently. A young man came in with an inflamed eye, for which I prescribed medicine —to be dropped into the eye three times a day. He left the office, but returned in a few minutes, poked his head in the doorway, and asked: 'Shall I drop this in the eye before meals or after?'"

Lincoln Steffens, the well-known writer, believes in free speech—the right to say anything, any time, and anywhere. And he has organized a club to that effect.

A short time ago Mr. Steffens made a speech advocating his theories. At the end he invited those who would to join his "Free Speech Club." Only one man accepted the invitation.

He said: "I'd like to join your club long enough to tell you what I think about it."

The proprietors of a Siamese newspaper have distributed handbills containing the following notice:

"The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder git commit, we hear of and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of somber. Staff has each one been colleged, and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it. Buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Ready on Friday, Number first."

"The Vacuum," said a student in one of our large institutions of higher education, "is a large empty space in which the Pope resides."

A somewhat unpatriotic little son of Italy, twelve years old, came to his teacher in the public school and asked if he could not have his name changed.

"Why do you wish to change your name?" the teacher asked.

"I want to be an American. I live in America now. I no longer want to be a Dago."

"What American name would you like to have?"

"I have it here," he said, handing the teacher a dirty scrap of paper on which was written —Patrick Dennis McCarty.

A gentleman who was becoming rather deaf was crossing over a railroad bridge just as a train underneath uttered a deafening whistle;

"First robin I have heard this spring," murmured the old gentleman.

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With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

IT IS a fine thing to confirm again in our experience the fact that our readers respond more promptly, more earnestly, and in greater numbers to the broaching of a moral issue than to any other that is offered them. When we made certain comments in the October EVERYBODY'S on the matter of obscene plays, and play regulation by censorship, the response was instant.

It is not only that the question drew answer from Lincoln Steffens in November, a further exchange with him in December, and the illuminating comment from Hugh Black on page 114 of the present number. Similar response came from the body of our readers. Letters in great number have come in every mail, full of spirited discussion of the underlying issues and principles involved in the free speech controversy. They take every possible side of the discussion, but almost uniformly they are temperate, kindly, and clear-thinking expressions.

This number of EVERYBODY'S would not contain all the letters that have been received. A few typical ones are published below.

But first we should draw attention to a regrettable error in the article "Just Wops," published in the November EVERYBODY'S, which deserves correction here. The record of various companies in the employers' liability business was shown as to the total number of settlements made in comparison with the total number of injuries reported. It was stated that the United States Casualty Company, during a three-year period, had made payments in but 7.75 per cent. of the injuries reported. These facts were taken from the report of the Wainwright Legislative (New York) Commission; but in the transcription of them, the figures in the percentage column were mistakenly read as if in alignment with the company named on the next line above. The report actually shows that the United States Casualty Company made payments to the total of 29.43 per cent. of the injuries reported to it, giving it thereby the best, instead of the worst, showing among the companies named.

FREE SPEECH VS. CENSORSHIP

Mr. Steffens would hardly plead for unrestricted liberty of action. In that case the first thug who wished to slug and rob him would be free to do so. But a man's character is at least as valuable as his money. If unrestricted expression of thought were given, an enemy would be at liberty to fill the daily press with the most atrocious lies about a man, giving detailed accounts of vile carousals in which he would be said to have participated, the blackening effects of which he could never fully escape. He would have no recourse to a libel suit, either against the man or the public journal, for expressions of thought must be unrestricted, and a libel suit is certainly force.

Another fundamental error should be noticed. Mr. Steffens speaks of people becoming "naturally moral." No human being is naturally moral. Each child is born an animal, and, left to himself, no matter what his ancestry may have been, will seek to gratify his selfish propensities to the fullest possible extent.

Columbus, O. Rev. A. E. T.

That all acts which invade the personal or property rights of anybody should be rigidly repressed is not a debatable question; but it should be equally beyond cavil that all acts

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which do *not* so invade should be wholly unrestrained. The trouble with the publisher of EVERYBODY'S, as I see it, is that he fails to discriminate, in his proposed measures of censorship and suppression, between invasive and non-invasive acts. It is undoubtedly true that the dividing line is sometimes difficult of discernment, and in such cases we may expect honest differences of opinion. But in the matter of plays, which no one, either by necessity or otherwise, is forced to see; in the matter of pictures, upon which no one is forced to look; in the matter of literature, which no one is forced to read, and in the matter of speech, to which no one is forced to listen, there can be absolutely no logical or legitimate excuse for repression or suppression. And the "widest possible latitude" in expression is unquestionably unlimited freedom—all other is a delusion and a snare.

And let not parents be deluded by the hope that by suppression of the facts of life, by the closing up of every *visible* avenue of possible contamination, by the rigid enforcement of the strictest censorship of everything with which the child may come in contact, they may keep from it the knowledge of evil and vice, for that is an impossibility. The thirst for knowledge is unquenchable in the young—the desire to know is imperative and insatiable, and it is the sheerest folly to refuse its gratification. In spite of the best intentions and the greatest efforts on the part of parents, the child *will* learn, and will learn untruths and impurities which will possibly vitiate its character throughout its whole life.

How much better, how much saner, how much wiser and nobler it is to teach the child, at the dawn of its ability to comprehend, all the essential facts of life, and especially the facts of the human body and its functions, so that it may be mentally and morally and physically fortified against the insidious advances of surreptitious, superstitious, and misguiding information which it must meet at every turn.

New York, N. Y. C. L. S.

To let the present deluge of plays indecent and most questionable in their suggestions be presented night after night with the possibility, nay, the certainty, that the young people of our nation are to be influenced by them, is, to say the least, criminal on the part of those who have the authority to prevent it. If the authority does not exist, it should not be long before steps are taken to provide for it.

A True Friend of EVERYBODY'S.

New York, N. Y.

The effect of forbiddances of all kinds is to excite curiosity and to stimulate the imagination. Many who have imagined unspeakable things of suppressed plays and books have been disappointed at last by the reality. The act of the censor in one place becomes an advertisement in all others. And though all might have censors, yet these are in the last test dependent on the will of the people. What the public is curious to see, it will see sooner or later. Always, after a period of repression comes one of relaxation. The Puritan Commonwealth, then the Restoration.

Winthrop, Mass. H. S. P.

Does the experience of England teach us nothing? As a matter of fact, the worst plays are not the frankly outspoken ones, but the enticingly suggestive, which the censor never dreams of attacking. Nor is sexual stimulation the only unwholesome influence. A play may be profoundly immoral, and not touch the subject of sex, directly or indirectly. It may undermine the foundations of personal honesty and of the civic spirit. It may teach lessons of snobbery, the caste spirit, race prejudice, and much else that is the deadliest poison for our democratic ideals. Your censorship can not and will not touch these things.

Not only is a censorship impotent to check the flow of moral poison of the most subtle and dangerous character, but it is a constant menace to those seeking to reform the evils of society. It means the suppression of unpopular truth, and the exaltation of the merely conventional and mediocre. It means a club over the head of dramatic authorship, and the checking of spontaneous creative activity. It means a weapon as capable of abuse as the old Alien and Sedition laws or as the post-office censorship of to-day. It means another opportunity for corrupt politicians and special interests to undermine the rights and interests of the people. These are serious evils, far outweighing the few instances in which the censorship would succeed in keeping some unquestionably undesirable production from the stage. The one safe policy is to accept the principle of free speech with all its implications. "Let the tares and wheat grow together till the harvest," lest more wheat than tares be uprooted by our dubiously qualified moral gardeners.

New York, N. Y. J. F. M.

If we were already taught as Mr. Steffens would have us—and had taken the lesson to heart—we would not patronize obscene plays. But until we reach that stage, shall we allow wrong suggestion to work its will on all who are unable to resist it?

I believe in calling a spade a spade, in treating sex problems frankly and boldly, and in divesting the human body of some of the mystery that entices curiosity. But that is a very different thing from discussing these things or showing them *in just that way which is most calculated to inflame the worst instincts.*

Cleveland, O. A. J.

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